

24965

**THE RAMAKRISHNA MISSION INSTITUTE OF CULTURE
LIBRARY**

CALCUTTA

OPENS.

TEL.

FINES : One anna per day after the last date below.

RENEWALS : By post, telephone or in person. Quote the number opposite and last date below.

--	--	--	--

P.T.O.

GENERATE

RMANY



**DEDICATED TO THOSE FEW, YET TOO MANY
BRITONS WHO STILL HARBOUR THE MISCHIEVOUS
ILLUSION THAT THE GERMANS ARE AN ESTIMABLE,
PEACEFUL AND KINDLY PEOPLE, UTTERLY MISSED
AND MISREPRESENTED BY THEIR WICKED GOVERN-
MENT.**

DEGENERATE GERMANY

BY
HENRY DE HALSALLE

“ διδάξειε δ' ἂν ἃ πονήρως
ἔχει τῶν πραγμάτων ”
(Lysiae Orationes.)

TWENTIETH THOUSAND.

PUBLISHED AT 8, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, BY
T. WERNER LAURIE, LTD.

R M I C LIBRARY

Acc. No. 24965

Class No.

Date

St. Card

Ass.

Cut.

Bk. Card

Checked

243
1111
✓
✓
✓
alm

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

It is to be feared that many of the facts set forth in this volume are of a distinctly "unpleasant" nature, so unpleasant that the writer would fain have omitted them. But had he done so he would have failed to substantiate his case—i.e., that the German people are undeniably a degenerate race, if not the most degenerate race in Europe. Moreover, the writer contends that these unwholesome facts (taken largely from German sources), nauseous as they may be, demand to be placed on record in a British publication. Further, he believes such facts cannot be too widely known, and that their knowledge will be of value in combating the preposterous and dangerous peace "ideas" unfortunately held in various quarters in Great Britain:—For instance, among those ill-informed, emasculated individuals styling themselves the "Union of Democratic Control." Also the writer would commend a perusal of the statistics in reference to German vice and crime contained herein to those of our politicians (and they are many) totally unacquainted with the mental and moral condition of the German people. Recognizing the "adult" character of many of the statements and facts recorded in this book the writer thought it best to obtain responsible opinion as to whether such statements and facts should be made public, and he therefore approached Mr. Frederic Harrison, our oldest and, perhaps, most distinguished man of letters. His opinion, freely and generously given, is appended.

We all know the empty Teutonic boast that the Germans are a race of superior beings; even some of our statesmen apparently have been more or less hypnotized by its frequent reiteration.

The First Degenerate of Europe has said:—

"OUR GERMAN PEOPLE WILL BE THE GRANITE BLOCK ON WHICH THE GOOD GOD MAY COMPLETE HIS WORK OF CIVILIZING THE WORLD. THEN WILL BE REALIZED THE WORD OF THE POET WHO SAID: 'THE WORLD WILL ONE DAY BE CURED BY THE GERMAN CHARACTER.'"

PREFACE

The insanity of such a prophecy needs no comment here. The reader is asked to judge of the German "character" in the light of the cold facts enumerated, particularly in chapters 6, 7, 8 and 9 in this work, wherein he will gather that it is not so much the "world" but the German "character" that needs "curing"; and that so far from the Teutonic peoples of Central Europe being a superior race they are distinctly an inferior and degenerate race, dangerously unfitted to maintain a position as a first-class European power, and certainly they are the last people upon earth who should dream of "World Dominion."

H. de H.

Extract from a Letter to the author, from Frederic Harrison (writer of "The German Peril." 1915).

"It is most desirable that our countrymen should be disabused of the mendacious pretences of German *Kultur* that as a people they may claim a moral, intellectual, or physical superiority in Europe. I have visited Germany for more than sixty years on various occasions, and in all its principal cities; and I have known Germans of all classes and various professions. I have positive proof of a rapid degeneracy of Germany, and especially of Prussia, during the reign of the Kaiser, and in the most marked degree during the twentieth century.

After reading some chapters of your book I have no doubt that the facts they disclose ought to be made public. Appalling as are many of these statistics and citations from German authorities nothing in them surprises me, nor do I believe they can be refuted or excused. I do not attempt to verify all these statements, and I leave the responsibility of their accuracy to you. The reader must draw his own conclusions. Of course, similar charges of immorality, corruption, and crime have been made, and will be made, against English, French, Russian, and also American society. Everything depends on the *relative average*, and the *accurate proportion* of evil in each country.

That horrible crimes are ~~life~~ cannot be denied. I am quite aware of incalculable offences being common in parts of Germany, and much bestiality in Prussia. I remember the case of the man who tried to sink an Atlantic liner and murder 2,000 persons to gain a petty sum in Insurance: also the case of the ruffian who entrapped girls and murdered them in a wood wholesale.

I believe the explanation of the paradox that Germans, at home and unexcited, are ostensibly mild and kindly, and yet in groups

PREFACE

vii

and under excitement break out (as to-day) into every form of vice and atrocity is this. By temperament and education they give themselves up to intellectual and ideal objects—the exact opposite of the *practical* Briton—and they follow out the *imagined* purpose regardless of good sense, morality, or decency.

From infancy they are bred up into a slave-like obedience to “a master,” to a dog’s discipline to submit to orders from a superior. Even in purely civil life and in personal morality, they adopt any practice, however degrading, if they find it sanctioned by “authority” and endorsed by the higher example of the ‘All Highest’ and his train.”

Forevermore Remember, O ye Christian Nations of the Earth, the vile Germanic race.

In your Schools teach ye your Youth the everlasting iniquity of these impious and depraved bar' rians.

Above the Gates of your Capitals cut deep these words:—

No German Enters here.

In your Market places, upon the portals, there engrave:—

No Waves herein came from the great Assassin's crimson hand.

Upon the doors of your Churches, ay, and above your Altars, let those who worship read:—

Father forgive them not, for they know what they do.

CONTENTS

PART I		
CHAP.		PAGE
	FOREWORD	1
I.	"MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN"	11
PART II		
II.	CONCERNING MEDIEVAL GERMANY	23
III.	THE 18TH CENTURY PRINCES—AND AFTER	44
IV.	GERMANY'S BACKWARDNESS	54
PART III		
V.	CONCERNING TWENTIETH CENTURY GERMANY	70
VI.	CONCERNING WOMEN WORKERS, WOMEN, MARRIAGE AND OTHER THINGS	105
VII.	GERMANY'S SCARLET SCOURGE	125
VIII.	" " " (contd.)	139
IX.	CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL	168
X.	GERMANY'S MODERN ILLITERATURE—AND INCIDENTALLY	190
XI.	"RELIGION"	232
XII.	CONCLUSION	242

Advance proofs of "DEGENERATE GERMANY" were read by The Rt. Hon. The EARL OF HALSBURY, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain 1885-6, 1886-92, and 1895-1905. Editor-in-Chief of "The Laws of England"; President of The Royal Society of Literature, etc., etc.—The Rt. Hon. The EARL OF ROSEBURY, K.G., and ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD.

They wrote the Author as follows :—

"**LORD HALSBURY** is very grateful for Mr. de Halsalle's book 'Degenerate Germany.'

"It certainly is a most astounding and interesting work; but it is terrible. One shudders at seeing the picture, so vividly drawn, of a whole nation so corrupted and corrupting.

"In this country it is a most useful thing to know how corrupt, and how most unscrupulous, the Prussian State is, and how it is gradually infecting every part of the German Empire.

"I hope Mr. de Halsalle's work will be circulated everywhere; whether at home or abroad.

"That it will do good I am sure; and I beg to thank Mr. de Halsalle again and again for the mode in which Mr. de Halsalle has propagated the knowledge of the truth. Fearful as that truth is, it is necessary it should be known.

"With many thanks and hearty congratulations.

"I am, Very truly yours,

(Signed) "HALSBURY."

THE EARL OF ROSEBURY says: "I have read the proofs with great interest. The book indeed is a powerful arraignment of the Prussian social system."

"**ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD** has read the proofs of Mr. de Halsalle's 'Degenerate Germany,' and hopes that the book will have an extensive publication and so open the eyes of the civilized world to the brutalities and bestial practices of so-called Kultur in Germany."

DEGENERATE GERMANY

PART I

FOREWORD

SOW a superstition in the mind of a people and there is no weed that will flourish so rankly. The world-superstition of the 19th-20th centuries has been the supposed greatness and superiority of Germany in the field of human endeavour and accomplishment ; and the disseminator of that superstition has been Germany herself, aided principally by a few misguided men of letters wielding an English pen. Briefly, Germany's claims to greatness rest first and foremost on her military organisation, which proved its superiority over that of the French in 1871. She has also given birth to a few philosophers, whose mission has avowedly been to annihilate the Christian religion, and inflict upon a goodly portion of the reading world a series of head-aches. In literature generally and pictorial art she has assiduously cultivated the lewd and obscene, giving to literature one really great name, Goethe (who, not surprisingly, dubbed his compatriots, as a people, " miserable ") while to art she has given Albert Dürer, who though German born, was of Hungarian descent. In science and industry—without the guiding stars of Britain, France, and America the whole German people at the present day would still be coaxing the lean soil of Central Europe into giving them sustenance, as in the time of Frederick, called the Great.

Long have we been familiarized with the opinions of the German Kaiser, Wilhelm the Second ; and these opinions have never erred on the side of catholicity. Rather have they resolved and revolved themselves about one fixed concept, *i.e.* Himself, Wilhelm the Second of Germany. When Wilhelm the Second speaks not of Himself he speaks invariably of sixty-six million biped beings as " my Germans " ; and judging from his utterances he is of opinion that these people are a race of super-men. That these many millions of persons for so many years have allowed Wilhelm the

DEGENERATE GERMANY

Second, to have unhindered freedom outside the Berlin Charité Lunatic Asylum is no tribute to their perspicacity, but to their witlessness and weakness.

"My Germans are the salt of the earth"—what man or woman has not heard that phrase? "Of all peoples my Germans are the most moral," "In my Germans dwell honour and truth." And these silly vapourings are implicitly believed in Germany, for by temperament the German people are peculiarly responsive to suggestion, especially to any suggestion lending itself to their *folie de la grandeur*, a form of hysteria inherent in the race. Even the country yokel shambling along a Potsdam lane asked, on hearing of the death of Frederick, "Who now is going to rule the world?" And the answer to that question was then, as now: "Never Germany in the tide of times!" It is needless here to reiterate the ravings of the overgrown undergraduate Treitschke, who, contrasting the virtues of the Teuton with the vices of the Briton, used to weep for joy in his conclusion that the Germans were the compeers of the Almighty and the Britons a race of footpads. Nor is it necessary to recall the utterances of a dozen others of his kind. It is absurd and trivial to single out individuals as being the instigators of this war. Yes, Wilhelm the Second could have prevented it—for a time: but this war had to come as surely as the grave ends the earthly career of us all.

The German people, every one of them, are to blame for this twentieth century holocaust; and the German people will suffer and do penance for it for ages to come.

The history of Germany has, strangely enough, ever found considerably less attention in Great Britain than the history of defunct Greece, yet the history of Germany should have been of vital concern to us Britons if only as a means of learning the *ethos* of the Teuton, our avowed enemy for decades past. "History," once remarked Napoleon, "is the only philosophy." The history of Germany, politically and socially, written by her own historians, tells its own tale. Every page cries aloud "We are barbarians, and barbarians we will remain."

To prove to the uninitiated, especially to those who would have us obtain and conclude an ignoble peace, that the Germans are undeniably a degenerate and inferior race; that the mouthings of their orators, liveried and unliveried, are mere ebullitions of hypocrisy; that so far from the Germans being the "salt of the earth," "honourable," "truthful," "moral," "religious," and what not, they are the antithesis of all these—that is the reason I

write these pages. In this book, among other social aspects, I shall attempt to throw some light on the supposed religious element in "pious, peaceful Germany"; the moral element, if it can be said to exist; and I shall give facts and figures in the matter of German criminality that will yet come as a surprise to those who are following the barbaric methods employed by the Teuton military forces, against whom we are waging the present holy crusade. The unparalleled and amazing prevalence of crime within the borders of the German Empire forms, perhaps, the most serious indictment, followed closely by sexual immorality and widespread venereal disease. Here will be found many facts and figures admitted by the Germans themselves.

It should, however, be borne in mind that statistics compiled by the officials of the German Government in matters likely to affect the nation's *amour propre* are given to the public in the mildest and most inoffensive form. For instance, in this volume the reader will see how unreliable and equivocal are the German police authorities on the subject of prostitution. They were asked, in different towns of the empire, what houses of ill-fame were known to them; and in many instances the chief of Police replied that there were no such houses existing in his town or city—a statement which amounted to nothing but a deliberate and wilful untruth, as is hereinafter conclusively shown.

In the matter of criminality a Swede, Dr. Sven Hedin, in the preface to his book entitled "With the German Armies in the West" (John Lane) makes this pronouncement:—"I have a shrewd suspicion that criminal statistics generally will testify in favour of the Germanic peoples . . ."; this in reference to what he calls "isolated instances of offences and cruelty in an army of several million (German) men." To this superficial chronicler may be commended a perusal of the chapter headed "Crime and the Criminal" in this work.

Again, take the question of lunacy. Here the German authorities are so vague, inexact, and "reticent," that whatever statistics are issued must be received with the greatest caution. Very many of the German insane are in general hospitals, workhouses, infirmaries and the like. Refuges, educational and religious establishments, almshouses, and even prisons—all contain a certain proportion of lunatics who do not appear as lunatics in the German reports. Therefore statistics regarding lunacy are not to be trusted, and I purposely omit them.

Conceit, or, as a friend, the late Emil Reich, used to put it,

"swelled-headedness," is, as we ought to know by this time a predominant note in the mental make-up of the German. Ever since the popularization of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche (an undoubted genius), it has somehow or other pleased the Germans to see in themselves the concrete embodiment of that poet-philosopher's dream-idea of a race of "supermen." It is probable enough that Nietzsche's conception of a super-people of great "blonde beasts" drew his mental vision so far into futurity that a mere suggestion that such a race should arise earlier than the fiftieth century (if at all) would have evoked his unmitigated derision. That of all peoples the twentieth century Germans would affect to pose as a superior race Nietzsche little suspected; his laughter at such a proposition would surely have cracked the clerestory windows of heaven. Nietzsche, the artisocratic Pole, had no illusions about the plebeian Teuton. "Wherever Germany extends her sway she ruins culture"; "The Germans are incapable of conceiving anything sublime": these are only two of his reflections on the German people.

Convinced of their innate superiority, it has also pleased the Germans to hold the opinion that all other nations in the world are either decadent, degenerate or barbaric. For upwards of four decades the Teuton has never had a good word to say of England, whom he has long bitterly envied; of France, whom he has long despised; or of Russia, whom he has long hated. The Germans alone, as their Kaiser is so fond of reiterating, are "the salt of the earth." Has not all this a pathological significance? Are not these signs of national hysteria, national hallucination? Are not "hymns of hate" and prayers to God to punish England sure symptoms of cerebral affliction? Must not Germany henceforward be regarded as a psycho-pathological people, and kept in the strictest surveillance by all the Powers, for all time? Never again must her militarism or her navalism be permitted to threaten the peace of the world. For ever must she be regarded as the pariah among nations.

Notwithstanding, it behoves us further to acquaint ourselves with the real character, history and social condition of a nation at once so pretentious and dangerous. Every schoolboy in the civilized world must learn the iniquitous character of the German people, and remember it; for the character of a people changes but little throughout the ages. Especially is this true of Germany. In the history of England there may be more than one dark, doubtful page; but in the record of Prussia—where is one leaf unstained by bloody, felon fingers?

We in Britain are an island people ; for that great circumstance we may rejoice and thank high heaven. An island people about whose feet ever the rugged ocean roars, across whose beloved territory sweeps every wind that travels the free Atlantic.

They of Germany are an inland folk, who had their tribal origin in swamp and forest. For centuries Teuton eyes beheld not even the illumined marge of the world's wide waters ; nor heard Teuton ears the call that comes to men born to ride and rule the sea, the sea whose element is as native to the Briton as the immoveable Motherland beneath his feet.

What wonder then that in thought, in character, the two races should be fundamentally unlike and dissimilar. England, as the world well knows, is the land of free institutions ; Germany is not. The Briton is a free man ; the German is not ; he is merely the slave of the STATE : at the sound of whose name shake his very knees in fear.

It is an oft-repeated truism that you may judge of the civilization and character of a people by the position of its women. In these pages that important question will be glanced at. Something will be said of the Germans' treatment of their women-folk ; as well as of the manners, ways, and customs of the people generally ; for to know a people thoroughly you must be acquainted with their home-life.

Of the sexual immorality so strikingly prevalent among both sexes in Germany even German statistics—and statistics are not always a sufficient guide in such matters—indicate that she is beyond question the most vice-ridden country in Europe. She is as libidinous as the American Negro, and vastly more diseased. So widespread and general is sexual immorality among German women that one is almost forced to the conclusion that the German woman is the scarlet sister among the peoples of the earth. As to how far her unenviable and debased position has been brought about by the attitude towards her of her male kind is left to the reader to determine. I think that to pass a fair and impartial judgment on the moral condition of Germany would be to pronounce Gibbon's summary sentence upon society in Gaul under the Merovingians :—

"It would be difficult to find anywhere more vice or less virtue."

Of the race relationship said to exist between the British and German peoples much has been said and written during the last half century. That there is scant relationship between the British mind and the German mind ; that there exist in the two races

decided and important anatomical differences particularly, for instance, in the respective shapes of the skulls, are facts which are patent to any observer of average intelligence. A Briton on visiting Germany cannot fail to notice at any congress of bare-headed male Teutons that the German skull is remarkably unlike the British. He will notice at once a skull formation he will look for almost in vain among his own countrymen—viz.: the *brachycephalic*. He will also find that this strange-looking skull is supplemented by others equally unfamiliar in Great Britain, to wit, the cylindrical and the "sugar-loaf" skulls. If our observer be an exceptionally shrewd observer he will see yet another skull not found among his own countrymen, a small round-topped skull resembling in shape that of an American negro, and he would very likely term this last a "bullet-shaped head." The *brachycephalic*, the "sugar-loaf," and "bullet-shaped" heads are the characteristic German heads, each of them—when compared with the British head or the ancient Roman—deficient in the cerebellum (the hinder and lower part of the brain wherein the phrenologists, apparently with some truth, locate the affections and the finer feelings). In all these curiously shaped German heads the cerebellum is extremely small, giving the whole contour of the skull an asymmetrical appearance distinctly displeasing to the eye.

At the same time the graceful protuberance of the cerebellum is a marked characteristic of the inhabitants of the British Isles. Now mental characteristics are as distinctly and as organically a part of the race as its physical characteristics, and for the same reason: both depend ultimately upon anatomical structure. Racial mental-set, racial ways of thinking, racial reactions to the influence of ideas, are as characteristic and as recognizable as racial skin-colour and racial skull formation. Just as in America it was believed in certain unscientific circles that the psychical characteristics of the negro could be changed, so in Germany it has been vainly imagined that Kultur can smooth away the jagged edges of barbarism. To-day "scientific" Germany should realise her mistake. As is pointed out by Dr. James Bardin*, of the University of Virginia, the Negro will always remain a negro physically and psychically. In America the Negro under American civilization and the mould of American thought has advanced; but only as a Negro, not as an American. Says Dr. Bardin, "We may cause him to absorb the full, rich store of our cultural elements, but by the time these elements have gone through the channels of his thought

* *Popular Science Monthly*, Vol. 83 N.Y. The Science Press.

They will be profoundly modified, and they will take on a different meaning in the Negro's consciousness from what they have in the white man's consciousness. . . . We can never make the Negro like the white man mentally." So, in like manner, may the Teutons have absorbed more or less the culture of the Latin and the British races, and yet still retain the barbaric instincts of the Teuton hordes of swamp and forest. Asked Jeremiah "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" And we may just as well ask "Can the Teuton change the shape of his skull?"—to receive the same negative answer. In the racial shape of the skull largely lies a race's destiny. We therefore see that the Germans, physically and mentally, have definite and equally recognizable characteristics, which in themselves shew that the British race and the Teutonic race can in no sense be claimed in the twentieth century as being in any degree racially related. In England the ancient Briton, the Kelt, the Angle, the Jute, the Saxon, and the Norman have ended by forming, as the result of fusion, an extremely homogeneous type which constitutes a fixed and separate race.

The peoples of the world differ, and frequently differ fundamentally, and these differences are ineradicable so long as the strain of blood remains unmodified by wholesale admixture. The infiltration of other races into Germany, for many centuries past, has been insufficient to alter the Teuton, physically or mentally. The infiltration of other races into Britain, to any appreciable extent, occurred at an epoch so remote that it need not be discussed nowadays as an ethnological fact of any importance. It should be remembered, however, that the representatives of those races attracted across the perilous seas to these islands comprised the finest and most enterprising specimens of the male element in those races; whereas the same cannot be said of the mixed hordes, which during the last hundred years or so have periodically filtered into Central Europe from the North, the East and South-East. From the point of view of civilization they were, on the whole, an undesirable acquisition to any European state.

And what better ancestry could be wished for than the British? What of the old Keltic stock who first planted Britain, and made of her unsmiling acres a land of fruitfulness? No barbarians these, nor religious belief they had and learning. They studied the stars; and gave to hill, river and vale names that still delight a poet's ear. These ancient people, too, had genius. Did not they give to the Middle Ages the songs of Merlin and the wonderful mythology of Arthur? What, too, of the Norsemen, the Angle and the Saxon,

the peoples of sound sense, wise words and ready action, the fighters and toilers, men of whom any nation might be proud? Only the best of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and the Saxon shore came here to Britain, leaving their lands exhausted of able men. Was not it King Olaf who said "When King Harold, my father, went westward to England, the chosen men of Norway followed him; but Norway was so emptied then that such brave men have not since been to find in the country, nor especially such a leader as King Harold was for wisdom and bravery." Well may the Teuton claim kinship with these, who nothing German were.

It could only be the descendants of such as these, who were the flower of the finest tribes of all the world, that could have character enough to found an empire like the British; but who shall speak of the *character* of the Germans? When in their history has it ever been revealed? It is simply not there, as I hope to show in some detail in these pages. Now a nation without character is no nation at all, but a race of barbarians or serfs. For instance, not a little may the character of a nation be estimated by observing whether in the great game of life that nation is a good loser or a bad loser. History declares that the greatest nations were always good losers. In diplomacy, in trade, in sport and games generally, the Germans are, as is well-known, strikingly bad losers. Beaten in any department of life they become sullen, angry, and jealous; surely grave defects of character in a people absurdly desiring to dominate the world, defects which are not found in a race of "white men." You have only to watch the Germans in the world of sport: watch them lose in running, at tennis, at football, or in a boat-race, and observe the bad grace in which they take their defeats. Hear their statesmen, their men of light and learning, when German diplomacy with its Asiatic methods has suffered a check or reverse; watch the German press when German commerce has lost a "deal" in any quarter of the globe. What wailing, what venomous accusations, what infantile spleen! Is it of this sort of stuff that world-masters are made?

Wilhelm the Second, it is said, has often bragged to his intimates that he would found an Empire greater than either the Roman or the British. But of what is an Empire made? Was not it the Roman character and the British character that built the mightiest empires the world has ever seen? And where shall you find anything approaching such character among the Germans? In the myriads of men wearing military or official uniform, in braid and buttons? In the common-place industrial horde of German men

with their featureless and chinless faces? I think not. It simply is not there, any more than in the Negro population of the United States. As for the Roman Kings, they were almost all great men: no other history shews such an uninterrupted succession of great statesmen; nor for the matter of that, such a genius of the people; and to-day we see that the race characteristics of the Romans have re-awakened in valiant Italy. She, at least, has a civilization of antiquity and glory, before which the so-called German civilization is a hastily constructed, highly-painted, barbaric sham. And what glorious losers were the Romans. Beaten repeatedly by every nation they met, they eventually conquered them all. Defeats the British have sustained on land and sea, but who can hope to defeat utterly a nation with such character, such fortitude, such self-reliance, such ideals, such never-failing good humour, and such an inborn respect for fair-play. We lost France, we lost our American colonies; but we lost with the serenity of victors; curiously un-German we never whined, nor did we bear envy, hatred or malice.

I should like to say a word here on the misuse of the term "Anglo-Saxon." Why is it we should find so many writers speaking of the English people as Anglo-Saxons, and of the English language as the Anglo-Saxon tongue, when our forefathers knew themselves only as *English*. *Angli*, *Engle*, *Angel-cyn*, *Englisc* are the names they called themselves and their language. The people were the English, their tongue was the English tongue, their King was the King of the English. The term *Saxon* was used only by the Kelts, who called all the other tribes "Saxons," yet the words *Engle* and *Angelcyn* were in constant use to express not only the whole nation, but also parts of it which were not strictly Anglian. "Engle" and no other term in native speech is the name of the whole nation, of which the "Seaxe" were only a part. The term "Anglo-Saxon" is almost undiscoverable in old English documents, although it occurred sometimes in the Latin ones; but at that it was merely a formal description: it was never in use for the name of the nation. Alfred the Great would have immediately corrected anyone who had called an English book or document "Anglo-Saxon." An *Engliscboc* he would have said. The people called themselves *Englisc*, not "Anglo-Saxon," and the people must be allowed to have settled the question. No instance is on record of any tribe other than the Keltic using the word "Saxon" in reference to the English tongue or to the English nation. *Engle*, *Angelcyn* were the words always used. The Briton, the Dane, the Saxon

and the Norman all became Englishmen. They adopted the English name and all adopted (while to some extent, of course, modifying) the English tongue.

If the historian insist on the Teutonism of the inhabitants of the Saxon shore on the continent—as in the case of Norway it is evident that all the virile manhood of the *Seaxe* left their native land for these coasts, especially when we consider the Saxon descendants in Germany to-day, who are but a poor set of degenerate folk, as we shall see in other chapters of this book. But of the old Saxons we may recall the words of Tacitus: "They are the finest of all the German tribes and strive more than the rest to found their greatness upon equity. A passionless, firm, and quiet people, they live a solitary life, and do not stir up wars, or harass the country by plunder and theft. . . . And yet they are always ready to a man to take up arms, and even to form an army if the case demands it." When we compare this judgment of Tacitus with his remarks on the Germans it would almost seem that no racial relationship could have existed between the Teuton tribes in Germany and the Saxons in early England, for psychically they were as different as our gallant allies the Japanese are different from the negro races. Of the Germans, Tacitus, it will be remembered, said: *Propter invidiam*: further he accused the Germans of gluttony and drunkenness. "It is a pity," said the German Kaiser at Bonn on April 24, 1901, "that we must write over this phase of the development of the German people the weighty words of Tacitus, who knew Germany so well—*Propter invidiam* (Because of envy)!" "Envy, our old vice," cries Prince B. von Bülow. "Envy, hatred, and malice, are in all German hearts," said an old Prussian chronicler. "The Germans," observed Heine deliberately, "are more vindictive than the Latins. They are idealists even in their hatred. We Germans hate thoroughly, lastingly."

But it is not a nation possessed of Envy, Hatred and Malice, that shall rule the world,

CHAPTER ONE

MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN

YES, we had forgotten what little Prussian history we knew, or we should have struck, and rightly struck, years ago when the German Kaiser declared that "the trident must be in our fist." But it was in 1871 we made our biggest political blunder, what time the late Mr. Thomas Carlyle and others blindly sang the praises of our "cousin," the Teuton. Non-intervention then placed in the hands of a swaggering, alien bully the weapons he wields to-day; it is easy, however, to prophesy backwards. Undoubtedly to political circles in this country Germany's sabre-rattling for the past twenty years conveyed no serious warning. There still exist statesmen, it is to be supposed, who believe they could civilize the Ojibbway Indians in a fortnight. Unfortunately it is not true. To civilize a barbarous race takes thousands of years; and there are races which will never yield to civilizing influences. The Teutons may be one of those races. Anyway, it will be time enough to make serious inquiry as to the civilization of the Germans in the year 2,915, if at that period any appreciable number of them continue to exist.

If this world is to be a habitable world the barbarians must be segregated and rendered innocuous. Otherwise let us burn all our churches, our universities, our schools; destroy every factory and workshop; hang by the neck until they are dead all our clergy, every man suspected of intellect, and take to wholesale bloodshed for a living.

It redounds to the credit of Dr. Emil Reich (now, alas, no more) in "Germany's Swelled Head" that he portrayed for our especial benefit in 1907 the German and his intentions towards us with singular accuracy. So early, however, as in the year 1867 there was a warning voice raised in this country against the danger of Prussia, the voice of a distinguished English man of letters, more qualified for statesmanship than most statesmen, Mr. Frederic Harrison. And not once, but many times, has Mr. Harrison warned his countrymen of the German menace during the last forty years.

In "Questions for a Reformed Parliament" (Macmillan & Co. 1867) Mr. Harrison said " . . . an alliance must be offered . . . to France because the sudden aggrandizement and immense power of Prussia have deeply alarmed the French people, and have given them, for a time, a sense of insecurity, which is intensified by the novelty of the danger and their apparent isolation in Europe . . . the only way to make them (i.e. the French people) feel superior to it is to offer them the friendship of England." We see the wisdom of this advice now. There are journalists, also, to be thanked for blowing a fanfare of warning, notably the late Mr. G. W. Steevens, and the still-living Mr. Robert Blatchford, in the *Daily Mail*. But the opinion of these and other gentlemen were not shared by our leading politicians, save with one or two exceptions. As for Lord Haldane, a man of high intellectual attainments, a man who has done incalculable good for his country, our one statesman who should have known the German character, and the actual feeling towards Britain better than any of his colleagues (since Lord Haldane received a German education)—he was the one man thoroughly hoodwinked. Again the ignorance of history and the ignorance of racial *ethos*.

Who ever loved Germany? Nay, among all nations whence is the one single, sincere voice that ever called to her in friendship or in sympathy? In the nostrils of half the world the very name "German" is malodorous, as it has ever been. Germany has not a friend in the world. Prussia is still hated—yes, this very day, in many parts of the German empire itself. In Leipzig the name Prussian signifies "angry," in Thuringia "exacting"; in Altenburg "strained relations"; in Erfurt "obstinate"; and throughout South Germany "raging." In Bavaria the Prussian is a *Saupresse* (Prussian Sow). "All evil comes from the German," they say in Denmark. The Magyars express their hatred of the Teuton in the word "schwab," accompanied by expectoration. The Russians have an insulting epithet, "niemzov." To the Japanese the Germans are "fire-thieves," which term implies that the Teuton will rob a burning house; and is not the meaning of the word *Deutschen* "heathen?" Verily, it is a strange people, and one to be always wary of who employ the same word for begging pardon and for poisoning—*vergeben*.

I take down from my bookshelf a copy of Ammianus Marcellinus, a historian whom Gibbon respects for his accuracy and impartiality; what does he say of the Germans of old? "They are shaped like men," he writes in his "Roman History," "but you

might fancy them two-legged beasts, or figures which are cut with an axe on the pillars of bridges (!). Yet they wear linen clothes; but once they don a tunic it is never taken off the body until it falls to pieces!" After paying a tribute to their horsemanship the historian remarks that a Hun can remain on his horse a whole day and night. "When the Huns go into battle," he says, "they form a solid body and emit horrible yells. They have no settled abode, but are homeless and lawless, ever seeming to be in flight. In truces they are always treacherous; and like the beasts of the field they are utterly ignorant of the distinction between right and wrong. They express themselves ambiguously, are untruthful, have no regard for religion, and will commit any crime to obtain money. Extremely quarrelsome among themselves they are also fickle, and quarrel without the slightest cause. . . ." In the foregoing curious piece of criticism we are told much that is true of the twentieth century Huns. According to the Roman historian, as to-day, the early Huns were not a good-looking race; nor were they addicted to bodily cleanliness; they were treacherous; they were "ignorant of the distinction between right and wrong"; they were untruthful; they had no regard for religion; they were afflicted with greed (cf. Tacitus), and they were fickle and innately quarrelsome. On the whole here is a surprising instance of the persistence of racial traits.

Let us take another dip into the history of these barbarians: this time at the beginning of that period we term the early Middle Ages. In what condition do we find Germany then? In the twelfth century we hear the voice of the old German poet Walther von der Vogelweide, before whom had passed in review Henry VI., Otto IV., Philip of Swabia, the young Henry and Frederick II., thus lamenting the condition of the people. "Justice, honour, and the fear of God no longer reign in the people's hearts," he cries, "and much do I regret the sight of felony behind the walls of the fortresses, violence stalking the highways—war everywhere! All nature seems to be at war, the wild beasts of the forest, the fowls of the air, the human beings upon earth. What utter wretchedness is thine, O Germany—what wild disorder!"

Later came the Thirty Years' War—"On the whole the Thirty Years' War was a contrivance of politics," says Franz Keym. It does not strike us in that way at all. In the Thirty Years' War the impartial historian can only see a presumably European race clamouring to return to barbarism. During the Thirty Years' War the German people were all undisguised barbarians. The

mask was off with a vengeance. Never did such an incubus bestride for such a period any other part of the world. At the Peace of Westphalia (1648) Germany was computed to have lost by fire and sword two-thirds of her entire population. In Saxony 900,000 men had fallen within two years, while in Bohemia the number of inhabitants at the death of bloody Ferdinand II., before the last inroads of Banér and Tortenson, had dwindled to one-fourth. Augsburg, instead of 80,000 had 18,000 inhabitants. Every province, every town of the empire suffered at an equal ratio except Tyrol, which had always driven the enemy from her frontiers and enjoyed peace, more or less, during this time of terror and horror. The labouring class had been entirely wiped out of existence; the country was a barren wilderness; manufactories and workshops had been burned to the ground; industry and commerce were dead. Now famine stalked through the crimson land, and drove the German male and female to cannibalism. Little communities were frequently found subsisting on human flesh; sons and daughters killed their aged fathers and mothers, cooked them in cauldrons, and ate them. The people surviving the thirty years' deluge of blood became savages. Bands of murderers and thieves abounded everywhere: they robbed, killed, and often ate their victims. All this, be it remembered, happened in seventeenth century Germany! In 1650 the Franconian estates abolished the celibacy of the Catholic clergy and, owing to the great numerical superiority of the women, allowed each man two wives. A man or woman fit for parenthood who dared to become monk or nun was liable to years of imprisonment. So poverty stricken was the entire country that the nobility were compelled to become servants to the princes; the citizens were reduced to starvation and want, and the peasantry, utterly demoralized by military rule, had lapsed into a loathsome condition.

History in all her long chapters records not anything as tithe so terrible as the atrocities committed during this great war. In the storming of Magdeburg the soldiers had amused themselves as a relaxation from their wholesale horrors perpetrated on the adults, with practising tortures on little children. One man bragged that he had tossed twenty babies on his spear.* Hundreds of infants they roasted alive in ovens; hundreds they pinned to the ground in various ways of agony, and rejoiced at their piteous cries, as they themselves sat eating and drinking. Writers of this period describe thousands as dying of exhaustion; great num-

* Cf. Viscount Bryce's Report on the German atrocities in Belgium, pp. 26, 27, & 52.

ers creeping naked into corners and cellars ; the madness of famine upon them they tore each other to pieces, and cannibalism became common. Parents devoured their children ; children killed and ate their parents. Bands of starving naked men and women wandered from town to town tearing up the bodies of the dead from graveyards and devouring them. Criminals were torn down from the gallows and eaten. Some sought the pits where horse-slaughterers threw their carcasses for the carrion ; they even broke the bones for the marrow while they were full of worms. Thousands of villages lay but heaps of smouldering dust, giving out horrible stench. After this vast holocaust a traveller might in many parts of Germany go fifty miles without seeing a single man, a head of cattle, a bird, or anything moving with life ! " Ah, God ! " says an old chronicler, " in what condition are our great cities ! Where before were thousands of streets there are now not hundreds. . . . Burghers in their thousands were driven into the water, hunted to death in the woods, their bodies ripped open, and their hearts torn out ; their ears, noses and tongues cut off, the soles of their feet cut open, straps of flesh cut out of their backs ; women, children, and men were so fiendishly used that the pen refuses to describe such horrors. How pitifully look the little towns, the hamlets of the plain. There they lie with neither roof, beam, door or window to be seen. The churches ? They were burnt first, the bells carried away, and the most holy places turned into stables, market houses, and places of immorality. The very altars were purposely defiled, and heaped with filth of all kinds. Whole villages were filled with dead bodies of men, women and children, destroyed by famine and plague, with the remains of many cattle which had been devoured by dogs, wolves and vultures, because no one was left to inter them. Whole districts once, highly cultivated were overgrown by brushwood ; families who had managed to flee, on returning after the war found trees growing on their hearths, and even to-day the signs of former villages are discernible in the forests, as are the traces of ploughed lands."

To the then reigning Ferdinand II., it has been reasonably held that Napoleon as an agent of destruction was in comparison a pigmy. The Corsican traversed three-quarters of the globe with fire and sword, yet fell far short in human annihilation of this Emperor, who, while he sat idle telling his beads, accomplished the extermination of upwards of ten million men.

* * * * *

. It was a poor and degenerate set of German folk who acclaimed

Frederick William I., King of Prussia. Since this royal person was the father of Frederick, called the Great, he asks for some brief mention here. If you would know the German you must know the Hohenzollern. Frederick William I. was a typical Hohenzollern, and therefore a typical German. Sweeping aside that divinity which is supposed to hedge a king what do we find this Prussian ruler as a man? The father of Frederick, called the Great, was an immoral, low-living backguard. To call his habitual speech obscene is to use a euphemism; ill-mannered as any Prussian boor, there was not a lower type of bully to be found even in Prussia. He carried on his foul body the stigma of the savage to his grave. In the company of the Prince of Dessau (what a farce it does seem to allow the use of the title "Prince" to any of these Germans) he would occasionally exercise his regal pleasure in cutting off the tails of cows. The laughter of Frederick William I. on these occasions is said to have been "long and loud." This was the bully and coward who brutally used to chastise his daughter Wilhelmina, who, however, if she was a true Hohenzollern doubtless deserved most of the punishment she got. His treatment of the young man who afterwards succeeded him is well-known. Yet Frederick William I., had he quite killed his son, would have deserved well of Europe.

Seldom was the father of Frederick, called the Great, sober; when his brain did happen to be free of the fumes of liquor he was no better than any devil in Hell; when Frederick William was drunk, which was nearly always, the vocabulary of no language could supply him with a fitting appellation. Yet it was this ill-conditioned, ill-bred hypocrite who affected to look sternly on people's "morals." In Berlin he would brusquely stop passers-by in the streets, ask them their trade, profession, or income; how many children they had, and how many more they were likely to have; and other less delicate questions. When Frederick William met a lady (the reader must pardon the writer's politeness if he occasionally use the terms "lady" and "gentleman" in reference to Germans, who never having produced the items have no knowledge of the meaning of the words, and have no equivalent for them in their language)—when Frederick William met a lady, then, he would often interrogate her obscenely; were she alone he would invariably ask her where she was going, and, as like as not, he would strike her across the bottom of her back with his walking-stick, and order her to get home to her "brats."

Who does not remember reading that anecdote of his senseless

kidnapping of tall men all over Europe to recruit his grenadiers ; his forcible abduction of big women, married or unmarried, in order to establish a breeding colony for the propagation of giants for his army. Wherever a huge woman was to be found—provided always she were not past childbearing—she was forcibly seized, carted to Potsdam and mated, willy-nilly, with one of Frederick William's gawky gorilla-faced grenadiers. The woman had not the slightest say in the matter. Dragged from her home and relatives, often a young family, deprived of access to them, she became the concubine of a gigantic out in livery, a Prussian grenadier. So keen was Frederick William I. on having a Gargantuan army that he sometimes set out on these female-capturing expeditions himself, despatching his "bag" of feminine flesh and bone under escort to his fighting men, much as a farmer sends cows to the bull. There were many big women and big men in Europe those days who perforce had to live the life of eremites : the streets were unsafe for them in the day light : "pedestrian exercise by the tall had to be taken in the streets in the middle of the night," observes an old chronicler, recalling the activities of Frederick William's emissaries.

Politically, the only idea conceived in the brain of this drunken savage was that Prussia ought to have a prominent place among the European powers—a place, be it remarked, out of proportion to her territory, her population, and her intelligence. This concept, together with his large army, he bequeathed to his son, Germany's most illustrious robber-count, Frederick, styled later by the Germans, "the Great."

Call this Frederick what you will, devil or worse, he was a man of great achievement. Great man he was not ; but infinitely had he the capacity for taking pains, pains which blossomed into genius, —of a kind. To the ambition of his contemptible father he added a characteristic that monarch never possessed—daring. Fearing not man, neither did he fear God ; for the plain reason that there was no God to fear—in the mind of his Prussian Majesty Frederick the Diabolist. The Christian religion Frederick considered a conglomeration of fables "absurd and ridiculous as the most monstrous inventions of heathendom," while in the fate of man he saw nothing but misery and gloom. A psycho-pathological subject, very likely hysteria explains his morbidity and—his genius. And there is ample reason to believe him to have been afflicted with sexual perversion. There was little health in the man : he loved not woman, nor did he desire progeny. What affection

simmered in his evil soul he expended on dogs. To Franz Benda he declared that his only friend was his flute. Frederick was mean, insolent, innately quarrelsome, violent-tempered, jealous, hypocritical and treacherous. In dealings with his intellectual superiors or equals he descended to a pettyness of spirit you would fail to find in the poorest type of English schoolboy. In short Frederick stands for the Teuton writ large, and if you would understand the present German Kaiser you have but to imagine an imitation Frederick, "a lath painted to look like iron," as Bismarck said of the late Lord Salisbury. On occasion "Old Fritz" could be humorous, in a sardonic way, the rarest gift in a Teuton. Wilhelm II. cannot even be "funny" (If Wilhelm II. had ever made a decent joke it would have travelled round the world in a few hours. He never made one; but he is said to have a capacious ear for indecent stories). A master of duplicity and cunning, Frederick once admitted that it were sometimes wise to gull and mislead a people, yet, as a young man he wrote the following, of course with his tongue in his cheek:—

"Machiavel, the preceptor of tyrants has the boldness to affirm that princes may impose upon the world by dissimulation. But let a prince be as artful as he will, he can never be able by following all this writer's maxims, to gain the character of virtue, which belongs to him. To say nothing of honour or virtue, but only to consider the interest of princes I say it is bad policy in them to impose upon and dupe the world; for they are never sure of succeeding but once, and by one act of deceit they lose the confidence of all their neighbours. Observe how fertile one vice propagates another in the hands of Machiavel. It is not enough for his prince to be cruel, deceitful, perfidious and irreligious; he must crown all his vices with that of hypocrisy."

As a diplomatist we have a mild sample of this anti-Machiavelian's methods here:—"You will give the King of England," Frederick charged Count Truchsess, "the strongest assurance of my personal friendship; and before French ministers or creatures (*sic*) you will assume great cordiality even should none exist . . . but you will lay especial stress upon the sending of Camas (a one-armed diplomatist whose appointment to Paris offended the French), and you will say *with an air of jealousy* that he possesses my whole confidence, and that it is certainly not for nothing that he has been sent to Paris."

To Camas, the old Satanist gave these instructions:—
 "The augmentation of our troops which will take place while you are at Versailles will give you the opportunity of speaking of my rapid, impetuous way of thinking. You can say it is much to be feared this augmentation will set all Europe in a blaze; that the young are naturally enterprising, and that ideas of heroism have disturbed, and may again disturb the well-being of many peoples. You may say that I am naturally well-inclined towards France, *but that if I am neglected just now it will be once and for ever*. Whereas, if I am secured, I should be in a position to render more important services to the monarchy than Gustavus Adolphus ever rendered. With the Cardinal you must be all amiability; you will repay civil speeches with civil speeches, and realities with other realities. *Above all excite, as much as possible, their envy of England.*" ("Politische Correspondenz Friedrichs des Grossen" vol. I. p. 8.)

All which really meant that Truchsess had to make it known in England that Camas being sent to the King of France was but the indication of a confidential mission which it behoved England to anticipate if she wished to avoid its ill-effects; while at Versailles Camas was to imply that, knowing his master well, he had discovered his ambitious designs, and that they should be seconded at once if France would not have him against her.

Against all those German historians and critics who affect to see in "Old Fritz" a paragon of all the virtues, and in the young Frederick "a good and honourable prince," we have the opinion of Marshal de Belle-Isle, a close and accurate judge of men and their capacities. In his unpublished "Memoirs" he says:—

"Those persons who had only known the King when Prince Royal united in praising him enthusiastically, attributing to him all the qualities of mind and heart that belong to a great and good man; but when they came to observe him on the throne, they denied him the possession of any heart at all. It is not difficult to understand this contradiction: during the time of his disgrace, which lasted until the death of his father, it had suited him to make a display of virtue in order to gain adherents, and win the esteem of all those with whom he came in contact, and that he might interest them still more deeply in his favour he thought it best to affect the virtues most directly opposed to his father's vices, and by so doing to make him the more odious. Such hypocrisy was easy to a prince who, to a cold heart, added a cultivated imagination. . . . On ascending the throne he dropped the

mask. It is said that his vices exceeded those of his father, and that he added that of ingratitude towards his most intimate friends."

But who ever expected gratitude from a German? No country, for example, has more reason to remember, and to be grateful to, Britain and her foreign ministers than Germany. Was not it the one-time amicable alliance of this country extending over a century which constituted one of the principal elements in Germany's progress, and the development of her ascendancy on the Continent? Was not Frederick upheld in all his serious difficulties principally by Chatham? And have we forgotten that when the British subsidies were withdrawn the King of Prussia immediately entered into secret agreements with Russia in a manner inimical to good faith, and highly dangerous, at that time, to the interests of Great Britain. Politically, Prussia has always been the courtesan of European nations, prostituting herself wherever she could obtain the highest fee. But to enumerate the treacherous acts committed by Prussia since she thrust her barbaric countenance into the councils of Europe would require a separate volume. In Frederick there was a good deal of the huckster; the mere accident of birth, however, enabled him to indulge his huckstering proclivities on a grand scale. Born of poor and unimportant parents both he and his money-grubbing father, Frederick William I., might have embraced the ancient profession of pawnbroking. Frederick was a pawnbroker, on a large scale. He lent money. All his life he played the part of military and political jobber in the quarrels of European states, trading upon his army as a merchant upon his capital; but with this important difference: trade bargains once concluded are binding: Frederick, however, never hesitated to break his contracts, particularly when they were "signed, sealed and delivered"—if anything more advantageous offered itself. In the course of the present war we have had the spectacle of a Prussian Crown Prince looting a chateau. Frederick the Magnanimous, Frederick the "General of Generals," counselled looting. Valori tells this:

"Some depredations of the Saxon army in Bohemia being mentioned in the royal tent Frederick exclaimed angrily, "What do you think of those fellows! I never could succeed in making them pillage in Moravia, no matter how I urged them, but here . . . etc.

And how he despised his Prussian brothers. There was not a Prussian in his dominions capable of mending a snuff-box. It had

be sent to Paris. They were incapable of doing clerical work, even; so Frederick did it himself. "The blockheads!"

It is unnecessary to recall this Hohenzollern's brutal treatment of the much wronged Empress Maria Theresa; how, for example, while smiling, nay fawning upon her, he like the veriest sneak-thief, stole from her pocket the rich jewel of Silesia—it is unnecessary here to recapitulate this Hohenzollern's well-known infamies; but the prophecy of the Empress concerning Frederick is worth recalling. "Everyone in Europe," she said, "knows what reliance can be placed upon the King of Prussia and his word. For thirty-seven years this man (Frederick) has been the scourge of Europe. He has renounced all principles of right and truth; he looks upon all treaties and alliances with scorn. What I say concerns all the Powers of Europe. Futurity does not lie smiling before me. *If the Prussian principle (i.e., militarism and non-morality) is allowed to take deeper root, what have they to expect who will one day come after us?*"

It is an eerie thing, and one that most men have made quiet note of, that a woman shall often see deeper into the soul of things than man. Had the then rulers of Europe been as wise as this splendid woman was wise—I should not perchance have been writing these pages in portrayal of the depraved and dangerous character of the German people. I say *people*; and by "*people*," I mean every German being in human guise on this earth. The better type of German in certain circumstances may make a tolerable citizen or workman in an alien land; further he may develop in a degree that form of altruistic affection called patriotism; but the point to be remembered is this: *his racial characteristics are there, and cannot be eradicated.*

When Maria Theresa in the year 1778 stigmatized the Hohenzollern principle in the words quoted above, Frederick II. the Evil, commanded the lives and means of only five and a half million persons. To-day the population of Germany is over 66,000,000; at least these were the approximate figures before the war. Let me quote another instance of the Hohenzollern "*principle*," exercised in Germany itself.

In the year 1860 King William, Wilhelm II's grandfather, in Baden-Baden, addressed the assembled princes there in terms befitting a most exemplary ruler. He pledged his kingly word to preserve the Bund; never to menace the rights of any of the princes, and to afford them always his unswerving protection. At the same time, and afterwards, the chief organ of the Hohenzollern

policy, the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, discussed and reprobated the passing events in Italy in a long series of articles which seemed to indicate a policy of equity and honour. Few persons, however, declared their conviction that these legions of fine words constituted but a tissue of lies and shams ; that the immoral and unscrupulous Hohenzollern policy at a given occasion would do the self-same thing, which, in the case of Italy, was represented as being so very damnable. The year 1866 produced this crisis ; for upon those princes he had sworn to protect, princes who had equal rights with his own, the King of Prussia made war. He sent them into exile and took possession of their countries by "right of conquest." Here again the policy of the Hohenzollern dynasty showed itself, in its true red light, exactly as ninety years before Maria Theresa had predicted—as an actively evil and vigorous military despotism renouncing right, truth and honour ; utterly regardless of anything in heaven or upon earth save the furtherance of its own selfish ambitions.

PART II

CHAPTER TWO

CONCERNING MEDIEVAL GERMANY

TACITUS* held up the old Germans as a race to be emulated in the matter of morality. Adultery, he observed, was rare among them. The adulteress had her hair shorn off, was driven from the house and beaten through the village. A woman who had sinned—neither youth, nor beauty, nor wealth, could enable her to secure a husband. Polygamy occurred only among the princes, who considered a plurality of wives an insignia of dignity. All mothers suckled their own children. Infanticide was forbidden. A widow was not allowed to re-marry. Men feared the captivity of their wives much more than their own; they believed that women possessed the sacred gift of prophecy, and they consulted them as oracles and adopted their counsels.

Tacitus, it is generally believed deliberately over-coloured the virtues of the barbaric Germans, intending so to reprove the dissolute habits of his fellow countrymen. When we consider the fact that the German wife was the absolute slave of her husband, that he was her lord and master, the duties he demanded of her being the management of the household, the whole work of the home and family, while he hunted the forest, or drank and gambled or slept on his bearskin—we can hardly believe that the ancient German revered his spouse as an oracle.

The marriage ceremony of these Germans was simple. It contained no religious act; the mutual declaration sufficed; and the marriage was deemed consummated immediately the pair had entered the bridal bed. Not until the ninth century did the idea that the validity of marriage depended on ecclesiastical sanction make its appearance, and it was not until the 16th century that marriage was raised to the position of a sacrament by the Council of Trent.

Under the feudal system the lord of the manor enjoyed unlimited sway over his serfs, and virtually unlimited sway over his vassals. He had power to force any youth of eighteen, and any

* Germania cap. IX. XVIII-XX.

girl of fourteen to marry. He could choose a husband for a girl, and a wife for a man ; this right extended to widows and widowers. And he also possessed the so-called *Jus Primæ Noctis* (the Right of the First Night) which, if it suited him, he could forfeit on receipt of a certain payment (*Bettmünd, Hemdschilling, Jungfernzins, Bunzengroschen*, etc., etc.) It was to the interest of the lord of the manor to encourage marriage among his serfs ; he thereby eventually increased the number of his labourers, and also his income. Lords, spiritual and temporal, favoured matrimony on their domains.

At this period it was the custom for the sons to receive their portion from the community on marriage ; this frequently induced the fathers to marry their sons at the age of nine or ten to mature virgins. A consummation of the marriage being therefore out of the question, the father abused his paternal power, and took the place of his son as husband. The consequent degeneration of family conditions is easily appreciated. "The marriage chastity of our ancestors," says Bebel, "like so many admirable characteristics of these ancient times, is a beautiful myth."†

For hundreds of years the peasants of Germany were ground down by their tyrannical masters with inhuman cruelty ; their existence was one long wail of pain and poverty. They were not allowed to change their trade, or leave a village or town except on payment of heavy fines. So severely were they taxed that they were often unable to obtain sustenance ; for money and labour failed to satisfy the rapacity of these lords of the manor, and they would seize the produce of the farms. When the fields were waiting to be sown, or the corn was ripe for harvest, it would please these petty potentates to call the labourers off the land, so that their work should be seriously hindered. Perhaps the ladies of the castle found sleep would not woo their couches for the hideous croaking of the frogs, or it may be the racous music of the rooks* disturbed their afternoon repose ; on any trivial pretext a small army of toilers would be despatched to scour the country side for hours on end, and unless they returned the following morning with goodness knows how many corpses of these denizens of the earth and air, they were heavily fined, as usual.

If you have travelled in Germany, the ruins of many castles which lie scattered all over the country will not have escaped your curious eye. It is as if the Devil had flung wide his myriad

† *Die Frau in der Vergangenheit*, &c., Zurich, 1883.

* The Germans call the rook : "Krähe mit dem weissen Schnabel," or "crow with the white beak."

dice athwart the land. Not a rocky hill, nor the spur of a mountain, but is crowned by one of these ruined castles. Not always of regal size, some possesses the tumbled stones of only one tower and a few outer walls ; others tell of several towers and many walls that once formed castles of some magnificence. Within many of these castles, when stone stood upon stone, in a period when Germany supported paltry and feeble emperors, dwelt the lawless brigands who would be emperors in their own fashion ; or shall we say in these eyries of hill and mountain-side lived those birds of human prey, the Robber Dukes and Knights.

Honest labour of any form was a disgrace to these robber-nobles ; their broad acres were cultivated by vassals, upon whom they showered their contempt and abuse. As heavier grew the oppression by which the serfs were kept down, so higher rose the importance of these would-be German rulers.

But the oppression of the labourer and the dependents generally was not the worst evil. If the castle-lord found it to his advantage to treat his beast of burden, his dependent, with moderation, he was so much the more eager to make use of his landed rights in other directions. The high-roads, the river that ran by his castle, afforded him the opportunity of seizing upon the goods and chattels of strangers. He levied imposts upon goods and travellers alike ; he obtruded his " protecting escort " upon them, and robbed (and sometimes slew) those persons who considered this escort superfluous. Miles away from any river or stream, the robber-noble would erect a flimsy bridge whereby he could demand a toll, and he designedly kept the roads in the woofullest condition imaginable, because he concluded in his august and German mind that if any waggon were upset upon his wide domains the contents of that waggon, according to manorial rights, accrued to the possessor of the land. In like manner the robber-noble on the Rhine would cunningly render the task of the navigator so difficult and dangerous that a vessel would at a certain spot find herself aground, and her cargo the property of the land-pirate of the castle. Thus the robber-duke or knight exercised the primitive profession of outlawry among a supposedly intelligent people with the utmost unconcern and freedom. Not only were the goods of river and road craft hauled into the castle maw, but their custodians also ; and duke or knight in person went through their pockets and wallets with the practised fingers of an " artful dodger." If the booty were found insufficient for the time and trouble spent, the travellers were cast into a dungeon, there to remain until they

could free themselves by ransom. No ransom forthcoming the princely progenitors of the present-day scions of noble Germany despatched their victims with the knife, or let them die of hunger and thirst. In the 14th and 15th centuries there were in Germany very few castles which were not dens of cut-throat thieves and warehouses of booty.

In all these castles there was one particular dungeon called a *dog-hole*, and it was into these dog-holes that Germany's then commercial travellers were thrown.

At Rheinfels there are to-day no less than seven such dog-hole dungeons at the bottom of deep shafts dug in the rock ; while at Pfalz (the little castle is hardly bigger than a Brixton villa, and is built on top of a dumpy rock out in the middle of the Rhine), there is a dungeon sunk deep under the bed of the river, into the mouth of which the guides are wont to throw a lighted sheet of paper, so that visitors, as the flame descends, may estimate the depth of the dark abyss into which the victims of the "nobles" were lowered. At the old ducal castle at Baden-Baden, again, one can still see the same kind of death chamber. Old German chronicles tell that the "dukes" of this God-forsaken portion of Europe favoured the following method of despatching their victims : they were commanded to advance and kiss a wooden image of the Virgin as a proof that whatever statements they had made were the truth. Immediately the prisoners approached the figure, with this intention, the floor beneath their feet gave way, and their bodies were precipitated to the bottom of the well beneath, to be torn to pieces by the "devil," which was naught else but a wheel studded with huge knives, a wheel which was for ever kept revolving by a swiftly-flowing stream at the base of the rock.

These robber-"nobles" with their lust of plunder, their quarrelsomeness, and their pugnacity as often turned against their fellow-"nobles" as against the cities ; and thus through the whole of the Middle Ages innumerable and deadly feuds constantly leapt into being. To occasion a feud was easy. Boundary disputes, encroachments on the chase, or the flogging of a servant were always provocative of discord, even between old comrades and friendly neighbours. Then both parties augmented their forces by enlisting their relatives as well as their dependants. They hired troopers, and endeavoured to learn through the *media* of spies how they could steal an advantage over the property, castle or person of their adversary. The opulence of the cities, and the rancour entertained by the knights against the increasing independence of the citizens

gave an agreeable excitement to their feuds with the latter. Whoever was unable to undertake a profitable feud of his own, united himself as an assistant to another, and thus it not infrequently happened in the long chapter of hostile events that old comrades found themselves face to face in deadly enmity; and the death of one or more was the result.

This marauding life on the highways, in the woods and caverns, with ever drunken companions, was to say the least of it inimical to family life; it failed even to develop any warlike capacity, except, perhaps, among a few subordinates. In retrospect, if there is any difference to be found between the common footpad of the 19th century and the German "nobleman" of the fifteenth century, the "nobleman" who would drag the Nuremberger merchant from his horse and immure him in a dark dungeon to starve to death whilst the noble's womenfolk made coats and mantles out of the stolen cloth—if there is any difference between these criminal types it certainly lies in favour of the 19th century foot-pad.

It is in the village of Stein in Bavaria that you may still see the ruins of the castle, and the dungeons of that most infamous Robber-Knight, one Von Stein, whose record for murder, theft and outrage is equalled by few of his breed, and excelled by none. There is nothing in the remains of the fastnesses of the rude ages of Germany more striking than these ruins, nothing more corroborative of the horrible traditions of those monstrous times. Von Stein's castle stands on the edge of a lofty precipice, whence, like an eagle, he could descry all persons approaching from Salzburg or Munich, and then descend to plunder, and make captive his victims. In the huge rock he forced his prisoners to hew out extensive ranges of caverns, flights of steps, and subterranean passages. The caverns to-day, as then, are lighted dimly by narrow slits cut through to the face of the precipice. In these caverns he confined all his prisoners who were men of substance in order to extort enormous ransoms from them. One awful cell is there this Robber-Knight called his "Hunger-Hole," in which he imprisoned those whom he resolved never again should see the light of day. The captives of this dungeon were locked, bolted and barred in, with a jug of water and a tiny loaf, which would barely have made a meal for a mouse. So they perished. When the captive had died the terrible death of hunger and thirst his bones were carried into the woods for the wolves to rend. This human fiend, Von Stein, had also a deep pit cut in the heart of the solid rock into which he let down such of his prisoners, male or female, who were re-

fractory, or on whom he wished to inflict the most torturing forms of vengeance. In one of these deep dungeons he kept his own mother confined for eleven years. His son became enamoured of an attractive village maiden; Von Stein had her seized, carried to his castle, where he gave leave to all his male retinue that they might do with her as they pleased. Afterwards she was cast into the Hunger-hole, from where the son endeavoured to rescue her. Of this Von Stein learned one night, and immediately rushed from one of his orgies into the dungeons. On hearing his father's approach the boy blew out the light and retreated along the passage to find a nook of concealment. Von Stein, however, found him, dragged him from his hiding place, and stabbed him to death. Here in this ruined castle with its dungeons—who knowing the history of the place, having learnt of the murders (murder was not the worst of Von Stein's crimes) the torturings, the unspeakable outrages perpetrated upon hundreds of unoffending persons—who, did he visit the place as the writer has done, would not find a grim and ghostly fascination in the spot. For all this is no fairy story. The records of this Von Stein's exploits may be seen in the archives of Munich for the asking. In one of the rooms of the remaining tower of his castle are still preserved parts of this Robber-Knight's armour, also his saddle. The walls are covered with crude sketches of him and his misdeeds. There are also some verses. Here are two:

Hainz von Stein ein wilder Schnapphan
 Den midlins hat vile laidl anthan,
 Aber die münchener in allen ehren,
 duweil er that das ganz land beschweren,
 die wasser und salzbürger allmitsamt
 Seines handwerk gelet han.

den sie brachen en sein veste
 Siegfried Gebsatl that das beste;
 er stach den hainzen todt zum lohn,
 und war sinsun wusstnix davon,
 der hainz hat ihm sein lieb geräubt,
 Walltrand von Trossburg wie man seit.

Which means that the people of Munich, Wasserburg, and Salzburg combined to put an end to the tyranny of Hainz von Stein, and in united hordes they broke into the fortress of this wholesale murderer and robber, who had long terrorized and outraged the

whole district, and put an end to his handiwork. Siegfried Gelbsattel did the best ; he stabbed the villain to death for having carried off the beloved of Waltrand von Trossburg, who, it seems, till then did not know who was the abductor and ravisher of his sweetheart.

Robber-Duke, Robber-Knight, landed proprietor—what you will, but boors all—these Germans have no counterparts in European history. As landed proprietors their tyranny increased from generation to generation in such an intolerable manner that a vast number of their slaves on the land (they were nothing else) were driven to escape from such unbearable servitude to become, like their former masters, robbers and cut-throat assassins ; outlawry being favoured by the existence of large forests and bad roadways. A huge army of male and female freebooters now scourged the land.

The Roman Empire had at its fall bequeathed perhaps as many vices as virtues to Christian Europe. Bebel affirms that it was through the medium of travelling priests that the worst kind of vice was imported into Germany. The enormous number of clergy, he says, were compelled through enforced celibacy to gratify their passions outside the pale of marriage by natural and unnatural means. They carried licentiousness into all grades of society, and threatened as a perilous plague female chastity in every town and village. Monasteries and Nunneries were distinguished from houses of ill-fame only by the greater lasciviousness of the life carried on within their walls, and by the facility with which the frequent crimes there committed (particularly infant murder) were concealed by judges, who themselves sat at the head of this system of corruption. The peasants in the country endeavoured to preserve their wives and daughters from seduction by the clergy by accepting no pastor who did not bind himself to take a concubine. This practice induced a certain Bishop of Constance to levy a concubinage tax on the clergy of his diocese. All this helps to explain the fact that in the same Middle Ages in Germany, the piety and morality of which feeble-minded romanticists are enamoured of describing, not less than one thousand five hundred travelling harlots appeared at the Council of Constance in 1414. Germany was by far the most openly immoral country in Europe. The roadways, the fields, the forests, were the scenes of general outrage, murder, drunkenness and debauchery. Shame was absent from the land ; vice reigned everywhere. The Italian Poggio Bracciolini relates that at the time of the Council it was customary, where public baths were to be found, for German men and women of the "better" class to bathe naked together, and speaks of wit-

nessing such a spectacle at Baden, which then possessed the "best baths in Europe."

In addition to all the obstacles put in the way of settlement and marriage, the position of women was made still worse by the circumstance that during this period their number was greatly in excess of the men, and the disproportion is to be accounted for by the constant feuds and struggles going on, the dangerous commercial journeys, a greater mortality among the men owing to gross intemperance and gluttony, and visitations of pestilential diseases which never ceased their ravages throughout the whole of the Middle Ages. In the period from 1336 to 1400, for instance, 32 years of plague are registered; between 1400 and 1500, 42 years; and from 1500 to 1600, 30 years.*

§ Multitudes of women in troops strolled through the country acting as mountebanks, singers, and musicians, in company with itinerant scholars and clerks, inundating the fairs and markets and all other places where entertainment or festivities took place. In the army of mercenaries they were formed into special divisions with their own sergeant. In harmony with the co-operative spirit of the period they were apportioned according to age and appearance to the different ranks among the soldiers, and a severe punishment was inflicted on any woman who dared to bestow her embraces outside the circle allotted to her. In the camps these women were requisitioned to help the soldiers carry hay, straw and wood, wherewith to fill up ditches, dykes and pits, and in keeping clean the tents. At sieges they had to fill the moats with branches of trees, brushwood and fagots, to facilitate the attack; and they had to assist in bringing the artillery into position. When the cannon wheels stuck in the mud they had to use their shoulders in the manner of men. 24965

In many German towns Bettina institutions (Houses of God) were established, and placed under municipal administration: these were erected for the purpose of sheltering and generally ameliorating the lot of thousands of destitute women and girls. In these institutions were they cared for—if they led virtuous lives. But not all these houses, together with the nunneries, of which there were a great number, could cope with the vast crowds of unfortunate women and girls who craved admittance.

It was a feature of the Middle Ages in Germany that not even the most contemptible or paltry trade could be followed without fixed regulations. Accordingly the ancient profession of prostitu-

* Dr. Karl Bücher. "Die Frauenfrage in Mittelelter." Tübingen.

tion received a guild organisation. In all towns there were houses filled with fallen women, houses which belonged to the Municipality, to the Sovereign, or to the Church, the profits of which dens of immorality flowed into the coffers of their particular proprietor, i.e., the Municipality, the Sovereign, or the Church. The women and girls in these houses elected their own "head mistress," whose duty it was to preserve order and discipline, and she zealously endeavoured to prevent competitors who did not belong to the guild from spoiling the trade. Such competitors, if caught, were severely punished, when not savagely persecuted. These houses of debauchery were specially protected. Upon anyone who caused a disturbance in the neighbourhood a doubly severe penalty was inflicted. The members of the guild, notwithstanding the fact that they followed so vile a calling, had the privilege of appearing in processions, and at all festivities in which other corporations took part, and these women were frequently guests at the tables of councillors and "princes."

And yet, on the other hand, more particularly in the early Middle Ages in Germany, the public women were often violently persecuted—by the male population, whose money and innate viciousness were the cause of their creation. It was Charlemagne, extolled as "that most Christian King," who ordered that a certain woman of the town should be dragged naked through the streets to the market place, and there beaten with rods; while he himself had as many as six wives at one time. The very communities which officially organized and protected immorality, and accorded special privileges to the priestesses of Venus also imposed the most rigorous and cruel penalties on the unfortunate young women who had been seduced and abandoned. The woman who had destroyed her own child was punished by the most harrowing forms of death. But no one asked any question about the seducer. Maybe he sat in all dignity upon the judgment bench, perhaps passed sentence on his unhappy victim. "Such things," says August Bebel, "are happening among us in Germany to-day."

In the town of Würzburg in Bavarian Germany, the keeper of a house of immorality had to swear to the magistrate that he would "be faithful and friendly to the town, and would enlist women." Similar oaths were administered in Nürnberg, Ulm, Leipzig, Köln, Frankfurt and elsewhere. After the houses of ill-fame had been closed in Ulm, in 1537, the guilds demanded their re-establishment in 1551 "to prevent far greater evils." For guests of rank, prostitutes were provided at the expense of the town. When the

boy king Ladislaus entered Vienna in 1452 the municipal government sent to meet him a number of public women, "whose scanty gauze coverings rather enhanced than concealed their shapeliness," says a Hungarian writer. On his entry into Bruges the Emperor Charles II., was greeted by a deputation of perfectly naked women—a not uncommon event in Central Europe in those days.

German romanticists and other hallucinatory writers have tried to represent this period as an age of good morals and of reverence for women; and the time of the Minnesingers in Germany from the end of the 12th to the 14th century has been chosen as an exemplification of this fictitious fact. The "Service of Love," practised by German knights in imitation of the Moors in Spain was taken to prove the high respect paid to the women of that day. In reply to this assertion we must remember certain and several things. Firstly, Knights and ladies represented an extremely small percentage of the whole population. Secondly, only an insignificant number of Knights were devoted to the "Service of Love." Thirdly, the true import of this service has been grossly exaggerated and misunderstood, or, most likely, intentionally misrepresented. The period in which it flourished was the same time as that of lynch-law in its worst form. Throughout the country all bands of order were loosened, and knight-hood itself had sunk into the professions of highwayman, robber and incendiary. Such times, characterized as they were by the most brutal acts of violence, were scarcely favourable to gentle and poetic emotions. On the contrary this period succeeded in destroying what little respect for the female sex existed at its beginning. The knights, both in town and country, were boors, and their principal passions, feuds, drunkenness and unbridled sensuality. The chronicles of the period abound with stories of rape and violence by the country "nobles," while the town "nobles" were worse, if it were possible. In the towns the nobles filled the benches of the magistrates, and in the country criminal jurisdiction lay solely in the hands of the lord of the manor, the squire or bishop. It is not at all likely that a Knightage so wantonly immoral should have much regard for its own wives and daughters, or have placed them upon pedestals as patterns of domestic virtue.

In this "courtly worship of women," the man had to give proof of his love by heroic deeds and adventures, and his lady love, who was oftener already married than not, would weave about herself an atmosphere of "poetry," veiled in ideal perfections, as the minne-songs of the time disclose. But neither the dignity of

Women, nor the morality of-marriage was increased by this chivalrous devotion; instead the "Service of Love" became a cloak for the most depraved licentiousness. A married woman who had a knight devoted to her service:—he was invested kneeling before his liege lady; and she, placing her hands in his, confirmed his allegiance by an amorous kiss. From that time the Knight of the service wore the colours of his adored; he swore to be faithful to her, and she to him; in many cases they would reside together as man and wife; and instances are recorded where the Church gave its sanction to these immoral unions.

The Knightly service led its cavaliers into the greatest follies. One Ulrich von Lichtenstein, having donned the costly dress of a noblewoman, galloped through the highways challenging to mortal combat all the Knights he could encounter. Thus in one day he lost a finger, his upper lip, and the tip of his nose. Every morning, we are told, Lichtenstein drank the water in which his beloved had washed herself; moreover, on his return from his expeditions, wounded, as he generally was, he was nursed back to his former state of health by his married wife, who evidently looked upon her spouse's doings with no meticulous eye, after the fashion of most German femininity unto this day.

In any case this "Service of Love" amounted merely to the idolization of the beloved object at the expense of the legitimate wife, a Hetærisism introduced into Christianity similarly to that we find in the time of Pericles. Undoubtedly the mutual seduction of wives was almost a general custom among the German Knights of the Middle Ages, much as it is still in certain circles of 20th century Germany.

What healthier sensualism there was in the Middle-Ages found its classical interpreter in Martin Luther, who as religious reformer need not be discussed here. Luther, according to Schaff, is "the great national hero of the German people, and the ideal of German life." Love and enjoyment, Luther declared, were necessary to his nature; and his former position as Roman Catholic priest had opened his eyes to the unnatural lives led by monks and nuns. Martin Luther, the man, trod the devious paths of immorality. He often drank hard "to drown his conscience," as he put it, while his relationship with the nuns exceeded the ambitions of an Ottoman Sultan. "Luther" (says Janssen) "was ceaselessly engaged in a struggle between himself and his conscience, from which, as he confessed, he tried to escape by excessive drinking, by games and amusements, by thinking of a beautiful maiden, or

by falling into a violent fit of anger." Gauss says that the great reformer was "coarse beyond the power of reproducible Anglo-Saxon, lubricous to a degree that even pales Rabelaisian foulness." Melancthon expressed himself concerning Luther in a confidential letter on the occasion of the great reformer's marriage in these words: "Luther," he wrote to Camerar, "is an exceedingly light-minded (leichtfertig) man, and the nuns have pursued him with all sorts of devices . . . frequent intercourse has enfeebled him, although he is a strong man." Melancthon further hopes that marriage will make Luther "more moral." Luther's views on the relationship of the sexes may be recalled. "A woman," he says, "unless she be peculiarly sanctified from above, can no more dispense with a man than with eating, sleeping, drinking, or the fulfilment of any other physical necessity. Nor can a man dispense with a woman. The reason being that it is as deeply implanted in our nature to beget children as to eat and drink. Therefore has the Creator given the body members, veins, fluids, and everything which is essential for these purposes. He who shall seek to restrain them, and will not let Nature take her course—what else does he do but seek to restrain Nature from being Nature; fire from burning; water from wetting; and man from eating, drinking or sleeping." At the marriage of Philip, Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, Luther, the Old and the New Testaments in his hand said: "I confess for my part that if a man wishes to marry two or more wives I cannot forbid him, nor is his conduct repugnant to the Holy Scriptures."

Affecting to see in the satisfaction of the sexual impulse a law of nature, Luther abolished the celibacy of the priest-hood and dissolved the cloisters, and these measures enabled numbers to marry; but at the same time free sexual intercourse was punished with inexorable severity. The Catholic clergy had exercised great leniency in the matter of sexual misdemeanours; but the Protestant clergy denounced sexual irregularities with implacable hatred, and war was declared against houses of ill-fame, which were eventually closed as "pits of Satan." Prostitutes now called "daughters of the Devil," were everywhere persecuted, while every woman and girl found guilty of a sexual misdemeanour was hauled off to the *pranger* (pillory), and there exposed to the violence and contumely of the vulgar populace.

In the fifteenth century hordes of gypsies had appeared in Europe. They spread themselves all over Germany. As their hands were everywhere deemed against the possessions of every one else popular

hatred waxed so great that large numbers were done to death often on mere suspicion. Charles V. commanded their banishment, yet in parts of the country they were found extremely useful in doctoring man and beast, or as horse-buyers, horse-shoers and pedlars. Wallenstein made use of the gypsies for espionage, and many of their women were forcibly carried off by the soldiery. Gipsy killing at one period became a pastime, and an old record has it that in a small Rhenish principality "a gipsy woman with her infant at her breast were brought in amongst other wild game which had been slain." Even as late as 1725 all the gypsies in the Prussian States were sentenced to be hanged whether they had a passport or not; and we find even in 1748 Frederick, called the Great, renewing the ruthless edict.

Against the drunkenness, the gluttony, the brutality, the immorality of every species of the German noble we find the authority and the example of even their best and most powerful emperors always to have been unavailing.

Maximilian, Charles V.* Rudolph, Ferdinand, all tried in vain to put down drunkenness in particular, as being the prime cause of all the abominations practised by the sovereigns who on important occasions formed the Imperial Court. Commands and edicts were issued, fines instituted, even temperance societies formed, but no measure succeeded a whit in lessening the always prevalent mania for drink and debauchery.

"In recalling to mind the banquets and festivities of the Diet of Ratisbon in 1541," says a contemporary writer quoted by the

* Of Charles V. at dinner there is this account given by an eye-witness: "The Emperor," he observes, "when the meal is served, always causes the surrounding young princes and counts to set out before him four services of six dishes each; as, by degrees, the covers are moved, he will shake his head at the things that displease him, and nodding it at the others draw them towards him. Many a seemingly pasty, many a dainty plate of game, many a spicy confection is thus sent away, whilst he will keep by him a roast sucking pig, a calf's head, or some such food. He will allow nothing to be carved for him, nor make over much use of a knife himself, but only cuts so many pieces of bread and so many morsels of the dish before him as he requires. Then when he found a bit he particularly liked, he would detach it with a knife or with his fingers (!) . . . When he desires to drink he nods to his physicians who always stand before the table, and they proceed to the buffet and from two jugs of wine pour out what fills a large crystal cup which holds a good measure and a half. This he empties thrice during dinner, and empties so that not a drop remains, even though during the operation he might take breath more than once; still, he never takes the cup from his mouth. He speaks no word at table, nor pays any attention to the buffoons who carry on their farcical trade during the whole of the repast."

Baroness Blaze de Bury, "what princes do I find foremost in the excesses of the table? Nearly all those who, a few years before, had subscribed to the temperance ordinances—as, for instance, the Elector Palatine, the Dukes Frederick, Otho, Henry, Lewis, and Wilhelm of Bavaria; nay, even the Landgraf of Hesse. Did not also Philip the emperor's own son,* at the Diet of Augsburg in 1550, do all he could to make himself popular by drinking as deeply as possible? The French Ambassador, then resident at the Diet, Marillac, wrote thereupon: Yielding to the suggestions of the Elector of Treves, Philip invited all the princes to a banquet. Bravely he endeavoured to show how good a pupil he was, and drank two or three times more than he could carry, which made his tutor give utterance to the liveliest hope of seeing him, if he continued to drink in that way, succeed in winning the hearts of all true Germans."

The same contemporary writer informs us that the efforts of the emperors were, from time to time, seconded by the princes, as at one period by the Elector Palatine Louis V., the Archbishop of Treves, the Dukes Frederick and William of Upper and Lower Bavaria, the Bishops Conrad of Wurtzburg, Wilhelm of Strasburg, Philip of Treisingen, George of Speyer, the Markgraf Kasimir of Brandenburg, and the Landgraf Philip of Hesse, with some twenty others, who all swore to oppose themselves against the frightful excess to which drinking was carried on in all German Courts. They, however, reserved to themselves, be it noted, the right of drinking, they and their followers, whenever they should chance to find themselves in a state of Northern Germany, in Brandenburg, Mecklenburg, in Saxony even, or in Pomerania; "countries," they observed, "wherein drinking and toast-giving are such established things that it would be utterly impossible to dream of eluding, or even moderating them."

Intemperance had risen to such a height in Germany that there was a positive drinking code in force throughout the land, and, geographically speaking, the territory was divided into different drink-provinces ("Trinkländer"), recognised by the laws. Suabia, Bavaria, Franconia, and the counties of the Upper Rhine were among the "ever-drink" provinces. The sovereigns of the more ancient ones gave to these their drinking mottoes, and drinking regulations; debauchery of every kind may be said to have reigned over the whole country. Notwithstanding the attempts made to

* It is not easy to conceive the sad and sombre Philip II. of Spain in bibulous vein.

combat this barbarous condition of things, the Emperor himself was unable to count upon the proper respect due to his Imperial presence. Markgraf Albert of Brandenburg, the "Knolinbacker," as he was surnamed, a sort of favourite of Charles V., was hardly ever known to appear sober at a Diet or Sovereign Assembly; and Marillac writes in 1550 from Augsburg: "Duke Albert of Bavaria (Albert V.), a son-in-law of King Ferdinand's has but two qualities in the world that I can discover: he knows how to drink and cast the dice."

In a collection of private letters written from Augsburg in the last years of the 16th century, we find the following narration: "As I reached Nuremberg on one occasion (1550) I happened to stop at an inn where the Duke of Liegnitz had put up, he having some suit to the Emperor in an affair concerning his father. The whole time of his stay he never once ceased being drunk; and in order to make sure of company he drew about him the household of Markgraf Johann (the counsellors sent to accompany him having refused to be his pot-companions), and with them managed to kill his whole time with debauchery. One day, after they had all a nightly carouse together, forth went the Duke with six of the Markgraf's men; each had cut off the right sleeve from doublet and shirt, so as to leave the arm bare to view; their hose were untied and hanging down; they were without shoes, and their heads were uncovered. The duke, marching in front, urged on before him the Nuremberger town-band, which he forced to play with all its might: so they reeled along the streets till they reached the lodgings of Duke Henry of Brunswick. In one hand the Duke of Liegnitz held dice; in the other some pieces of gold. Small wonder if the populace rushed out of doors and, if foreigners of all nations, Spaniards, Italians, and who not, crowded to gaze at this German Ebriacus. The wine these drunkards had swallowed was, however, so potent, that by the time they had mounted up to the Brunswicker's apartments, he of Liegnitz fell forward with both arms stretched out towards the Duke. Out of one hand escaped the gold; in the other he still contrived to hold a die; speech was beyond his efforts, and having apparently well convinced himself thereof, he just fell down and rolled under the table. The Brunswick one called some of his noble servitors, and four of these carried off the princely drunkard to bed. The emperor has expressed himself highly incensed at the fact of our countrymen always affording to other nations such cause of bitter irony and contemptuous blame. Here is another proof of what intemperance

engenders, and how one sin is followed immediately by another, not," adds the writer, "that I will stain my paper with a recital of the other and yet greater offences committed by the duke and those of his same station and habits."

* * * * *

"The more happy German citizen of the Middle Ages, who lived and let live" (writes Bebel) "later became a bigoted, austere, and gloomy philistine, who scraped his money together and hoarded it so that his wealthy heirs of present day Germany could fling it away in riotous living. This particular citizen with his stiff cravat, his narrow horizon, and his severe morality became the prototype of society."

The legitimate wife who had long ago become an enemy of the catholic sensuality of the later Middle-Ages gladly embraced the puritan spirit of Protestantism; but women in general were no better off than before. The changes which took place in production, finance and trade, after the discovery of America and of the seapassage to East India, were felt even more in Germany than elsewhere, and their final result was a strong social reaction."

During the Middle-Ages several towns had admitted women to citizenship on a footing of equality with men. There were female furriers and tailors in Frankfurt, female bakers in the towns on the Middle Rhine, embroideresses of coats of arms and female saddlers in Köln and Strassburg, female harness makers in Bremen, female tanners in Nürnberg, and female goldsmiths in Köln. But they were now discharged from all these trades. An absurd dread of over-population took possession of the people, and all concurred in endeavouring to restrict the number of marriages, and of independent citizens. Although formerly prosperous towns such as Nürnberg, Augsburg, Köln and others decreased in population from the 16th century because trade and traffic had been diverted into other channels, and although the Thirty Years' War had decimated the land, yet every town, every corporation, in view of its own decline greatly feared an increase of its numbers. The endeavours of absolute rulers to alter this condition of affairs were as unsuccessful as the laws rewarding marriage had been among the Roman citizens of a former age. Louis XIV., as a method of obtaining more inhabitants and more soldiers, initiated a pension scheme for the parents of ten children; for families of twelve children the pensions were higher. Louis' general, the Marshal von Sachsen, carried the matter further by suggesting that no marriage should last longer than five years. Fifty years after, that egoist of all

poists, Frederick, called the Great, wrote in the same vein: "I regard men as a herd of deer in the park of a great lord; the only duty of the herd is to people and fill the park."

The position of woman during this time was as bad as it could be. She was in countless cases debarred from marriage as a means of subsistence or of the gratification of her natural instincts; the absence of productive development caused men who had long feared competition, even among themselves, to shut the doors of trade against her. Therefore she had to content herself with menial employments and the meanest and foulest forms of labour. But as natural impulses cannot be suppressed, and a goodly portion of the male population lived under similar conditions, police persecution, were it ever so vigorous, did not avail in preventing illicit relationships; and the number of illegitimate children in Germany was never greater than under the paternal government of absolute monarchs who ruled in "Christian" simplicity.

The married woman lived in the strictest seclusion; her duties were so multitudinous that a conscientious housewife had to be at her post from early morning until late at night, and even then it was only possible to fulfil her obligations with the help of her daughters. It was a question not only of the daily household duties which comprise the work about a middle-class dwelling to-day; there were many other duties from which the present-day housewife is free, owing chiefly to modern industrial development and the greater facility of road, rail and sea. The married German woman of the period in which we speak had to spin, weave and bleach, to make all the linen and clothes, to boil soap, to make her own candles, and brew the household beer. But her labours did not rest even here. In addition to the occupations enumerated she had often to work in the garden and the fields, look after the poultry, pigs and cattle, and give an eye to the horses. Her one recreation seems to have been attending a church service on Sunday; but how many Sundays in the year the German housewife found it possible to attend church can hardly be conjectured.

Marriages in Germany at this period took place strictly within the same social circles, and a most rigid and absurd spirit of caste dominated every human action, as is the case to-day. Daughters received the meagrest education; they were kept in the seclusion of the home, and their interests in life were not required to travel beyond the confines of the homestead. Add to all this that an imbecile "etiquette" pervaded the whole extent of the land, and that nowhere could be found escape from this bugbear of everyday

life, and it will be seen that the spirit of the Reformation had descended to a very low level indeed.

The Reformation in Germany robbed women of many things among them a privilege which had been extended to them especially in the country districts, by the Middle Ages. In West and South Germany, and in other parts, it was the custom to give the country women each year a few days' holiday strictly for themselves, while no man on pain of punishment might go near them. The custom, quite good in its way, had previously existed in the Roman Saturnalia and the *Fasching* of the Middle Ages. During *Fasching* (Carnival) all serfs and thralls throughout Germany were free men and women for the three days before Passion Week. They were then allowed to drink to the dregs all pleasures within their reach, nay, to ridicule and parody human and divine laws and ceremonies without restraint. The Clergy, too, joined in the general mirth, and encouraged profanations which at other time would have been sternly discountenanced. The conduct of the great crowds during "*Fasching*" is generally represented by writers of the period as an utter abandonment of all decency and restraint. "All these people," says an old chronicler, "became frenzied and knew not what they did, man and women, boy and girl. The most utter licentiousness and disorder existed everywhere." "The forest with its green trees and its inhabitants, the fields with their flowers, the song of the nightingale, a merry drinking bout, a fine brown maiden, or a beautiful maiden, and sunshine—then darkness over all"—these were the objects of desire as expressed by the *Volkslied*.

Connected with the guilds, trades, patricians, and plebeians, were innumerable organizations. Some were instituted even for the purpose of getting drunk, and women were admitted to the drinking bouts. At Lübeck a princely guest expressed his dislike of the presence in the cellar of the town hall of patrician ladies, who, rendered incognito by their thick veils, drank as hard as the men, and behaved more grossly.

The rules and regulations of the various calends, ghostly brotherhoods, companies and other institutions were multitudinous and varied. One rule forbade members to take the food off another's plate; another, forbade anyone to call another "the most injurious names." Members had not to throw knives and plates at each other; not to appear at solemn drinking contests bare-footed, to roll in the mud, to retain hat and cloak when in company, to tap a fresh barrel without the presence of an elder; and there were other

rules applying to the mingling of the sexes in these drinking revels which are unfit for reproduction here.

The amusements of the people of this time were of the lowest description, particularly in the north. At Stralsund it was customary to nail up a cat by the tail, and a man "fought" it until he had beaten it to death, when he was made a "knight" by the burgo-master. In Cologne poor, blind persons of both sexes were let loose in an enclosed space to hit with a heavy stick a pig which was to be the prize for the successful candidate. The joy of the spectators reached its climax when the poor blind men and women struck each other instead of their victim.

It was also the custom for the German soldiery and castle-retainers if they could lay hold of a newly-married woman to strip her naked, tar and feather her, and then exhibit her to the country side as "a new kind of bird."

It is claimed that the Germans were always fond of games; but the games of the Middle Ages were invariably questionable or cruel, or both. Bergen, it may be remembered, in the Middle Ages possessed a factory with a world-wide reputation, and the imperious and self-seeking policy of the Bergen manufacturers forms a history of relentless despotism, violence and breach of faith perennially Teuton. At this factory in Bergen were employed some three thousand hands all vowed to celibacy imposed upon them under drastic penalties. Marriage of the employees, it was feared, might lead to the divulgence of Hanseatic secrets. Members of the Hansa were forbidden to spend a single night outside the factory; armed watchmen and ferocious boar-hounds ever barred their egress. For a long period large numbers of workers periodically sought employment at the factory, where a series of probationary ordeals awaited them; through these every new applicant for a position had to pass. These probationary ordeals were styled "games," and games they might have appeared—to a race of savages revelling in the lust of cruelty. I mention these Bergen "games" because they were institutions at the great factory until the year 1671. There were thirteen of them, all equally barbarous and revolting to any sane, seventeenth-century British mind. The chronicles of the time are unanimous as to their popularity—as regards the vast crowds which assembled to witness them. From the participant's point of view the "games" appeared in a different light, for they very often proved fatal to the candidate's admission to the factory, and often to the life and limb of the candidate himself. Still, to be a Hansa employee, and earn high wages, was

something to be coveted by a German in those days. "These games," says an old Prussian writer, "attracted huge crowds of spectators, who, the more cruel and barbarous the tortures inflicted, applauded the more vociferously."

The most popular practices were known as the "Smoke," "Water," and "Flogging" games; "inhuman proceedings calculated to make the most healthy men lose their reason," says the writer I have just quoted. As an indication of German seventeenth-century savagery it will be quite sufficient briefly to describe three of these Teutonic forms of "sport."

In the "Smoke" game the victim was hauled up the tall chimney of the Schutting, while beneath him burnt cart-loads of offal which belched upwards the most nauseating odours as well as choking black smoke. In the midst of this inferno the victim at different stages was questioned, and if the questions failed to elicit any reply he had to suffer further tortures of a worse kind. Did the man or boy survive the horrible ordeal, he was taken down, at the best half dead, and dragged into the yard, where he was thrown under the great pump, and six tons of water vomited on him.

In the "Water" game, which took place every Whitsuntide, the victim was first made to devour a meal sufficient for half a dozen men, and then taken out to sea in a boat. At a certain point he was stripped naked, thrown into the water, ducked many times, and made to drink as much sea-water as he could hold; then he was mercilessly flogged with canes by all the occupants of the numerous craft around him.

The "Flogging" game which took place a day or two following was intended to be sort of parody of the May games. First the victims had to go out into the woods and gather the branches of certain trees; with these, later, they were to be birched. They were then subjected to the most violent and indecent pranks, and, before the birching, regaled with a Gargantuan dinner. Afterwards they were lead into "Paradise"—a spot where twenty-four disguised men beat them upon their naked bodies until they were smothered with blood, "the while an orchestra discoursed hellish music from pipes, drums and triangles to drown the yells and screams of the tortured." This "game" was considered not at an end until the shrieks of the victims drowned the music of the pandemonic orchestra.

"When these ordeals were ended (no lives having been lost) a herald signified the same in a stentorian voice, and added the fervent hope that the noble practice of the games might always

continue, and that for the honour of the Hansa Commerce and the great factory they might ever be venerated." So concludes the writer I have quoted.

It is said by one authority that it was a shortage of labour, not a humanitarian motive, which really brought about the cessation of these barbarous German games in Bergen in 1671—a statement we have no reason to doubt.

CHAPTER THREE

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GERMAN PRINCES—AND AFTER

THE German historian Menzel gives a very fair picture of the German nobility and the German political rulers of the eighteenth century. "The German princes," he says, "even those of the clergy, had already aped the example of Louis XV. Wildly extravagant in their pomp they had built everywhere new palaces, to which were attached opera-houses and theatres. Surrounded by a corrupt and vicious nobility they kept countless mistresses, so wasting the revenues of the country, the hard-earned product of their subjects' labour."

During all the eighteenth century Paris was the sun around which the petty courts and the nobility of Germany revolved. The French language and the French manners were affected by all. No German could claim to be a man of fashion unless he had visited Paris once at least. At home everything was French, including the language. The German "noble" had French maids for his children, French governesses and teachers, French fencing and dancing masters. His clothes were French, and the enormous sums of money he extorted from his subjects, in great part found their way to Paris and Lyons to pay for all kinds of articles of fashion and luxury. No one save a French cook served German princely viands; a French hair-dresser combed, brushed and arranged German locks and tresses, while at all the petty German courts pretty Italian and French girls, generally the mistresses of the princes, courtiers and noblemen figured in every opera and ballet. To use the German language was considered the height of vulgarity. Eighteenth century Germany, so far as the princes and nobility were concerned, was nothing more nor less than a conglomeration of harems. Every petty state sovereignty asserted itself by external pomp. Every German prince copied, without sense of conscience, the buildings, parks and festivities of Versailles, and in almost every state of Germany, mistresses ruled the land.

In Saxony the Prince Elector had turned Catholic in order to become King of Poland. "He copied Louis XIV," says Menzel,

"ordering the erection of extravagant buildings and giving festivities which inflicted on the nation all the evils resulting from the government of mistresses." Squandering fabulous sums, he oppressed poverty-stricken Saxony to the utmost. This German ruler is best remembered by posterity as the father of over three hundred illegitimate children. His son who succeeded him was cast in a better mould; but in 1746 he handed over the reins of government to Count Brühl, his favourite. Living much more extravagantly than even his master, Brühl, in order to raise money for his multitudinous follies exhausted all the resources of the country, drained all the state treasuries, even the treasury of the state Orphan Asylums, and imposed forced loans. He ordered a vast and costly wardrobe from Paris, and from Paris came all the dishes for his table. In everything he followed the taste of Augustus II. who accepted no other standard but Versailles. Now the burgher class through the courtiers and poets, aped Versailles. A Professor Gottsched, man of letters, critic and playwright, became the chief arbiter of taste. This person destroyed the national popular stage, had the national Punch (*Hanswurst*) solemnly burnt in effigy, and permitted only classical French pieces to be performed. French novels of the light and lascivious kind permeated from the court and nobility through all the middle-class. In Leipzig the brainless German fop struggled to be mistaken for a Parisian, while the young ladies of that town became perfect French *grisettes*. The moral degradation of Leipzig, in the middle of the 18th century, can be seen in contemporary publications, which abound with scandal and unseemly gossip, and in the poems of Corvinus, Celandier, Henrici, Von Böhlau, Rost, Wiese, and others.

Bavaria had been misgoverned in a disgraceful manner, first under Max Emmanuel, then under Charles Albert. On the death of the latter, in 1746, Max Joseph, the son of the late Charles Albert, succeeded his father as ruler. Max Joseph permitted the Jesuits to govern, and affairs went from bad to worse. The people were so poor that a peasant named Theirriegal led an emigratory host of 10,000 of his fellow countrymen to Spain, and to these the Spanish Count Olavides granted the free use of waste lands in the Sierra Morena.

In the year 1790 Charles Theodore, ruler of Bavaria, ordered the city council of Munich to prostrate themselves before his portrait, and in that attitude crave pardon for having advised the citizens not to present an address of thanks to him, declaring that they themselves should do it. Prince Charles, another of this

precious family, who reigned in the principality of Rhenish Bavaria, was an embryonic Nero. For no other reason than that he hated her he one day bit off the finger of a lady of the court. On another occasion his cook had failed to prepare a certain dish properly; Prince Charles had him dragged into his presence, ordered the servants to strip him, made him stand naked, and then had alcohol poured over him and ignited. The victim, however, did not lose his life, but his reason. A little afterwards Prince Charles had the same operation performed upon his secretary, whose life was saved by some of the servants burying him in a pile of manure. This petty German prince built at a cost of 14,000,000 florins a palace in imitation of Versailles, and every German who passed the gates of that palace had to pluck off his hat in salutation. In this palace with Prince Charles lived the wife of his chief adviser, a lady named Von Eisenbeck, his Pompadour. The country he transformed into one vast game preserve. Prince Charles possessed over six hundred dogs, but the principal sport for these and his hunters was the hunting up of all the pretty girls in the land, keeping them for two weeks at a time as night companions for himself and his associates. Eventually he was expelled from Bavaria, not by German subjects, but a French army of the republic. In 1795 he died.

At Darmstadt, in 1768, Louis IX. ascended the throne of his father, residing at Pirmasens, a town in the hills across the Rhine. Here, against all rules of common-sense, with the utmost cruelty and inhumanity (like most of the German rulers of these times), "he played at soldiers." Pirmasens he surrounded with a high wall, and as Frederick the Great's idiotic father did he gathered together all the tallest men he could find in Germany. There were 9,900 male inhabitants of the town, of whom 6,850 were soldiers. The place was converted into a human stud-farm in order to rear tall soldiers. The daughter of every inhabitant was provided with a soldier lover free; they were allowed to marry if they chose. Not one of the inhabitants of Pirmasens, male and female, was ever permitted to leave the town. In Pirmasens they had to live until the grave. Every day this tin-pot potentate calling himself Louis IX., drilled his soldiers in a large hall. So afraid was he lest illness should attack them that they were protected from draughts! And in winter the drill-hall was heated with twenty-two stoves. Louis IX. had no luck in the soldier breeding line; but to this day, when they observe a tall wench pass by, the peasants of the Rhenish Palatinate will say "There goes a Pirmasens girl."

In Würtemberg things were even worse. From 1744 till 1793 the throne was occupied by a loose-living scoundrel who, had he lived in any country populated by *men* and *women* would have quickly met with his deserts. This German prince Charles Eugene started his reign at the age of seventeen, and immediately upon his accession set about persecuting the young daughters of his subjects. During a dance he committed rape on the daughter of one Vollstaedt, a councillor of the Court. Charles Eugene gave a ball, inviting all the prettiest girls in his domain. After the dancing they were forcibly detained in the palace all night, and outraged by himself and all his male companions. This "prince" also maintained a large harem, in which women of all countries and all colours were immured. From his country residence, which he called "Solitude," he organised great hunts—for pretty girls. He styled them "virgin hunts." Whenever a likely girl was espied by his hunters they had orders to seize her and bring her to the prince for his inspection. For the slightest offence he thrashed his soldiers unmercifully, and it is not on record that one of these puny-hearted German giants dared so much as to give their "royal" master a scowl. On his fiftieth birthday this Charles Eugene promised in a naive proclamation, which was read from every pulpit in his dominions, henceforth to lead a better life, and to devote himself solely and wholly to the welfare of his subjects. The committee, deeply moved by his protestations, instantly voted him a large sum of money, with which he built the magnificent château of Hohenheim for his "left-handed" bride, the Countess of that name. Architectural examples of every clime and of every age were here collected. A Turkish mosque with a splendid dome stood cheek by jowl with the pillared Roman temple and the steepled Gothic church. The castled turret faced the massive Roman tower; the low picturesque hut of the peasant stood beneath the shelter of the gigantesque remains of antiquity; and imitations of the Pyramids of Cestius, the baths of Diocletian, a Roman senate-house and dungeons, met the amazed eye. The newly pious-minded prince now (1787) established a lottery in order to increase his funds, and sold the bodies of a thousand of his subjects to the Dutch, who despatched them to the Indies. The sale of public appointments also began again. The Duke had, since 1770, occupied himself with the Charles College, named after him, where the scholars, who were treated with military severity, received instruction in all the sciences. Strangely, this academy produced many men of talent. The curse of tyranny, nevertheless, lay over

the country, and one particular student of the academy, no less a youth than Friedrich Schiller, grew up in hatred of the yoke and fled. Schubart, an older and equally liberal poet, was treacherously seized and imprisoned by the Duke for ten years on the Hohenasberg.

In Hesse-Cassel reigned the Landgrave Friedrich, whose one ambition was to raise Cassel to a residence of the first rank. Friedrich erected palaces and *châteaux*, laid out vast pleasure-grounds, founded academies, immense museums, etc., and was ever in need of money. Among other public nuisances he re-established the lottery, and after draining the purses of his wretched subjects, enriched himself by selling their persons* to augment the soldiery of foreign powers. The complaints of parents for the loss of their sons were severely punished, the men were thrown into prison, the women sent to the penitentiary. This traffic in the bodies of men was also carried on during the reign of George Wilhelm, Friedrich's son and successor. Seume relates in his biography: "Nobody was at that period safe from the understrappers of this trafficker in the bodies and souls of men. All means were resorted to; cunning, fraud and violence. Foreigners of every condition were seized, thrown into prison, and sold."

In lesser states the most terrible abuses were committed. Count Wilhelm von Schaumburg-Lippe, who gained distinction as field-marshal in the Portuguese service offers an honourable exception. The remainder of the petty princes imitated the extravagance and eccentricity of their more powerful neighbours.

The follies perpetrated in nearly all the petty countships, several of which were gradually raised to principalities, are almost incredible. Even barons of the empire held a petty court and aped the pretensions and titles; nay, the military pomp of their royal neighbours. A Count Von Limburg-Styrum maintained a corps of hussars consisting of one colonel, six officers, and two privates. There were court-counsellors attached to the smallest barony in the empire, and, in Franconia and Swabia, the petty lords had their private gallows, the symbol of high jurisdiction. These vanities were, however, exceedingly expensive, and the miserable serfs, whose few numbers rendered the slightest impost burdensome, were compelled to furnish means for the lavish expenditure of their haughty lords.

The ecclesiastical courts had long sunk into the lowest depths of

* "Almost all these German princes are *marchands d'hommes* for the powers that pay them the highest."—*Mémoires de Feuquières*.

depravity : their temporal luxury had increased. Friedrich Charles, of the family of Erthal, elector of Mayence, played the part of a Leo X., patronised the arts and sciences, but lived so openly and flagrantly with his mistresses that Mayence, infected by the example of the court, became a nest of infamy. The ecclesiastical princes plainly saw the impossibility of the restoration of ancient episcopal simplicity, and, oblivious of their approaching fall, pursued a common plan, that of rounding off their territories (Cologne had already annexed to itself Münster, Mayence, Worms, Treves, Augsburg, and Würzburg Bamberg) and, as a next step, declared themselves, like the Gallic Church, independent of Rome. Since the expulsion of the Jesuits, they had the imperial house (in Cologne, Joseph's brother Maximilian became (A.D. 1780), coadjutor, and a little afterwards archbishop elector) and moreover the "enlightenment" of the age, on their side. As early as 1763, Hontheim, the bishop of Treves, had, under the name of Justus Febronius, published a book "concerning the condition of the church and the legal power of the pope"—a book which excited general attention, and (A.D. 1785) the German archbishops in the congress of Bad Ems had, notwithstanding the opposition raised by Pacca, the papal legate (the same who, later, under Napoleon, accompanied the pope into exile), attacked the primacy of Rome, the false decretals of Isidore, and all the rights so long exercised by the pope over the German church, on the grounds set forth in that book. Eybel's work, "Quid est Papa?" was denounced by a papal bull.

The ecclesiastical states were, if it were possible, worse administered than the temporal ones. The maxim "It is good to dwell beneath the crosier" was no longer verified. The people were oppressed and reduced to the most sordid poverty. The bishop of Münster sold his subjects to England. And yet this bishop, Francis Friedrich Wilhelm von Fürstenburg was celebrated for his scholarship, and founded the Münster university (1773) at the time of the expulsion of the Jesuits. The bishop of Liege was expelled by a popular outbreak caused by the huge sums drawn by him from the gaming tables established at Spa—an iniquitous mode of increasing his income, against which the Estates had vainly protested. Philip, elector of Treves, erected (1763) the château of Philippsfreude, as well as the gorgeous residence at Coblenz. Clement Augustus, the sybaritic archbishop of Cologne, built the royal residence at Bonn, the châteaux of Poppelsdorf, Brühl, and Falkenlust. His successor, Maximilian Friedrich, spent

the confiscated wealth of the Jesuits more properly in the foundation of an academy. Bonn remained, nevertheless, the home of luxury. The last elector, Maximilian Francis, brother to Joseph II., kept one hundred and twenty-nine chamberlains. Joseph, bishop of Passau, one of the Auersperg family, erected a theatre and the château of Freudenhayn, where he died in 1795. —The whole of the upper clergy batted on the sufferings of the people. The popular saying, "Where you see folk 'out-at-elbow,' you are upon church property; where you see them with their clothes worn out beneath the arm, you are in a temporal state," indicates the difference existing between temporal and ecclesiastical principalities. —The statistics of the monasteries abolished by Joseph II. show plainly how the monks and nuns waxed fat on the sweat of the people. In the Clarisser nunnery were found 919 casks of wine, in the Dominican nunnery at Imbach 3655, and in the residence of the canonesses at Himmelporten as many as 6800 casks of wine. The people in the ecclesiastical states were totally uneducated, stupid, and bigoted. In 1789, the townsfolk of Cologne attempted to assassinate all the Protestant inhabitants on account of the intention of the imperial Aulic council to grant to them freedom of conscience. —Frederick, duke of York, the second son of George III., of England, was (A.D. 1764) when only six months' old, created bishop of Osnabrück, which place was alternately governed by a Catholic and a Lutheran bishop. During his administration, a *socman* was condemned to draw the plough for life for having boxed a steward's ears for taking his affianced bride from him by force and bestowing her on another.*

Alsace, Lorraine, Switzerland, and Holland were not only excluded from the rest of Germany, but the states still appertaining to the empire were also closed one against the other. Bad roads, an impossible postal system, senseless prohibitions† in regard to emigration, or to marrying out of the country, as, for instance, in the bishopric of Spire, and, above all, the senseless number of inland duties, hindered natural intercourse. From Germersheim to Rotterdam there were as many as twenty-nine custom-houses, at all of which vessels had to pay dues; between Bingen and Coblenz, even, there were seven.

All the foregoing facts, it should be remembered, are recorded by German historians themselves; they have never been denied

* Schloezer's State Archives.

† For example in Bavaria, whoever attempted to induce others to emigrate was hanged. History of Nuremberg 1764.

by any German writer of learning or repute. And these facts could be multiplied *ad nauseum*. Such was the condition of eighteenth century Germany. She had reached the very depths of degradation, a degradation whose outstanding characteristics were debauchery and cruelty. And what shall we say of this "nation," this "people," who remained indifferent and passive under the vilest methods of Government which Europe ever saw?

* * * * *

When Frederick, called the Great, died, Prussia was overwhelmingly the greatest military power in Europe. Her civil organization and administration (according to German standards, of course) were perfect; her treasury was full to repletion. In the machinery of the state everything appeared to be in the most satisfactory working order. Yet what happened to this wonderful German race of machine-made men a little later? In 1916 it is interesting to recall this highly instructive period of German history.

At their first contact with the poorly-drilled, untrained, but enthusiastic soldiery of the French Republic at Valmy (1792) and at Jemmapes and other places the German leaders are tried and found wanting; the highly dragooned Teuton troops are beaten and repulsed, and this state of affairs continues as long as the German people permit its leaders to pursue their traditional policy—until when, the nation awakened by the suffering it endures, with new leaders such as Blücher, Stein, Gneisenau and others, eventually rescues Germany from foreign oppression. Before Bonaparte had taken a hand in the struggle Germany was already defeated and forced to yield part of her territory by the Treaty of Basel—only eight years after the death of Frederick, called the Great. The German legions were driven not only from French territory, but from Belgium and Holland, yes, even from the left bank of the Rhine, which remained in possession of the French for nearly twenty years. After Jena (1806) the state machine of Prussia collapsed like a house of cards—her king and his bureaucracy lay helpless at the feet of the Corsican. . . . "I shall give you to such and such a prince," said Napoleon, in reply to the deputies of the free imperial cities of Germany! Never in history were a nation and its princes so humiliated.

As Napoleon at Jena surveyed the positions of the Prussian army, he was quick to perceive how easily he could out-general their leaders. "The Prussians," he observed, "are yet more stupid than the Austrians"—for the Prussians had allowed him during the night to make a road, to clear a plantation, and to drag artillery

to the top of the Landgrafenberg. The issue of the battle was a foregone conclusion for all except the Prussian staff and commanders. Ten thousand Prussians and Saxons killed, and eighteen thousand prisoners were the result. But the retreat is more calamitous than the battle. Von Möllendorf, one of Frederick's old generals, surrenders 120 guns and 4,000 men without firing a shot! The next day Bernadotte surprises the Duke of Württemberg, kills 2,500 German soldiers, makes 5,000 prisoners, and captures 22 guns.†

The French advance swiftly, and, before them, all the strongly fortified towns surrender, the majority of them without firing a single shot. "To the sorrowful spectacle of wholesale surrenders in the open field," says Menzel, "succeeded a sadder one yet : *the cowardly surrender of almost all the Prussian fortresses.*"

All this, it is to be remembered, was but yesterday. Those of us who know anything of history, of race characteristics, and of heredity will not need to be told that the machine-made German is more than three-parts coward to-day, in the year 1916. So long as the German soldier is convinced that he is on the winning side (and great care is taken by the Headquarter Staff that he is convinced) in his millions he will fight on, blind in his hysteria to any sober reflection that it is possible he will be defeated. But once let him thoroughly realise that the German army has suffered one striking and unmistakeable defeat, and abject fear will gradually creep into his heart ; he is a soldier no more. The Germany army is an army of weapons, not men. With the exception of the deeds of the highly-dragooned hosts of Frederick, called the Great, the national rising in 1813 and the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the military efforts of Germany have been absolutely lustreless. Once find the weak spot in the Teuton armour, pierce it, and pierce it again, and the Deutscher will drop to his knees with a thud that shall reverberate through the two hemispheres. Strip him of his brazen mask and you shall find the pallid face of the Prussian poltroon.

And what a servile, sycophantic lot were these German princes in Napoleon's days. How they cringed, and fawned, and licked the top-boots of the Emperor. How they struggled one with another to catch a glance of recognition from him ; what a troupe of witless, feckless lackeys, expressing their friendly feelings or devotion to the man whose hand has throttled their people, and smites their own face ! Surely the world during its great age never witnessed any sight more contemptible than these German "princes" (save the mark) lick-spittling before Napoleon. At Weimar, Napoleon,

† Cf. *The Paternal State*, &c., by H. Gaullieur.—Harpers.

sitting with the Tsar Alexander, could look down from his box upon scores of these two-a-penny puppets. "That is only a German prince, you clodhopper," exclaimed a French officer to a sentry who made the grave mistake of saluting a mere German grand duke as if he were a French captain. On *un parterre de princes allemands* could the Emperor of the French look down, in that theatre in Weimar: charity children brought up with the idea of their utter insignificance continually dinned into them could not have shown more meekness and docility than these masquerading "rulers" of Prussian provinces, with their curious, sugar-loaf, bullet-shaped and criminal-looking heads.

CHAPTER FOUR

GERMANY'S BACKWARDNESS

"THE various articles of comfort and convenience which now form part of our everyday life seem to come so natural to us that we can hardly imagine the time when they were unknown in the land," says Mayhew.

And yet that time is not very long ago. But a few centuries back even mighty and enlightened Britain lived a rude, Spartan, and totally unluxurious life. Beds for instance, are almost a modern invention, our forefathers having slept upon litters of loose rushes and heather rather than on couches or feathers. Indeed it is only four centuries since straw was discarded from the royal bedchambers of England. Shirts, again, were not worn till the reign of the third Henry, when they were first made in this country by Flemish artisans who took refuge here at the time of their religious persecutions, but not in such numbers as their descendants are with us to-day; while as regards stockings, even Henry VIII. had only cloth hose to cover his regal legs; and Stowe informs us that one William Rider, a London apprentice, observing some knitted worsted stockings from Mantua at the house of an Italian merchant in 1564 ingeniously worked a pair like them, and duly presented them to the Earl of Pembroke; "they were the first of the kind." Stowe adds, "ever made in England." In 1589 an Englishman, William Lee, of Woodbridge, Nottinghamshire, entirely transformed the hosiery trade for the civilized world by inventing the knitting frame. Silk mantles were first worn in this country in 1286 by some "noblemen's ladies at a ball at Kenilworth Castle." But the silken fabric remained an expensive article of foreign produce until the beginning of the 17th century, when it was, for the first time, manufactured in England. Moreover, Catherine Howard, Queen of Henry VIII., is said to have first used brass wire pins, previous to which event ladies' dresses had been fastened with skewers; and further, needles were not manufactured in this country until the reign of "Bloody Mary," when they were made for the first time in Cheapside by a negro from Spain.

Again, the chimneys to our houses date only as far back as the year 1200 ; before which period chafing-dishes were in use, and even in the year 1300 the English family used to sit round a stove, the funnel of which passed through the ceiling ; while the candles common among the people at the same date, consisted of splinters of wood fattened ; gas, it is needless to state, being an invention of the nineteenth century.

Nor had we such things as glass windows to our rooms until the beginning of the twelfth century, and even then the material had to be imported from Italy. Further, carpets were items of extreme luxury down to the same period, and it is mentioned by old historians, as an instance of Becket's splendid style of living, about the year 1160, that his sumptuous apartments were every day in winter strewn with clean hay or straw. Our Kidderminster, Wilton, and Axminster manufactures are the growth of the last century and a half.

The plate and dishes, too, on which our food was formerly served, were unglazed, being more like pantiles than our present crockery, up to the time of Palissy the potter, who discovered the art of giving a glassy surface to earthenware, towards the middle of the 16th century. Forks are an Italian invention, not having been known among us more than three hundred years, for one Thomas Coryate, writing in 1608, tells posterity that at Venice it was the custom there to provide each person at dinner with a fork to hold the meat, besides the ordinary knife and spoon, it being considered ill-manners there to touch the viands with the hand ; and he adds : " I myself have thought it good to imitate the Italian fashion since I came home to England."

Then, even as regards the majority of our eatables, the same account must be given. Many of the vegetables now sent to table with our meat were brought from Flanders in the reign of the eighth Henry ; for previous to 1509 we are told that sugar was generally consumed with animal food " to correct its putrescency." Even cabbages, salads and gooseberries were unknown among us till the year 1520, and apples were first cultivated in this country in 1525, while currants or " Corinthian grapes," as they were called, were not planted in England till 1533, nor apricots till 1540. The potato was introduced into Europe by Sir Francis Drake only in 1585, and we did not know the flavour of beans, peas, or lettuces, till the year 1600.

Nor is it much more than two centuries and a half since tea was originally brought to England by Lord Ossory from Holland, when

the flavour being admired by persons of rank, it began to be regularly imported, the price at first being as much as sixty shillings a pound.

With respect to books, again it should be remembered that the invention of typography dates only from the fifteenth century, the first book having been printed in 1474, previous to which it was customary for copies of celebrated works to fetch double or treble their weight in gold, a homily being exchanged for two hundred sheep and five quarters of wheat ; and in the year 872 it is recorded that King Alfred gave a large estate for a copy of a treatise on cosmography.

Watches, too, properly so-called (for that used by the Emperor Charles V. is said to have been rather a small table clock than a pocket timepiece) have been manufactured only a little over two centuries and a half ; for one of the first ever made was presented by Dr. Hooke, the inventor, to our Charles the Second, and this bears date the year 1658.

Carriages, we may add, are but a hundred years older than watches, for in the middle of the sixteenth century there were but two coaches in Paris, one of which belonged to the Queen, the other to Diana of Poitiers, whilst the first carriage seen in England was manufactured here in 1555. It is interesting to reflect, however, that the chariot used by the Britons at the time of the Roman Conquest was of so useful and practical a nature that Cicero demanded one from a friend in Britain as a pattern. The British chariot, called by the Romans the *essedum*, afterwards became very popular in Rome, and in a diminutive form was used for the conveyance of despatches.

In Germany during the 15th century an edict was issued forbidding the use of a simple two-wheeled cart called the *caretta* "because the useful discipline and skill in riding has been almost lost." Previously to the 16th century in England monarchs travelled on horse-back, princesses were carried in litters, and ladies rode a-pillion behind their squires. Hackney carriages, however, were not introduced till near on a century afterwards, the first having been licensed in 1662, and the earliest stand set up at the "May-pole," in the Strand by St. Clement's Church ; whereas mail coaches, for the rapid conveyance of letters and passengers, were not established until the end of the eighteenth century, the plan having been devised by Mr. Palmer of Bath and first put into practice at Bristol in 1784, prior to which letters were conveyed by one-horse carts, or by boys on horse-back.

Railways had their origin proper near Newcastle-on-Tyne early in the 16th century, when rails of timber were laid at the collieries over which, by means of large waggons provided with rollers, one horse could draw five tons of coal or more. The railway engine, it is unnecessary to say, was not invented in Germany. Steam is an Englishman.

From the above brief chronological catalog it will be seen that many of the appliances of modern civilization have been invented or discovered within the last three centuries and a half, and it should be noted that most of the foregoing social requirements and improvements, with others of like nature, found very tardy adoption in Germany, who returned but little in kind. Not much longer than half a century ago, for instance, stockings were still somewhat a luxury in many parts of Germany, and the male and female legs of myriads of persons knew at best a covering made of strips of rags. Upon the stove of our forefathers of five hundred years ago the Germans have certainly made a slight improvement ; but they have not yet adopted the open fire-grate. In the use of knives and forks the Germans are still about as awkward as we were, perchance, three centuries ago. An English traveller writing in 1840 said that in Germany he rarely found a practicable fork in the houses of the well-to-do, and at best they were the two-pronged pitch-fork pattern. In the sixteenth century, however, it must be admitted there had been some attempt to adopt the use of the fork at meat ; but we read of German preachers at that period condemning the implements as being "against the will of the Lord, who would not have given us fingers if he wished us to use forks." Until half a century ago fruits, preserved or otherwise, were eaten with meat in the Fatherland, where we, in the 16th century used sugar. Soap was virtually non-existent while the wash-bowls in the bedrooms of the highest families in the land were hardly bigger than our present-day sugar-bowls. Despite the scientific German mind the beds of Wilhelm's land remain to-day just as unhygienic and uncomfortable as they were a century ago.

From a humanitarian point of view, Germany has always been the laggard of the nations. Not until the latter part of the nineteenth century did enlightened Prussia make any practical effort to deal with fires and conflagrations. In the late "Seventies" it was still the custom in some of the larger cities of Germany for the townsfolk to turn out of their beds in the dead of night and help to extinguish a burning house or factory with buckets and bedroom

utensils filled with water. That house, or factory, we are told was generally pretty-well gutted before the sleepy-headed *Nachtwache* perched up in the church steeple was aware of it. When at last he did see the flames leaping heavens-high, he would blow a bellowing blast on his horn, like some spectral bull, a signal for all the snoring inhabitants to leave their beds and assist the night-watchman in extinguishing the flames. At this period, too, there was no town-bell; there were no knockers or bells on the doors of the dwellings, so that a fire-alarm had to be hammered on all the shutters of the citizens' houses, one after the other.

Very many towns in Germany had been destroyed by fire before the Germans ever thought of purchasing a fire-engine from England, where they were in use in the 18th century. In the year 1842 Hamburg would have been reduced to ashes but for the efforts of an English engineer, named Lindley, who found that the unintelligent Germans had let the town burn on for three days and nights at the expense of 2,000 houses or upwards of 60 streets. For nearly half a century after the great fire of Hamburg the Germans had neither mains in their streets nor cisterns in their houses. When Coblenz prison was in flames it was an English chaplain who stayed the fire simply by common sense means. He was voted the public thanks of the town.

Precaution against fire was advocated however in the Volks Kalendars of the period. As these Kalendars in the middle of the nineteenth century virtually constituted the staple literary fare of eight-tenths of the population and were even consulted by the better educated class, it is interesting to recall what measures of precaution were deemed advisable. In a handsomely-bound volume entitled *Geistliches Gnaden-Brünnlein mit Zwölf Röhren* (1840) we find this prescription as a sure "defence against fire."

"Take a black hen out of its nest, morning or evening, cut off its head, throw it on the earth. Cut out the hen's stomach; leave its contents in. Take a piece of maiden's chemise as large as a plate; wrap these together. Take heed that you get an egg that was laid on Good Friday; roll these things all together with wax, put them in a pipkin, cover it, and bury it under your door-sill, and with God's help so long as a piece of this remains in the house, though fire be raging both before and behind it, not a spark shall injure you or your children. Or, if a sudden fire burst out, take a maiden's whole chemise, roll it up, and fling it into the fire. It is a certain remedy. Or write these cabalistic letters on each side of a plate, and throw it upon the fire, and it will immediately and

obediently go out. (*I append these cabalistic letters for a trial by those who would escape the burden of fire insurance premiums*) :

S. A. T. O. R.

A. R. E. P. O.

T. E. N. E. T.

O. P. E. R. A.

R. O. T. A. S.

The use of gas for lighting purposes, first discovered by a Briton, the Germans learned tardily of the French. Steam-engines were invariably purchased from England. Steamships were built for them by British shipwrights. Their railways were made by Englishmen and managed by English directors. According to Laing, their mines were almost all worked by Englishmen, and Englishmen managed all their factories. Indeed, the German mind was so slow and obtuse up to the middle of the nineteenth century, the people so prejudiced, so innately averse to any form of traction travelling at a quicker pace than a cow, that any vessel cutting through the water more rapidly than a Dutch *trekschuit* was regarded as an outrage to their understanding ; and when steam-tugs first appeared upon the Rhine they were fired upon by the populace.

Such advancement as Germany has made since those days, after all, has its main spring in their national conceit. Never inspired by any beneficent motive towards humanity she has always been content to remain laggardly imitative, especially in the subject of hygiene and the alleviation of human suffering.

In a work entitled "Search after a Medical Topography of Berlin," Formey, who was surgeon to the King, wrote in 1796 : " It must be acknowledged that in our institutions for the sick, reform is urgently called for, and that in this respect Frenchmen, Englishmen, Swedes and Danes—in a word, most nations—have far surpassed us. Every foreigner who visits our lazarettos, after seeing those of other lands, leaves them filled with pained astonishment at their serious deficiency.

Until the opening of the Friedrichshain Hospital in 1874, Berlin had not one hospital, the sick having to be treated at the Royal Charité, or received into private institutions at the cost of the township.

So late as in the year 1855, according to the medical superintendent of several of the chief asylums for the insane in the German empire, the dreadful *Drehstuhl* (or circulating swing) and *Drehbett*

were in use," says Dr. H. C. Burdett ("Hospitals and Asylums of the World," by Henry C. Burdett. J. A. Churchill). The Drehstuhl and Drehbett were two apparatus designed for the horrible purpose of rolling refractory patients round and round until they were seized with violent vomiting and complete exhaustion. In this barbarous manner were these poor afflicted beings "quietened."

So late as in 1871 the high collar round the throat was used to prevent the patient moving his head, and also to induce exhaustion, says the same authority. Chairs in which lunatics were securely tied down; stocks in which the feet were held fast; the cuirass and leather jacket of stout oakhide, with sleeves and gloves all of the same material, and metal buckles; Autenrieth's mask, to prevent screaming and crying; and the face-mask, to stop spitting and biting—all these were considered perfectly justifiable means for treating lunatics.

"The system was, in short, one of restraint," says Dr. Burdett, "keeping in check the violent, destructive, and unpleasant outbursts of the insane by sheer force, and without any regard to the permanent mischief to the brain which was caused in gaining a temporary advantage."

Surprising, too, is the statement that Germany, who has a huge number of criminal lunatics, as yet has no criminal asylums. This dangerous element of human society she distributes among her public asylums in general, where they frequently cause damage to life and limb, as well as in other directions, as at Dalldorf, the Charité of Berlin, and at Schwetz in West Prussia.

A German-Swiss, Dr. Guggenbuhl, was the first among German-speaking people to point out the importance of State interference in the matter of the insane. This was at the close of the nineteenth century. Guggenbuhl himself established a home at Abendberg, near Interlaken, but although through private sources money at first came to him in varying sums, German munificence fell short, and he had to close the place from lack of funds.

In the case of cripples and the helpless infirm Germany, until the beginning of the present century, had made no effort to alleviate the lot of these hapless members of humankind. Germany, the land of psychological pedantry, has no sympathy for cripples or the infirm as she has none for any form of human suffering. It needed no Nietzsche to tell her that sympathy for the afflicted, a mere Christian virtue, is the sign of a weak and ignoble soul. True, there was one home for cripples in Munich, but that institution was not capable of receiving a thousandth part of the hopelessly

deformed children of the Fatherland. Later the care of physically helpless children was undertaken in a small way at Stammheim, in Ludwigsberg, and at Nowawes; but there is a total inadequacy of asylums for cripples throughout Germany to-day.

Nor are the healthy children of the Germans provided with means of healthy recreation in the cities and large towns. Playgrounds for children were an extreme rarity at the beginning of the twentieth century. The question had been quite overlooked by the educational authorities. The present inadequacy is mentioned by Albert Moll in "The Sexual Life of the Child" (G. Allen and Co., Ltd. 1912). He says: "Even in our large towns, in which, owing to the lack of a sufficiency of open spaces, great difficulties have arisen. . . much, however, has been done of late to improve matters. . . ."

At this juncture we may as well record the opinion of one of the greatest of British medical men upon German physicians. I refer to the late Sir Morrell Mackenzie. Of this gentleman's honesty, impartiality and intellectual acumen there cannot be a doubt. The Princess Ouroussoff in her "Diary" ("The Dublin Review," Vol. CLIII. 1913) says of a conversation she had with Mackenzie:

"He told us that the Germans are the least courteous people in the world, and that they have more prejudices than anyone else. German physicians, he said, are not half as good as the English, who have far surpassed them in every way. For instance, they use surgical instruments which the English have discarded for the last fifteen years, having replaced them by much better ones. They do not want to learn anything from foreigners, and will only admit their own inventions. They have lagged behind in all scientific discoveries in the domain of hygiene and comfort. They are devoured by hatred and mistrust of everything that comes from any other country."

"If the Empress did not uphold me," he remarked, "I could not open a window in Charlottenberg."

Mackenzie's brutal treatment by the German medical profession and the whole German Press is well-remembered. He was called a "low Polish Jew," a charlatan, and, in effect, the murderer of the present German Kaiser's father. What was the crux of the affair? Simply this, that in the German Empire there was not one surgeon capable of performing so delicate and dangerous an operation on the throat. Two of the most eminent German surgeons then living, who had been called in to the royal household, confessed their incompetence to Mackenzie. "I cannot operate," said one. "I

no longer operate," said the other. And in scientific Berlin, Mackenzie found in the principal shops that the surgical instruments on sale were antiquated and had been long since superseded! ("The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble," by Morrell Mackenzie. 1888).

Yet a word must be said for the German chemist. In the wholesale production of drug compounds for the alleviation of diseases of the nervous system, he leads the world. In the manufacture of "preventatives" and doubtful sexual appliances, he is also easily first. But these distinctions are not without significance. Where the supply is, near by is the demand.

Now let us take another phase of Germany's backwardness and inhumanity, in the early nineteenth century, mark you well.

At the court of Bamberg on the 7th day of July, 1811, a woman, Anna Margaret Zwanziger, was barbarously sentenced to have her head struck off by the sword, *and her body to be afterwards laid upon the wheel.* The sentence was duly carried out in detail.

In the year 1818, in the city of Hanover in the night-time, between the 25th and 26th of March—the date and circumstance of so atrocious a case must be given—a person named Södeke was, by order of the judicial functionaries, after eighteen months' imprisonment, put to the torture to make him confess his guilt, and after his hands had become horribly swollen by the application of the thumb-screw he was, at last, by the renewed application of the instrument of torture, forced to confess his guilt. And what was the offence? Was it treason, parricide, or some unheard of combination of crimes? It was stealing a cow.

The use of the rack as an instrument of torture was abolished in Great Britain early in the seventeenth century. In 1628, on the murder by Felton of the Duke of Buckingham, it being proposed by Charles I. to put the assassin to the rack in order that he might reveal the names of his accomplices, the judges resisted the proceeding as contrary to the law of England.

Breaking on the wheel was last heard of in Great Britain at Edinburgh in 1604, when the murderer of John Kincaid, of Warriston, at the wife's instigation was broken on the *row* or wheel, in that city, as were also two of the slayers of the Regent Lennox.

But to return to Germany. In Baden torture during trial was not abolished till 1835, and though it was nominally abolished in most states a few years later, it was still occasionally employed in the "fifties," more especially in the form of caning or cudgeling, which was a very common occurrence for years later.

The last breaking on the wheel (so far as I can find) in Germany, occurred in 1841 when a tailor who had killed a Catholic Bishop was sentenced to be broken inch by inch on the wheel, beginning at his feet, and going upwards; and *this unhuman sentence was carried out in all its barbaric details*, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one in Germany.

Of mid-nineteenth century "justice" the following case may be cited as an instance of Germany's medieval methods in criminal trials:

A retired nobleman of the Danish Court, the Chamberlain Von Quald, dwelling in Eutin, a town between Holstein and Lubeck, was found murdered at his own door. His two servants, the gardener and coachman, were suspected of the crime and arrested. In England no process would be more simple than bringing these men to trial at the next assizes and acquitting or condemning them on the evidence submitted. Here in Germany, in the centre of its so-called civilisation, after an imprisonment of six years, and three hundred and twenty-five days in fetters, the writings in the case forming twenty-five folio volumes, the men were found innocent of the crime imputed to them. The one, however, not being able to prove the absolute impossibility of his being guilty, is guilty of being suspected, and is left to pay his share of the expense of the proceedings. The other is declared so entirely free even from the possibility of guilt that the Government bears his share of the costs. In this trial a curious specimen of the German mode of bringing out the guilt of an accused person is given in the twelfth number of the *Itzhoe Wochenblad*. After his long, solitary confinement in irons, one of the prisoners is brought before the public functionary who acts as the prosecutor of criminals. The prosecutor then addresses the befettered, luckless prisoner in this manner: "There you are with those huge fists which murdered this nobleman. Your accomplice, Willer, has now confessed all. If you, too, do not confess you shall be ——" etc. This was the natural tendency and spirit of the administration of the German criminal law sustained by their public functionaries, and so had they to parade their ability in the trade of discovering and investigating crime—in the middle of the nineteenth century.

At the end of the 18th century, so far as is ascertainable, occurred the last case of witch-killing.* Throughout that century the

* As late as in 1875 Friedrich Nippold in "Problems of the Day in Germany," gives an account of the continued widespread belief in witches in the German empire.

number of persons murdered on suspicion of possessing witch-craft was enormous. Often on the whispered word an innocent and unoffending person was butchered to death in cold blood. Aschaffenburg recalls these times when he says: "We should refrain from over-estimating ourselves when we remember the hundreds of thousands of lives of lives which were sacrificed in the persecution of persons supposed to be 'witches.'" And this professor never overstates his case.

In Germany to this day murderesses are decapitated. On the 28th day of January, 1911, in Instertburg, a servant girl named Milkowitz, aged twenty-four years, suffered the extreme penalty of the law by having her head cut off. . .

Whoever knows Germany first hand will not need to be reminded that outside Berlin there are to be met with more persons with serious physical defects than in any other country. Vast numbers of deformed persons, of hunchbacks, of those with crooked limbs, curved spines, the ruptured and decrepit, are to be seen by any observant traveller all over the empire. At five-and-twenty years of age the teeth of the Germans are more decayed than the teeth of the Britons at fifty, and indigestion is therefore rampant, especially among the poorer classes.* Exact figures it is impossible to get regarding the young men called out for military service, but in some districts sixty-five out of a hundred have on medical examination been declared unfit, and forty out of a hundred is common in many districts.

I dare hazard that, taking the population of Germany at 66,000,000 and the population of the British Isles at 45,500,000, Britain, if she were called upon to do so, could place a larger army of physically fit men in the field than Germany; and these from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland only, our colonies being left out of the reckoning. With all the deleterious influences attending a widely-spread industrialism the British population is unquestionably and paramountly in a sounder condition than the German, as to bodily health, strength, hardihood and the capacity to endure extreme hardship.

Germany has a large *cretin* population who are under no sort of surveillance or restriction whatever. Particularly around the regions of the Alps are these monstrosities to be encountered. As children these idiots are a source of revenue to their parents, and the possession of such offspring is sedulously desired by thousands

* Dr. Ritter, of Berlin, found that of 637 persons, 400 of whom were under 15 years of age, only 41, or a trifle over 5 per cent, had sound teeth.

of the poorer sort. As a beggar the *cretin* is well known to the English tourist who has often expressed himself in terms of righteous indignation that such a form of degeneracy should be cultivated in a European nation. Whympers, in his "Scrambles Among the Alps," says: "A large proportion of the *cretins* who will be born in the next generation will undoubtedly be offsprings of *cretin* parents. There is something horribly grotesque in the idea of solemnising the union of a brace of idiots, and since it is well known that the disease is hereditary and develops in successive generations, the fact that such marriages are sanctioned is scandalous and infamous." "Where nature is so sublime," says a lady writer, "the whole country so exceedingly beautiful the experience is decidedly painful, sometimes horrifying, when the eye falls on a row, say of four or five of these blurred, deformed, and degraded specimens of humanity, sitting ranged upon a wall with their gnome-like figures, ungainly limbs, and imbecile countenances. Deficient as they are in understanding, they know how to beg, and will slip down from the wall with a weird agility for which you had not given them credit, and come clamouring about you with hideous gibberings and ghastly inarticulate utterances. The first time such a sight presented itself to me I turned away with a sense of sickening disgust. "Fie!" said a pretty German friend, "have they not as much right to God's dear sunshine as we?" The words were so gentle that for a moment I felt abashed; but the next moment common-sense rejected the false sentiment of the remark. . . . these creatures outraged that reverence for the image of the Maker inherent in all cultured persons, and that one should instinctively turn away from an animal out of which the God-like, the Divine, has so awfully and so mysteriously disappeared, is only natural. It seems to me that the police, who were employed in coercing us as to our *Füsse* and *Scheine*, would have been far better and more practically instructed if they had taken the helpless, hideous gang under their charge and conducted them to a place of safety remote from the King's highway. But such afflicted things are a source of considerable income to their parents and guardians. An unthinking impulse causes the traveller to plunge his hand into his pocket for a piece of silver. A false benevolence, a sense of the dreadful infinite chasm between them and their surroundings makes his health and strength and pleasure-wandering so many reproaches to him. Nor is it remarkable that with the sight of these afflicted beings ever before their eyes, and the knowledge that they are fertile sources of gain to their families, the inhabitants of these

regions are equal to the occasion, and see to it that the race does not die out, nor the supply fail."

In Tyrol also abound the gôitrous. Gôitre, according to the German medical authorities, is attributed to drinking water which flows over dolomitic rocks or snow-water; other authorities maintain that it is caused and developed among the peasants by their carrying on their heads heavy burdens. There are others who say that a serious factor in multiplying this disease of the thyroid gland is that the gôitrous only too frequently marry the gôitrous; and that gazing upon the gôitrous and having lived in a gôitrous atmosphere from time immemorial, have much to do with its prevalence. It is well known that gôitre appears no disfigurement to eyes that are used to it. A gôitrous man or girl who leaves a Tyrol village will return to settle there and marry the gôitrous lover left behind. And so this ghastly disease is perpetuated, and occasions no more concern than a summer cloud.

Only a few decades ago we have travellers complaining that the bodies of even the titled Germans stank; that they bathed about once a year, and were exceedingly subject to skin eruptions. Baths in German houses were unknown. Mayhew, in the late "fifties" speaks of the better-class German women plastering down their locks with oil, scratching the scurf from their head, and afterwards cleaning their finger-nails with their teeth. They were also given to picking their noses with their fingers in public, and exposing themselves in taking off their shoes, foot upon knee, to the ribald jest of the men present. At dances their deportment was disgraceful, and the undergarments they displayed were a month late of the wash-tub.

At the same period all foreigners who visited the Fatherland were unanimous that the towns of Germany stank like cesspools. Earlier, Cologne, with its many odours, made Samuel Taylor Coleridge ill, and a recent writer remarks that: "it is not to be wondered at that a sweet smelling perfume was invented in a town that has no rival for stinks and sickly smells." Recently, while in clean-swept Berlin, the writer suffered effluvia under the very nose of the Schloss, so strong and offensive that it were a marvel the hands of the numerous military heroes in bronze did not "spring from their sword-hilts to grasp their noses." Jansen says the Germans are fond of foul smells. It is certainly not uncommon throughout their country for a "gnädige Frau" to enter a store and make the remark: "Oh, Frau So-and-So, den Kase den sie mir geschickt haben hat nicht genug gestunken." (Oh, Mrs — that cheese you sent me did not stink enough!)

But the all-prevailing smell of smells in Germany is the unsacred smell of the cooked cabbage. Take any residential street in any town in Germany, enter one house after another, morning or evening, and your nostrils will at once become clogged with an aroma that is not allowed to impregnate every room and cupboard in an English house. The cabbage is cooked daily in every dwelling in Germany almost; amid its unchaste effluvia Germans are born, live most of their lives, make love, quarrel, and—die. A certain Englishman, who vastly admired a German girl, solemnly affirmed that the perpetual smell of cabbage in the abode of the object of his interest poisoned and killed his affection for her. But not only do houses reek of the foul breath of the cabbage; it pervades the restaurants, theatres, and music-halls. All along the streets from windows and crevices of basement kitchens and dining rooms, it steals insidiously forth, making a narrow street as malodorous as a sewer.

But the odour of simple cabbage is nothing compared with the odour of another national dish—*sauer-kraut*. Only a writer with the genius of the late Emile Zola could describe this superfluous German insult to the ether. In its insistence it is barbaric. First you are reminded of a travelling menagerie in which monkeys and hyenas form the greater part of the captives. Then you may be wafted into an Indian jungle where tigers, interrupted in a dinner, left a half-consumed carcase a week ago; or if you are a lady who has visited Egypt your politer senses may persuade you that you stand in a family tomb of the ancient Egyptians. So much for the Germans canine *penchant* for unsavoury smells.

In the matter of dress not until about two decades ago did the enlightened German man discard his spring-side boots for "lace-ups" his "dickey" and detachable cuffs for a shirt combining both—I am now speaking of the "elite" of the German-speaking population. In matters of sanitation he, of course, learned what little he knows from England, and in this respect set about imitating that land of real culture chiefly because the pointed remarks of British and American visitors to his country irritated his vanity. A few years ago the writer was proudly introduced to a new subterranean gentlemen's lavatory, situate in the Victoria-Luisenplatz in Berlin. He was told that it was a frank imitation of the London contrivance. He found it so; but he also found that the attendant was a woman! That is the way with these Germans. In their frantic efforts to appear intensely "modern" and "cultured," they usually manage in some way to betray their rude

and boorish past. At home and abroad their manners are but their manners of two centuries ago, plus an occasional dab of English and French veneer. Like wolf-cubs brought up with the domestic dog they have learnt to bark, but in their bark is often the suspicion of an ominous howl.

As a present-day instance of the Teuton's lack of common-sense and initiative the writer can relate a little episode which he witnessed in Berlin not long ago. A wedding was about to be solemnized at a church, and the guests had to pass along a footpath to the church-porch. In the middle of this footpath some urchins had left a small wooden box, from which projected a nail. The first Englishman encountering such an obstacle would at once have kicked it out of the path of the arriving guests. Not so the Germans. Two by two, three by three, they walked up that pathway, laughing and talking, and stumbling up against that small wooden box. A lady had her dress torn by the nail, but no German attempted to thrust the thing out of the way. One old man nearly fell over it, a little girl actually came to her knees on it, *and yet it occurred to no German there* (they were assembled in dozens) *to move the box on one side.* I know all this appears to be a trifling matter, yet such an episode I hold to be most important in considering the character, particularly the practicality, the initiative of a race. It *may* happen that this characteristic lack of initiative may at a critical moment appear in the German Higher Command on the battlefield (it has appeared before; and it most likely accounts for the incredible stupidity which was responsible for the Marne defeat)—*if it does, and when it does.**

The mention of a church recalls another little occurrence, which I witnessed in a Prussian village church-yard some years ago. I had approached the sexton and his man delving up the earth, and to my surprise I beheld scattered around the grave-in-making the bones of the dead—fragments of arms, legs, ribs, hands and the skulls of a dozen of those who in the living flesh, perchance, had walked about that little parish all their lives. Not in medieval

* An instance of this curious lack of initiative is contained in a recent official French communiqué. It reads: "One of our aviators, running short of petrol, was compelled to land in a village. He was replenishing his reservoir when a strong German patrol was signalled. The officer calmly continued to empty his petrol tins. The Germans, quite at a loss, halted at a distance of two hundred yards without attempting to fire. His reservoir filled, the aviator set his motor going and flew off. It was only then that the Germans, seeing that they had been tricked, opened fire upon him; but it was too late. The machine and the pilot returned to their centre safely."

Germany, but in twentieth century Germany—here was a sexton indecently and irreverently tossing these poor human relics from their peaceful rest in God's-acre into the glare and glister of the July sun. "Has this fellow no feeling of his business," asked Hamlet of Horatio. . . . No, the Germans having no feeling for human nature alive, why should we expect them to respect the bones of the dead? And then I saw in my mind's eye the Marxer Sinie Cemetery in Vienna, where Mozart was buried as a pauper, without so much as a wooden cross to mark his final earthly home; and I saw also the museum where the vulgar may still gaze upon the great musician's skull on payment of a small fee. . . .

Many more examples could be given in illustration of the fact that the brain of the German is in reality a backward, nay, an early mediæval brain; but having covered a somewhat wide area, the few examples cited above may be deemed sufficient to shew the sense in which I employ the term "backwardness," and to explain the justification of its use in the heading of this chapter.

PART III

CHAPTER FIVE

CONCERNING 20TH CENTURY GERMANY

THE late Henry Mayhew, one of the closest yet kindest critics of men and manners, penned more than one sordid picture of the Germans of the latter half of the nineteenth century. One of these pictures, by reason of its fidelity, and its appositeness to the Germans of to-day is worth inclusion here. He is speaking of the then supposed poverty of the Fatherland. "It is indisputable," he says, "that the poverty of this country (Germany) is the poverty of parsimony (the squalor of stinginess rather than need), the self-inflicted misery of the miser, rather than the forced privations of the pauper; starving for the mere greed of hoarding, and hoarding solely to prevent starving at some distant day; ready to do anything in order to get money, and ready, too, to submit to anything rather than part with it; fawning and cringing, bowing and scraping, smiling and slaving to those whom they think they can get a penny out of; and, on the other hand, whining and raving, bullying and browbeating, towards anyone who has a penny to get out of them. . . . in *respectable* German households everything is sold by the master and mistress—everything which we in England regard either as a servant's perquisites, or which our servants would be too proud to seek a purchaser for: the kitchen refuse, even though it fetches but a half-penny the pailful; the wood-ashes, though they get but sixpence for as much as a sack of it; the night-soil in the back-yard, though it yields but a few shillings for a cart-load, but which is, nevertheless, so highly prized that there is often a battle between the landlord and his many lodgers as to who is the rightful owner of it; the sawdust arising from the cutting of the stock of wood, though a 'Klafter' produces only a hand-basketful, and this is worth but a penny; the old rags, the old bottles and broken glass, the old metal—all are hoarded by the elegant lady of the house, and duly sold when the stock is sufficient to get a few pence for it from the marine-store dealer. In fact, a true German lady gives nothing away; her old

clothes and boots she invariably sells, either to her maid servant, if she can screw money enough out of the poor wench for them, or else to the *Trödler* (second-hand clothes dealer), who makes a point of paying periodical visits to the nobility and gentry to purchase their cast-off rags. We know not whether this same *Trödler* was in the habit of buying the old royal robes of the Grand-duke himself; but we *do* know that it was the custom at the palace for the house steward to go round the table after a dinner party, and empty the remains of the wine left in the glasses by the guests into a bottle kept for the purpose, and that such drainings were used in the royal kitchen for the flavouring of the royal sauces."

Countless mean and petty acts current among the Germans to-day could be instanced to weariness. In the picturesque parts of Germany frequented by tourists, immediately the summer is ended it is still the custom to unshoe the donkeys and ponies used by visitors; while the children of the rural working-classes are frequently forced to go about barefoot when the weather is not too severe, so as to reduce the expenditure on boots and stockings to a minimum. "So miserly are the working-classes in Saxony," says another writer, "that they begrudge themselves a proper supply of food. . . . It is inconceivable that the present-day Saxons could be descendants of the Saxons described by Tacitus, such a degenerate unhealthy looking lot are they." Mayhew travelled about Saxony, and he makes this remark of the physical condition of the inhabitants—a remark whose forcibility does not render it any the less true. Says Mayhew, "Never was such a lantern-jawed, sallow-faced, hollow-eyed, herring-gutted, spindle-shanked, goitre-necked, sore-mouthed, sad-looking, half-clad tatterdemalion race of people as the working population of Saxony seen in any other part of the civilized world."

The depravity of the Rhinelanders is well-known to all visitors to that part of Germany. Morality or any of the Christian virtues are unknown: the system of baronial and knightly robbery which flourished there for ages survives, but in another form. Speaking of the Grand Duchy of Baden a modern writer says: "Everything is more or less to wrongs here; religion is not dreamt of; morality is banished from all classes, upper as well as lower. The women are, if anything, worse than the men. . . . the upper ranks in Baden have for many years set the worst possible example to the lower." Said an Englishman to a United States Consul: "I have spent some three months in the Rhine district of Germany, and I must say that I found the natives (he said 'natives' because

he himself had lived many years at the Fijis) a pack of thieves. Wherever I went I was swindled by hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, railway servants—in short by every one with whom I came into contact. If this is supposed to be civilization give me life at the Fijis."

The corruption prevailing in the German capital was denounced by Victor Tissot at the close of the nineteenth century. "The manners of Rome," he writes, "in the days of its worst corruption reappear here. What a symptom of moral decadence is the spectacle of those creatures, who, in Berlin, wait for you at the doors of the Law Courts and offer for a consideration to serve you as witnesses in no matter what case. In November, 1871, the newspapers told a story of a musician who had a law-case on. Some of these men came to him and said: 'If you require witnesses, make use of us. We will serve for half the price our colleagues charge; for they demand twenty groschen, we will be content with ten.' Later, Professor Frederic Reimer, of the University of Berlin, said of the general immoral tone of the German capital: "We may, perhaps, to a certain extent, apply to the Berlin of our days what Droysen said of the last period of Greece: 'Light, deprived of every moral sense, without virtue or religion, Hellenism is being transformed into that piquant, witty, dissolute meanness which constitutes the last stage in the life of nations.'"

One of the most scandalous manifestations of German bureaucratic corruption was exhibited not very long ago in the two Tausch trials. As most people know, the German state maintains what it is pleased to term its political police. The duty of this body consists in watching and gagging the Press, in bestowing pecuniary rewards on some journals and persecuting others. In the German budget there is an appropriation for it. Bismarck's expression: "the reptile Press" was hurled at a number of newspapers which sell their support in Germany for a consideration. As the Tausch trials showed, the state is constantly bribing newspapers to suppress facts, to launch false news, and to cheat the public. One, Von Tausch, a functionary at the head of this institution, having falsified the despatches to the German Press, reporting the speech of the Tsar at the dinner given by the German Emperor in Breslau in 1896, the foreign secretary, Von Marshall, was accused of having given Tausch the order to publish a false version of this speech. The question, like all these German conflicts, was trivial in itself, but it resulted in two scandalous trials, in which the German state was publicly convicted of criminal practices.'

Tausch admitted, as did other functionaries, that they often forged names, deceived, and lied in the exercise of their important functions, and he exculpated himself by showing that his practices had the sanction of the highest people in the empire. Germany's leading political men had to appear as witnesses, and Tausch was acquitted.

Among the German-speaking race corruption is to be found throughout official and semi-official circles.

The whole tone of the German Press, semi-official or not, is unhealthy and immoral to a degree. Abuse of foreign nations, now Russia, now France, then England has been a daily event the last decades. Whole columns are filled with nauseating details of murders and unnameable vices and crimes. Fair and honest criticism of the thousand and one abuses of the state under the cloak of militarism, or otherwise, is impossible. Editors daring to publish anything derogatory to the state and its master, Wilhelm II., are faced by imprisonment and ruinous fines. Bribery is common, a matter of course, and money can procure the insertion of a scurrilous or scandalous article, or the repression of a criminal report. Sons of "noble" families, and the wealthy generally, can be sure of keeping their convictions unrecorded in the press by the payment of a lump sum in cash. Hence the well-to-do criminal after serving his sentence continues to rub shoulders with society, unafraid of the spear of Ithuriel. Journalists in Germany are looked upon as intellectual outcasts, and whatever talent they may possess they are fortunate if they can earn a respectable living. Parsimony marks even the leading news-sheets; and the journalists who can command twenty marks per thousand words—do not reside in Germany. The money spent on one issue, say, of the London *Daily Telegraph*, would finance the *Tageblatt* for a month. Foreign news is all cribbed, and at that generally appears long after the original text has decorated a slab of English, French, or American cheese.

According to Professor Wuttke, of Leipzig, the Austrian press lives and battens on corruption. In the famous Placht trial it was discovered that 35,000 florins had been spent on purchasing the "influence" of the leading newspapers of Vienna: the *Presse* and the *Neue Freie Presse* receiving 15,000 apiece for their share.

In another case, twelve, sixteen, and fifty thousand florins were paid respectively to the *Fremdenblatt* the *Faubourg Gazette* and the *Presse*, while the *Tagblatt*, which has a very large circulation, got in return for an enthusiastic support of a certain scheme no less a sum than 32,000 florins, or about £3,200 sterling.

The term "revolver press" was invented in Vienna to describe the venomous little gang of "Journalists," who still carry on a *camorra* in the Austrian capital.

The staffs of reporters attached to the newspapers above-mentioned are made up of spies. Almost to a man they are in the pay of Potsdam. There are also any number of secret agents and "brokers," who make an easy living by means of scandal, intrigue and blackmail.

The director of a large company who had frequently been intimidated by a clique of these "revolver-reporters," without any appreciable result, received one day a copy of a news-sheet, in which were related some rather shady episodes in his past life. The article at a critical point broke off with "To be continued in our next." The director deemed it advisable to pay the money demanded of him, and he was not further molested.

A few years later the editor of a "Society" journal threatened a high Court official with the publication of a scurrilous resumé of his private life unless he were given a large sum of money and a promise of the same amount annually so long as the editor lived! The official's reply was to prosecute the editor in the Criminal Court, with the result that the blackmailing editor had to undergo a few weeks' imprisonment.

Artist-musicians, painters, sculptors and novelists pay the Vienna press a yearly subscription for eulogistic criticisms of their efforts. As in Berlin, and throughout Germany generally, the advertisements in the Austrian periodical press are often obscene in their "frankness," particularly in regard to sexual matters and matrimony.

In Vienna, journalists are all members of a society called the *Concordia*, a veritable hot-bed of intrigue and blackmail. Unless he be a member of this society (the entrance fee is ten pounds) the Austrian journalist could not eke out a living.

"In Austria," says Mr. J. M. Vincent, "political development will have a hard struggle so long as the medieval press laws continue to exist. In no constitutional state in Europe are the conditions for free expression of opinion so unfavourable. Anything 'dangerous to public interests' may be confiscated by administrative order, and the door is so open to official discretion that a quotation from the Bible might occasion the suppression of an issue."

As an indication of the "tone" of a leading Vienna newspaper take the following account of the torpedoing of an Italian ship

by a German submarine appearing in a recent issue of the *Neue Freie Presse*.

"The fishes, all the living creatures of the Adriatic, have never had such a time. In the south they have had for their pasturage virtually the whole crew of the *Leon Gambetta*; those of the Central Adriatic have found the Italians of the *Turbine* to banquet on; while in the north of the Adriatic the denizens of the deep have discovered a table even more abundantly supplied. To the submarine *Medusa* and two torpedo-boats has just been added the cruiser *Amalfi*. The collection hitherto consisting of only small tit-bits is now fairly well enriched, and the Adriatic, now that its bottom is covered with the corpses of Italian sailors, should be more dreadful than ever. Over the Adriatic's azure surface arises the putrefying stench of the defunct liberators of the Carso."

How is that for ghouliness?

In a previous character I have indicated the vicious mode of life led by most of the German military officers. The military system of Germany is thus arraigned by a German, who once a military cadet himself recognizes the intellectual poverty and viciousness of the Kaiser's officers. Says Herr Krafft (*Das glänzende Elend*. Stuttgart), "The Cadet in Germany is not educated to become a man. He is trained merely to be an officer. And when I say 'officer,' I mean it in the full sense of the term, for all the exalted notions of that caste's importance are immediately inoculated by the state into that mind of the cadet. The state repeats to him every day the ancient song of 'the first estate in the land.' The military uniform does the rest; and from the beginning of the cadet's education you perceive already in the little puppet-soldier, whose ears are generally more asinine than those of other boys of his years, the germs of the military over-bearing temper. Already he speaks of civilians as 'those scabby fellows'; he calls the private 'that blockhead,' or that 'cursed clod.' The influence of parents is lacking, and the tone of the bully which dominates the whole institution impregnates him more and more. Out of doors you may not notice it, he has sometimes elegant manners in the streets; but the wide chasm which separates the officer's caste from the civilian population, even here in Bavaria, has its origin, in the cadet schools."

The cadet become an officer is now at liberty to act as he pleases

after having been confined day and night in his school under the sternest discipline. He has only one trouble, in Germany a general one: if he has no wealthy parents to assist him, how can he afford to live with such small pay among such a set? "Temptations surround him," says Herr Krafft; "Jew money-lenders, women, gambling, and drinking absorb all his attention, for his profession requires from him little intellectual effort."

"The sinking of the intellectual level of our officers as a class," says this author, "during the last ten years, is a notorious fact in Germany, which none of us can hide. Formally, for instance, there were some distinguished scientific and literary men among the officers in Würtemberg; where do we find any to-day? . . . When a lieutenant leaves the gates of the barracks, he has virtually not one thought in his head. As a recreation he can only seek pretty women, gamble, or drink. It is not the wearing of a uniform, but his bad education and his soul-killing profession that produce this result; and the evidence of it lies in the fact that military doctors as a rule are much less addicted to such pastimes; for these have to work with their brains, not only with their limbs. If anyone believe that my statement is exaggerated let him visit the tavern, and listen to the conversations at each table. After he has heard the different groups of lawyers, doctors, and professors who sit there by themselves, let him listen to the talk of the officers."

But Herr Krafft knows well enough that it is not bad education and the stern discipline which are responsible for those common enough outrages by German military officers on civilians. The evil lies in the innate barbarity of the Teuton, who, like the American negro, is capable of committing any inhuman atrocity if he knows that he will escape punishment. "Germany," said a speaker at a recent meeting held under the auspices of the British "Union of Democratic Control," "Germany is just as good a country to live in as England, and for my part I would just as soon live there as here, or for the matter of that, what if England were part of the German Empire?" The members of the "Union of Democratic Control," I take it, are working men who are totally ignorant of life in Germany. To this kind of bastard British worker should be recommended a perusal of the following typical examples of the German army officers' treatment of his fellow-workers in the Fatherland.

Let us take the Brüsewitz tragedy. An officer of that name was accidentally jostled in a café at Karlsruhe by a plumber. Lieut-

enant von Brüsewitz (acting in strict accordance with the "code of honour" in the German army, valid to-day) followed the plumber out of the place, and thrust his sword through the man's body, killing him instantly. The victim, of course, was only a plumber, much too low in the social scale to be allowed the privilege of a duel with an army officer, but he had to die so that the foul blot he had made on the officer's escutcheon might be wiped away with his blood. But the officer was punished. A court-martial sentenced him to three years' mild incarceration in a fortress, which in effect amounted to merely two or three months' "leave of absence." On his release Brüsewitz joined the Boer forces then fighting against Great Britain, and soon met a fate he well deserved—death by a British bullet.

Now let us take the Königsberg affair. Here some half a dozen German army officers met one night in the street several working-class civilians. The civilians, it was afterwards admitted, were slightly the worse for liquor. Accidentally one stumbled against an officer. The officer at once drew his sword and stabbed the offender repeatedly, wounding him gravely. Another civilian had vainly attempted to prevent the outrage by staying the officer's arm. Thereupon all the other officers drew their swords upon the would-be peacemaker and literally hacked him to pieces. The civilian fell dead. The officers, tried by court-martial, were sentenced in the usual way to a brief term of imprisonment in a fortress, part of the sentence being subsequently remitted by the German Kaiser. Within three months these Teuton savages were free again.

Then there was that little affair at Saverne in Alsace where a Prussian officer with his sabre hacked a cripple, alleging that the cripple (who, of course, was unarmed) "laughed" at him. A court-martial acquitted the officer, and the German Press, at least the militarist section, upheld his acquittal and even eulogised this infamous outrage on a helpless, defenceless, human being. And from the Crown Prince of Prussia this inhuman fiend had the honour, on his discharge, of a "special" salute!

One more case, this time a naval one. On February 7, 1915, a German naval officer killed outright the proprietor of a German restaurant who had refused to serve him with drink after closing hours. A naval court-martial holden at Kiel sentenced the assassin to two years' imprisonment. As Germany has no naval officers to spare it may be justifiably surmised that this ruffian was immediately set at liberty.

These four cases, typical of many, form the best answer to "Un-

ion of Democratic Control" members and those of their kind who go about among their fellow workers preaching about the "good German people" and the advisability of our negotiating for an inconclusive peace.

About the cruel treatment meted out by the German non-commissioned officer to his men, and of this I have more than once been a spectator, I once questioned an officer friend at the Berlin Garrison. This is what he replied: "Nearly half of our recruits are stupid and lazy. Although they have all received a good state-school education their intelligence is poor. Of course they can read and write fairly well, but education cannot eradicate stupidity and laziness, nor instil into them what you English call "commonsense." Our non-commissioned officers are responsible in person to their superiors for the appearance and conduct of their men. The corporal assumes paternal authority over them, he educates them, so to say, and he is supposed to look after their bodily welfare. Who can condemn him, when irritated by the stupidity or laziness of a recruit, if he strikes him in the face, or barks his shins to infuse some life into him? Besides, all our recruits are used to it; they know what to expect, and they never object to such chastisement. We understand that the right of complaint by the recruit is an illusory one. It exists only on paper for show and appearance. But, my English friend, if you in your country were to find your recruits so dense that they could not be drilled effectively, what on earth would your corporals and sergeants do but employ our methods?"†

This same officer (he was a major) refused to believe that bodily punishment was not meted out by the British non-commissioned officer to slow-witted "Tommies." "No army," he said, in conclusion, "was ever trained without the severest methods—at least no army fit to take the field against a powerful foe."

From the German army let us turn to the institution of the duel in Germany.

When we find a civilised state encouraging the duel, as is the case in Central Europe, we are not far wrong, I fancy, in assuming that the courage of its manhood is in question. True the law of Germany condemns the practice, but Ministers of State will be found to defend it. It has long been a proud boast of the Teuton that the German nation is a nation of warriors. *Das deutsche Heer ist das deutsche Volk in Waffen* (The German army is the German people in arms) declared Prince Regent Wilhelm of Prussia (Wil-

† Quite a stereotyped formula. Cf. Gaullieur's *Paternal State*, &c., esp. IX., p. 196.

helm I.) at the opening of the Diet on the 12th January, 1860. Twenty years later we find German statistics offering a curious commentary on the supposed warlike spirit in this German nation of warriors. On the then levy of recruits we see that the number liable to serve in the German army was 1,149,042. Of these 35,265 could not be found; 109,956 remained away without excuse; 15,293 were convicted for illegal emigration; and 14,934 were on trial for the same offence. Reviewing these figures a German military critic wrote: ". . . a most unsatisfactory state of affairs . . . pointing to a national apathy and cowardice."

At the German universities the authorities look upon the duel as a means of inculcating manliness and courage. In Great Britain we possess manliness and courage without employing such medieval methods. Boxing, cricket, football and the like instil into the minds and bodies of our young men all they need in the way of self-reliance and hardihood. Courage with us is a characteristic of the race, and requires no extraneous excitant. The individual Briton is brave and fearless; the same cannot be said of the German, for the sense of the tribe is still alive within him, and he is chiefly "courageous" in numbers. He lacks totally the individuality and self-reliance of the Englishman, who as an individual is his superior in every occupation calling for these attributes. Scopenhauer was not for wrong in his essay on "Honour" when he said that nations of such admitted virility as the British (he also included Americans) can do without duelling.

The Germans maintain that the duel is an institution of civilization, further that it is the only and proper method of settling points of personal and family honour—honour, that figment of the Teutonic brain. The illogical German apparently fails to realize that the result of a duel depends on the superior skill of one combatant, not on the justice of the "cause"; nor would he seem to appreciate that the aggressor often may escape injury while the aggrieved may become the victim of his adversary, as is frequently the case. Now the German army officer is forbidden by the law of his country to call out, to accept, or to fight; but his *corps* "code of honour," expressly sets it down that should occasion arise the officer *must* challenge to a duel, *must* respond to a challenge, and *must* try to kill his adversary, or be killed himself. Conscientious officers have not seldom been dismissed their *corps* for declining to fight, and students, after service in the army, have been denied promotion to officership for the same reason.

And how childish is this institution of the duello. A heated

word, a fancied slight, or a contemptuous smile, and—a challenge. A German officer friend of the writer's once had to fight a duel with a comrade in arms, because he unwittingly donned the other's great-coat, and, it appeared, was not sufficiently profuse in his apologies for the mistake.

The students' *Mensur* (Schlägerei) or duel with rapiers, is another matter: this is affected to be looked upon by the professors as a mere exercise of skill, and a test of physical endurance and courage. Though no real danger there may be in this survival of mediævality, yet the facial scars inflicted often remain for life, and are much desired and prized by the students. At least they will convey to the philistine that the possessor of such facial disfigurement had a university education. In these student duels only the face and skull of the duellist are exposed to the cuts of the *Schläger* (rapier); the hands are protected by baskets, the eyes by iron-rimmed spectacles, and the other parts by bandages and shields.

The present German Kaiser has on many occasions extolled the student-duel on the ground that it steels and disciplines the spirit, as in the Middle-Ages courage was steeled by the tournament. The fact that the skilled use of the rapier may later impel the student to seek the duel serious for the sheer lust of fighting is ignored. The spectacle itself is at best unwholesome, and savours of the shambles. I will describe such an exhibition.

Firstly, it is exceedingly difficult for an outsider to obtain permission to witness a students' duel in a German university town. Among fifty English and American students who had been in Heidelberg, from one to six years only two of them had been allowed to see one of these revolting contests; for the rest, well, they did not fail to see this Teutonic form of "sport" from want of trying. To relate how the writer obtained his letter of admittance to one of these much discussed encounters would take up more space than the recital were worth; suffice it to say that after infinite trouble he at length obtained a mandate signed by so illustrious a person that it would have opened pretty nearly all the locked doors of Germany to him.

Not far from Heidelberg, between the hills, there is a large two-storeyed building, which resembles outwardly an ancient Dutch inn. In front of this building is a garden shaded by trees and trellises, wherein are many tables used by the students for beer-drinking. On first entering this garden (some few years ago) I and a friend found nothing but a host of vacant chairs and tables covered with empty beer mugs; no human soul was to be seen.

There were, however, several huge dogs about, and these were chained securely to the trees. The clash of steel and much shouting told us that within the building a duel was in progress. We thereupon rapped loudly on the front-door, and in a few seconds it was opened for us by a "red-cap" student, who gave us a ceremonious salute, and in good English asked us to follow him.

First passing through a large hall, then up two flights of stairs, through a long corridor, we came to a room, termed by the students the "repair-shop." In this room on the tables and benches, and on some parts of the floor, we saw scattered in profusion sponges, towels, strips of cotton and rags saturated with blood; while wash-basins and foot-baths filled with bloody water stood about the floor and on the benches. Shirts and vests smothered in gore hung on hooks on the wall, and on the backs of chairs. On the table lay a box of surgical instruments, a medicine chest, several flasks of brandy, rolls of bandages, sticking-plaster, and restoratives. Little channels and puddles of blood marked the bare-boardings of the floor, which we afterwards learned owed its mahogany hue to the gallons of that fluid shed upon it by Heidelberg students for many years past. Now our eyes were attracted to two young men who had, we assumed, just finished a bout, one of whom, half naked, lay back in a chair while a surgeon was shaving his crown in order to stitch up two bad sword cuts, which were bleeding freely. The face of this youth resembled a piece of raw meat hacked by a butcher's chopper. In addition to the cuts on his crown he had three nasty wounds across the forehead, his right cheek was cut clean open, half of one ear was gone—his entire face and body bathed in blood, this German student presented a sight that would have turned a good many men sick. An uninitiated spectator would have given that mass of bleeding humanity only a few minutes to live: we knew better; doubtless the next day or so we should meet that very student promenading the Hauptstrasse, rejoicing in his bandages, and, accompanied by his elephantine dog, vainly endeavouring to whistle a tune. Leaving him in the hands of the surgeon and three students, who were busy washing the blood from his face and body, we accompanied our "red-cap" to the scene of a duel proper.

The duelling hall we discovered to be a large, well-lighted, but badly ventilated room, about sixty feet long by thirty five wide. Though the day was sunny and warm not a window was opened. An offensive odour of blood, perspiration, and saw-dust pervaded the place. A fresh duel had just begun, and the hall resounded

with the hissing and clashing of blades of steel. At the lower end of the room two antagonists were facing one another, attired in aprons, goggles and neckbands of closely wound silk, their sword arms protected by a sleeve which is thickly padded with cotton. Both the combatants appeared to be each of the age of twenty-five or thereabouts, of average height and spare build, and their long slender swords were playing around and above each other's heads like darts of lightning. Suddenly a blade snapped, part of it flying against the wall behind us. "Halt," cried a stentorian voice. Whereupon the uplifted arms fell to rest. While fresh weapons were being brought members of the combatants' respective *corps* surrounded their comrade, bathed a cut here, a scratch there, the wound of one student receiving an impromptu bandage.

Fresh swords arrive, their edges sharpened to the keenness of razors. One is handed to each; a signal, and the duellists spring at each other like bull-terriers. Again the hissing and clashing of naked steel; now and again sparks fly off the blades; now a spurt of blood; the seconds approach and beckon the surgeons, who examine and stop the flow. Fighting is renewed. But it is the other man who is getting the worse of the contest; blood is pouring down his face; huge drops are spotting the saw-dust at his feet. Yet he fights on, until the blood clouds his eyes, and he is forced to crave a few moments' rest. A glass of water is held to his lips, his blood runs down into the glass and turns the water the colour of port wine.* Notwithstanding he drinks it all. The blood is wiped from his face and—once again. This time the fencer whose blood is dropping all round him receives an ugly scalp wound; he reels as if about to faint, and the surgeons interfere and stay the fight. Carefully they examine the wound, with the result that they declare the combat at an end. "Honour" is satisfied. The two antagonists, who do not shake hands, are now led out into the "hospital" to have their wounds dressed. Another duel follows; but the reader shall be spared a description of this further sanguinary encounter, which in effect was more serious than the previous one.

In the university of Heidelberg there were at the time I speak of near on 1,600 students. The number of members of the different fighting *corps* was about a hundred. Their caps, white, blue, red,

* At Heidelberg I was told by a friend, who had seen it, that the day before my visit to the duelling-hall a student who had his cheek slit open had drunk a glass of beer through the bleeding cavity as coolly as if he had used his lips. This was said to be a not altogether uncommon event.

green and yellow, indicate the particular *corps* to which they are privileged to belong, privileged because these small bodies of students are as "select" in their way as the most exclusive London clubs. The members of these fighting *corps* are the "aristocrats" of the university; but though the student be of supposedly aristocratic lineage he is not admitted into these little circles unless he declares himself to be ever ready to "defend his honour" at the sword point. Oddly enough a member of one *corps*, white, blue, red, green or yellow, seldom exchanges civilities with a member of another *corps*. The time for that is when they come into conflict, which is a frequent happening at Heidelberg, as it is at the other universities of Germany. So much for the duel.

The German professor, by Englishmen generally, is still imagined as a be-whiskered, be-spectacled, harmless-looking old gentleman in smoking-cap and carpet slippers. In *Fliegende Blätter* even, he always appears as an antiquated, long-haired, be-spectacled monstrosity of gruff, good nature. The twentieth century German professor however is quite a dissimilar person. The writer having dined with him by the dozen and known many of him intimately may, perhaps, be able to give a more accurate impression of the supposedly most learned man on earth. In appearance the German professor is not unlike the better type of British commercial traveller. For a German civilian he dresses well, and cultivates an air of general "smartness." He does not disdain to wear patent-leather shoes; sometimes he has been observed to wear coloured socks; his hands are frequently manicured, and sometimes his moustache is curled. He has been known to patronise London tailors, and he has a decided preference for the Englishman's style in clothes. In the matter of a dinner he is a connoisseur; often enough a judge of a race-horse he has transactions with a well-known bookmaker in the Friedrichstrasse, and has been seen at race-meetings. The cumbersome china-bowled pipe of the Vaterland he has put aside for Habana cigars and Egyptian cigarettes. When he does not happen to fill the chair of divinity, he is frankly and openly "non-moral," and, like Frederick, called the Great, is the enemy of the religion of Christ. Primarily he is a public and private lecturing machine. Always a politician, he has a mania for employing his spare time in scribbling philosophy, law, science, year-books, histories of the world, systems of metaphysics and physics—in short, every kind of book except the one which will afford the reader profit with some little pleasure. The German professorial mind cannot see that ideas may be propounded by a

thinker who uses a "live" and graceful style. Pick up a volume written by a modern German historian, and you shall find it as dry and lifeless as the dust in a Roman catacomb. There is nothing too occult, and nothing too self-evident but you shall find a German professor tackling it to the tune of a huge, fat volume. I verily believe that the erudite Teuton could write a history of the mountains at the back of the moon, and that he would afterwards try to convince you he had found most of his material in original documents hidden away in archives whose existence neither you, nor anyone else, ever suspected. The less he knows about his subject the better pleased he seems; and he is absolutely fearless of the reviewer, the critic and his public. If he deliberately perpetrates a falsity (as he often will); if he has to invent part of his evidence (he is not above it); if he tells deliberate lies (and he frequently does)—it is all one to him. He is a German professor, and all other readers of books are Philistines; they do not matter, neither does their opinion. Howitt speaks of such an one: "Professor Schlosser, of Heidelberg," he says, "has written a History of the Eighteenth Century. That portion of it dealing with English literature was, to my positive knowledge, written without his ever reading the works of the authors on whom he most confidently pronounces judgment, yet with such success that the *Allgemeine Zeitung* triumphantly declared that there never had been more than three real historians in the world—Herodotus, Tacitus, and Schlosser!"

The "History of the Eighteenth Century," by this Schlosser, is worth turning up, if it is only to hear the echo of professorial Germany on woman. How sternly Schlosser rebukes Englishwomen for daring to write books. Spectacles on nose, assuming the severest of scowls, he points a forefinger at the kitchen door. "There, madam," he says, "is your proper sphere; go in and stay there till dinner-time; then stay there till supper-time; then stay there till you go to bed." The fruits of this professorial attitude towards women are best gathered in the university towns of the Fatherland. Here whatever spare time the German woman has is utilized in gossiping and frivolous pastimes. That space in her mind which might be filled with useful knowledge and decent sentiment is occupied by impressions taken from the pages of erotic novels; the whole tone of her mind, therefore, is correspondingly low. Howitt remarks on this: "To dance," he says; "to sit in the best seats in the amusement houses of the town; to run after, and carry about the petty cabals and bickerings, the slanders of the day—

good heavens ! what a pitiable world is the female world of a German university town." In the very circles of their *Kränzchen*, where the men and their wives meet, the men do not think the women worth any attention. They sit at separate tables, the women knitting and abusing their servants or their neighbours ; the philosophers philosophizing. Professors' wives and lady lodging-house keepers give the "tone" to these university towns. Of the world at large they see and know nothing. The standards of morals and opinions which guide the more-informed classes of mankind are unknown there. They have a standard of their own, and woe to the stranger who dares to call it in question.

The following is a brief sample of polite conversation heard at a *pension* supper table in a German university town : it was taken down in shorthand, and sent to me by a friend :

"Ach," said the Baron, "this soup is to my taste. It will do me good, Fräulein. You know I suffer dreadfully with my stomach. In the morning I cannot keep anything down. I fear it will mean an operation soon. How I hate those surgeons poking about one's inside with their knives."

Fräulein nodded. "We Germans," she observed, "seem always to be complaining of our 'magen.' You do not hear foreigners talk so much about ailments. I suppose, really, we eat too much."

"And we don't eat the right kind of food," returned the Baron. "Do you know I have a friend who simply devours *sauerkraut*, the plebeian, and he is immediately ill after it, always."

"Yes," chimed in the Baroness, "my husband will have to see the surgeons. I believe he has cancer. I shall soon have to think of buying him a handsome tomb. Phui ! it is hot in this room, and there is a most peculiar smell."

"I begin to sweat," said the Baron, rubbing his bald head with his serviette. I shall have a bath soon, Fräulein ; it is refreshing these hot days, isn't it ? You bathe, I suppose, in the morning—no ? I generally take a half-bath in the morning."

"O, yes, fruit is very beneficial," shouts a newly married girl addressing a deaf old lady near her. "I am sure it is to the plentiful use of fruit that I owe my splendid health. I always eat fruit first thing in the morning, before I get up, in fact. My husband, too, is fond of fruit. He says that if people ate more fruit there would be little need of doctors——"

"Yes, my dear," interjects a middle-aged doctor's wife, "fruit is a blessing, of course ; but I have no patience with vegetarians. What sort of children do they expect to have ? You cannot have

children on a vegetarian diet, can you, Herr Baron? Now tell me." The doctor's wife, I observed, was picking her teeth with a hairpin.

Similarly vulgar and inane is the conversation at the German women's afternoon *Kaffee-Klatsch*. At these gatherings over sweet pastries and cream the latest scandals are retailed. Were you a woman and not a man (men are religiously excluded from the *Kaffee-Klatsch*) you might hear, for instance, that Fräulein So-and-So had been seen walking arm in arm with Herr Whatshis-name, and that this was a highly indecent proceeding on the lady's part unless she were engaged to the gentleman, which all the ladies present were sure she was not, and never would be if she went on in that way, etc.

Then one of the party most likely will inform the rest that Fräulein Schmidt, that impudent hussy, had actually "dutzen" (*tu-toi*) some other Fräulein, whereupon the united hands and eyebrows of all present are thrown up, and the lady-like assembly, one and all, blasphemes. "Herr Jesus" is a favourite ejaculation of the German woman.

Another lady will tell her sisters that some recently married pair have been blessed with a beautiful boy, at which statement the lips of all the ladies will go to work in silence—evidently they are engaged in a little piece of mental arithmetic concerning the kalendar; and when the calculation is made—watch them toss their heads and ejaculate "Lieber Gott!"

Next some lady says that Herr Stein is going to marry again although his wife has been dead only three weeks. It is generally allowed by the company, however, that there is great excuse for the poor man. He has such a large family, although, it is true, not one of his children is a bit like him.

Presently the ladies will begin to compare notes as to their servants, and each pronounces her maid to be the worst imaginable. One of the ladies will very likely declare her servant is too grand to partake of apple-parings done in fat for her supper; another will vow that hers has been very impudent, and threatened to inform the police if she could not have a fire to sit by. "And the winter so extremely mild, too!"

The rest of the conversation will be devoted to women's ailments, the last serious operation on Frau Schneider:—In fact, at a *Kaffee-Klatsch*, the number of friends mentioned as suffering from illness and disease would persuade a stranger that nearly all adult Germany must be chronic invalids, a circumstance hinted at by Mr.

Price Collier, who calls Germany the land of rest-cures, rheumatism, anæmia, and heart, liver and kidney troubles.

Speaking of German women of fashion and wealth a modern woman writer says: A German lady . . . does not even appreciate the 'sweet civility' that lies in the fact of a woman coming to her husband's or father's breakfast-table trim, fresh, and fragrant; on the contrary she issues from her bed-room in a loose wrapper, carpet or felt slippers, and with what, in your haste, you might call a night-cap. Courtesy demands that it shall be spoken of as a *Morgenhaube*, and in the sense that the night-cap proper has been taken off, and replaced by a less tumbled edition, we may accede to the term; otherwise it has no pretension to be dignified by any finer name than you have given it. With hair undressed, and stuffed away in plaits or curls under the muslin topknot, in the most uncompromising of *déshabillés*, the lady presides over a scene of sloppy slovenliness, to which allusion has been made. . . . If you have seen her *en toilette* the night before, meeting her now you will scarcely recognise the fairy vision of your dreams. The elaborate *frisure*, where great masses of hair lay piled, Juno-like, above the brow, or rippled in sunny curls lovingly over the uncovered shoulders; the sweeping silks, the charming coquetties, have all disappeared, *vice* a singularly unattractive and ungrateful style of apparel promoted. At first you will imagine you have stumbled upon the house-keeper, who, suffering from neuralgia, has arisen to a hasty performance of her morning duties, and donned this surreptitious costume, but (fortunately for German women) hospitality, as we understand it—the hospitality of spare rooms, that is—is a thing unknown, and the occasions when a stranger can gaze upon the *Hausfrau déguisée en papillotes* are necessarily very restricted. There is only the husband; and the husband knows no better; he would be startled out of his ordinary frame of mind should his wife appear "finished" at that early hour of the day, and would think that sudden frenzy had seized her for its own."

The same writer says: "Very unpleasant, according to our ideas, is the German rule that strangers must make the first advance. Thus when you arrive in a town where you propose to remain for any length of time, you will provide yourself with an introduction or two, you will procure a list of the *Honoratioren*, or honourabilities of the place, and you will drive from door to door, leaving cards. These cards will presently be returned, and shortly afterwards a footman or *laquais de place* will call, ask to see the *Herrschaften*,

and will then in due form deliver his master's message, requesting the honour of your company at dinner on such a day at 3, 4, or 5 o'clock, as the case may be. When you arrive on the festive scene it will be your duty to request the hostess to introduce you to all the ladies present. This she will do, presenting you to the excellencies and distinguished personages first, the tour being made according to the nicest gradation of etiquette, so that beginning with an ambassadress you will end with a lieutenant's wife, and then in turn have to receive *your* court—namely, the husbands of all those ladies to whom you have been doing reverence. The curtsseys, the obeisances, the compliments, at once embarrass, annoy, and tickle you. Your stiff British backbone doesn't take kindly to the prostrations, your knees resent the genuflexions; you scorn to grovel yet you fear to offend; you feel ridiculous in your unwonted antics, and are afraid of falling off; and yet a sense of humour would make it difficult, were you at your ease, to abstain from shouts of laughter at the bobbing, sliding, gliding, and grimacing in which you are playing such an unwilling part. You feel that these ladies who dip and wriggle as to the manner born are criticising your want of grace, your rustic air, your wooden-jointed reverences, and yet you swear to yourself by all your gods that no inch lower than is consistent with your ideas of personal dignity will you sink before these your fellow-creatures. The blood rushes to your face, partly in pride, partly in embarrassment, and you wish yourself well out of this *galère*; yet you are angry with yourself with an unreasoning anger for your want of philosophy and your unpliant spine. Experience, it is true, will make these scenes familiar and indifferent to you; you will gather courage to preserve your natural gait, to grant your limbs the freedom to which they have been accustomed, to be polite and pleasant, and to go your own way without attempting to ape manners that went out of fashion in England long before Queen Anne died."

The story is told of Beau Brummell that he once made his appearance in deep mourning, and on being questioned as to the reason, he informed the enquirer that he was in black for his dear departed father. "Dear me," observed his friend, "how terribly and awfully sudden! I saw Mr. Brummell only last evening." "Yes," returned the famous beau, with affected grief, "and I dined with him last night myself, but when I left him to go to the play he was busily engaged eating peas with his knife, so I naturally conclude the poor unfortunate fellow by this time has fatally cut his throat." It is not on record that Brummell ever witnessed the sight of an

Englishwoman so behaving a century ago; but at the *Adlon* or *Kempinski's* in Berlin in the twentieth century Brummell's abhorrence is performed daily by Frau and Fräulein Germania. And not only in the best hotels and restaurants. It has happened to the writer of these pages to sup at a Serene etc. table where the service was of pure gold, the diamonds and decorations in the room worth a fabulous amount, and he has seen with his own eyes (in the year 1910, it was) one of the best-known ladies of title in the Fatherland convey a piece of chicken into her mouth with a knife, and afterwards, under cover of her hand, spit out cherry-stones on her plate.

In middle-class German households table manners are still deplorable. I have seen many a British navvy by the roadside cut his bread and meat with more grace than the Teuton *bourgeoisie*. Plates are often lifted to the mouth so that not a drop of the gravy be wasted; then the plate is rubbed with a piece of bread, and the knife is polished with another piece. It is also no very unusual thing to see a German man (or woman) while waiting for his soup at a restaurant, clean his nails with a fork and afterwards use a similar implement as a toothpick.

Those who have travelled in Switzerland and the Riviera will remember the "Table réservée aux Allemands" in the hotel dining-room—generally in a corner where fresh air is not permitted to enter through door or window, far removed from the gaze of British and French guests who have never been slow to intimate to the manager that the sight of Germans devouring food is distasteful to them. Those travellers, also, will remember how loudly the Germans talk, and their aggressive and vulgar mode of speech. There has been little or no improvement in the table habits of the Teuton since a Briton wrote the following lines towards the latter part of the nineteenth century:

"The manners of all classes in Germany," this author says, "are so nearly the same that there is no incongruity in their mixing together. All, from the prince to the shoemaker, are what our educated classes would call slovenly livers and dirty eaters, and they are quite insensible to the disgust they may give by habits confined, among us, to our lowest and most roughly-bred classes. Spitting all round a room, picking their teeth at meals with the knife, licking it, and thrusting it into the butter or cheese, and such petty abominations, show that there is not that marked difference in those small observances of delicacy, and of regard for the feeling of others, in manners and behaviour, which distinguish the gentleman from the non-gentleman in our population.

At the table, or in the habits and usages of living the artisan or tradesman, in Germany, is quite as nice and gentlemanlike as the count or baron; or rather the count or baron is quite as coarse and vulgar as the tradesman or artisan. This want of habitual refinement or consideration for others, and want of respect for one's self in the small matters of manners and ways of living, this want of consideration of what may be disagreeable or disgusting to one's neighbours, is a great defect in the German character. It obliges even the best educated and most estimable German gentlemen, when they travel in France or England to put on a refinement altogether foreign to their every-day habits at home. On this account, the Germans make the worst of travellers. They set out with a lower standard of manners and habits of living than that of the same class in the countries they visit. It is owing to this want of innate or habitual taste in manners and mode of living with themselves, which gentlemen of the same station in other countries are bred up with, that men of rank, education, and fortune, from Germany, are very often scarcely in ordinary lodging-houses, and are very rarely at home and at ease in English families of the same class as themselves in all essential distinctions. They return home astonished, disappointed, full of wrath because their merit and importance had not been appreciated by the English people. . . .

One half the coldness, haughtiness, and distance of manner imputed to the English, both at home and abroad, by German travellers and writers, arises from this difference of refinement or taste in the ways of living. Excess, perhaps, there is on both sides, the Englishman too refined, fastidious, too much of the silver fork school in his way of living—the German too self-indulgent, gross, and sordid in his ways. Of the two, the habits, and modes of living formed upon consideration of what is due to others and to a man's own self-respect, are of the higher character, especially as they do not necessarily produce effeminacy. The hardihood, endurance of fatigue, and energy in acting, appear to belong eminently to the people who are the more refined and delicate in manners and ways of living."

Speaking of the manners of the modern Teuton a German, Professor Hillebrand, says: "It is not easy for well-bred foreigners to associate agreeably with a people who mistake rudeness and bluntness for sincerity and frankness, who eat clumsily . . . whose women dress without taste, dividing their time between the kitchen, and gossiping coffee-drinking associates. The foreigner also finds it extremely difficult to accustom himself to our execrable beds and 'rich' cookery."

German friends of the writer's on visiting England (this was before he knew anything of the German people at home from his own observation) used to remark to him, with half-concealed satisfaction, of the great number of drunken persons to be seen in the streets of the cities and towns of England. With hypocritical seriousness they would say: "Drink will be England's downfall." They would also add with righteous pride: "You never see drunken persons in Germany. As for a drunken woman" (here the Teuton would throw up his hands in affected horror)—nobody ever saw one, not even a German." In my then ignorance of the social life of the Germans I had to take their remarks as containing some substratum of truth; but I was to learn differently. On my first visit to Berlin I found that the so-called sobriety of the Germans was a myth. Drunkenness was everywhere apparent, in the café and in the street. As for the claim that among German women drunkenness is unknown I found that in the lower-class café and dancing saloon cases of female intoxication were by no means rare, even among working girls; and this remark applies to all the cities and large towns of the Fatherland. In eastern Germany, a few years back, I learnt that ether drinking has assumed alarming proportions, and that several eminent German medical men had petitioned the Government for the total prohibition of the sale of the spirit. Professor Aschaffenburg, himself no alarmist, well recognizes the danger of ether drinking. "It behoves us," he says in "Crime and its Repression,"† "to keep a strict eye on this dreadful social menace. We must take the most drastic steps to prevent the misuse of ether before it becomes a rooted custom." In the present war it has been stated on good authority that the German troops in the fighting line have been plentifully supplied with ether mixed with arrack, a concoction presumably intended to madden them, and arouse the most bestial instincts in their nature. This undoubtedly it will do, but the after effects of ether drinking, if continued for any period, are fatal to all mental and physical activity; first a general numbness overspreads the body; the brain becomes clouded, and later paralysis ensues—at least, this is the opinion of those German medical men who advocate its prohibition. Alluding to the numerous convictions of German married women for assault and battery and breach of the peace, several German authorities give drink as the cause. Prinzing observes: "In many (German) towns it is customary for a woman to accompany her husband on Sunday when he visits the public houses, and though this may sometimes be useful in preventing his

† *Das Verbrechen und seine Bekämpfung*.—Heidelberg.

drinking to excess, yet it not infrequently occurs that the woman is drawn into the dreadful vortex."

Statistics shew that disease due to drink has assumed grave proportions in Germany, for in 1905 there were some 70,000 persons under treatment for chronic alcoholism in that country, and there were just on forty drunkards' "homes." Further, I learned from a German Poor Law official of high position, who showed me the figures, that the treatment of chronic alcoholists and the consequent poverty caused by alcoholism was responsible for an annual expenditure by the state of nearly three million pounds per annum. Into further figures it is hardly necessary to go: I set these down merely as a concise refutation of the claim of many prominent Germans, from Wilhelm II. downwards, that the Germans are, as a nation, temperate and sober.

The German beer-drinker drinks hoggishly; he drinks not to slake his thirst, but afterwards to boast of his capacity in swallowing gallons of liquor. He is, hoggishly enough, proud of his ability in that direction. Old men, middle-aged men, young men, while sitting round the beer-table will relate their prowess with the beer-mug, stating the number of litres (a litre reduced to English measure is a quart and half a pint) they have consumed in one sitting, or in one day, or evening, with more pride than a big-game hunter given to boasting will rehearse his achievements in the jungle.

The Munich newspapers not long ago recorded with appreciation the death of an old man of eighty in Tübingen who had often been known to drink one hundred mugs of beer (holding half a litre each) in one day. In the same town there is a beer-shop lurching against a church that possesses a clock striking loudly the hours. This beer shop became famous some time ago through a noted beer-swiller attending there regularly at noon. Crowds of persons assembled at this beer-hall daily to see what they called a "great performance." The performance was this. Having placed twelve mugs of beer on a table in front of him, as the clock began to strike twelve the beer-swiller would gulp down the contents of a mug at each stroke of the clock until he had emptied all the twelve mugs! Hearty cheers greeted him for his pains; no German military hero could have evoked lustier "bravos." To consume twelve mugs of beer while the clock strikes twelve is something to be proud of—in Germany. Another feat is to drink a *litre* without taking breath, but this is quite a common achievement. In Berlin a student was introduced to me who held the record for this

form of beer consumption. Without taking the faintest breath he regularly used to drink a tankard containing two litres of the precious fluid.

Throughout Germany the students at the universities hold what they call their "beer-duels." At these popular functions a kind of mock trial is enacted whereat two of their number are accused of imaginary crimes for which they are tried farcically before a mock judge and jury; each of the accused being defended by his own counsel. Counsel for the defence being heard the "judge," in an elaborate speech sums up the "case," and the jury, after retiring to a private room, where they drink an enormous quantity of the national beverage, bring in the verdict that both of the accused are guilty, and that they must suffer the extreme penalty of the law—which means that they have to swallow a large quantity of beer in a small, prescribed time. The loser has to pay for all the beer drunk by judge, jury and the whole "court."

Then begins this form of Teuton "sport." The "culprits" standing opposite one another have the requisite number of mugs of beer placed on the table before them. The judge and jury (all fellow students) and the spectators crowd round in a circle, evincing as much interest as they doubtless would at a cock fight.

The signal given, the contestants grab for the mugs, which they empty one after another in quick succession. Long practice has enabled these students to exhibit a right valiant performance. Mug after mug disappears as if they were poured down a sink. Cheering and shouting encourage the rivals to greater exertion. Seldom do they finish all their mugs; but one student is sure to come out ahead of the other. The contest decided, the victor receives the wild plaudits of the crowd, and is borne in triumph to the "throne"—a chair placed on a beer-table at the end of the hall. There he is crowned with a wreath of laurel and addressed as a patron saint.

But these beer-duels form not the only occasion when the liquor is consumed in prodigious quantities. Two or three nights a week (Saturday is the principal night) the different student *corps* and societies meet to pass the hours away at their *kneipen*. These are simply and solely beer orgies, seldom a sentence containing a sensible thought being uttered the whole evening. Immediately a member enters the room and takes his place at a table a waiter puts before him a mug of beer. Then a friend proposes the new arrival's health, and the twain are expected to empty their mugs at one draught. Presently another friend proposes the toast of the

newcomer's health, and he has to drink again as before. After a brief interval the new arrival toasts another student at another table, and the third mug vanishes; and so the proceedings forge ahead. Songs are sung (often questionable ones), silly speeches are delivered, funny stories are told, all of which call for the draining of the beer-mugs several times more. So this kind of thing goes on until midnight, when the business of the gathering begins in earnest.

Now, the president of the *corps* or society, or what not, stands up and proposes (not always very reverently) the health of Wilhelm II., whereupon every student rises with a full mug (this is most important on drinking the German Kaiser's health) three raucous, reverberating cheers are given, and the mugs are drained to the last drop. A genius suddenly conceives that the Kaiserin is deserving of a mug, and a similar performance takes place. Then it is suddenly recollected that Wilhelm II. has other relatives, therefore the Crown Prince, the Crown Princess, and most of the royal family are toasted one by one. Again they drink to some Grand Duke or other and his Duchess (a mug for each toast, mind you) perhaps the King of Sweden, the President of the United States, the Grand Llama of Tibet; then to all their sweethearts, all the professors of the university (most of these get groans instead of cheers), and all the pretty girls in the town.

In a criticism of the German student and his ways an American author remarks: "Beer drinking bouts are more in vogue, more fashionable, and more patronized than hard study, and it has been observed by those who have watched and studied student life abroad closely, that a majority of the young men who enter German universities come out demoralized."†

In contemplating the general habits of the German student we are carried back into the Middle Ages. Swords, huge pipes, beer, mutilated ears, scarred noses, cheeks and crowns, drinking orgies, licentiousness, wild and obscene minstrelsy, unions and guilds—these swashbuckling youths whose creed is a word and a blow, whose favourite butt is that *Philister*, the respectable citizen; these "intellectuals" (save the mark) of modern Germany, who renounce and ridicule all the virtues; these semi-educated strip-lings who prate of *Kultur*, and who are at once both utterly uncultured and un-sportsmanlike; these future leading lights of Germany whom you have but to scratch to find a savage—these young barbarians, I say, have no parallel among the educated youth of any nation.

† "Germany seen without Spectacles," by H. Ruggles, Boston (Mass.)

The Germans honour their beer by giving it a deity—King Gambrinus. Even in London we had until recently two "shrines" dedicated to this Teutonic Bacchus. The subject of King Gambrinus among the angels is a favourite one with the artist-painters of the Fatherland, and not many years ago a wielder of the brush achieved fame through his picture portraying the Germans' paradise. "In this supreme work of art" (I am quoting a German critic) "the painter depicts us drinking our favourite beer with the same relish we did while in the flesh on earth. The artist has evidently been inspired by Leonardo da Vinci's 'The Last Supper.' But instead of the figures being seated at one table they are dispersed at many little tables, as in our beer-halls. Seated alone at a larger table is a figure intended to represent Christ, but from the foaming tankard of beer in front of him, and the somewhat Germanic cast of the features, the figure is sometimes mistaken for King Gambrinus. Angels there are, too, juvenile and grown up, all of the female sex, their only apparel being the down on their wings. Hither and thither are they flying, busily re-filling the beer-mugs of the saints and endeavouring in many endearing ways to make them happy and comfortable. Amidst the white clouds above is to be seen a heavenly choir, and here the painter seems to have been inspired by Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia. The faces of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Handel and Meyerbeer are instantly recognised. . . . Undoubtedly this picture is a work of genius, and entitles its creator to take his stand in the front rank of living painters."

Would you discover to a German the profundity of your ignorance and lack of culture I know of no better way than to point out to him the blasphemous treatment of sacred subjects by the artists of his country. His pity for your unenlightenment would be overwhelming. And yet that same authority responsible for the countless houses of ill-fame in the cities of Germany masquerading as *animierkneipen*, "American bars" and dancing-saloons will cause a policeman to enter the shop of an art-dealer in the Friedrichstrasse and demand the instant removal from his window of photographs of classical statuary and statuettes of undraped female beauty, while next door in the window of a bookseller a wholesale exhibition of the worst pornographic literature in Europe is suffered to remain unmolested. In the theatre, too, if an actor invoke the deity he may be asked by the police to produce the text of the play, and if the play be a "new" one the passage will have to be expurgated, although the whole play itself

may be the quintessence of obscenity. In brief, German "morality" is left in charge of the police. The orders of this august body control all public-houses, all places of entertainment, including the theatres, and in the capital city of the empire the President of Police is the censor of all plays, dramatic or otherwise. Nor is there a magistrate to intervene: the police verdict is final. The licence holder of public-house or place of entertainment on his first offence is warned; on his second offence the license is cancelled.

Wonderful indeed are the ways of the German police, who, as a body, appear to be well-educated without having a sign of common-sense. An ordinary constable aspiring to become a sergeant merely, must, it seems, undergo twenty weeks' preparation for his examination in subjects which have little to do with police duties. Amongst other things he must know his own language, the principles of rhetoric; arithmetic, including common fractions, geography and history. Above all, he must know the history of the House of Hohenzollern from old Frederick, the greatest of all policemen, to his present bellicose descendant Wilhelm II.

Among the idiosyncracies of the police system of Germany is one so farcical that it will be scarcely credited: it is this. In the year 1915 there is an enactment still valid in certain north German small towns prohibiting any person to smoke pipe, cigar, or cigaret in the streets! The late W. S. Gilbert, it would appear, missed the use of much comedic material in his ignorance of the methods of the German constabulary.

But stranger still, there is an old German law of 1640* still in force, which prohibits any Jew visiting certain places, or walking in certain streets; and the existence of this law was impolitely out to the Jewish elders in the free city of Hamburg in the nineteenth century.

In the Teuton's wonderful capacity for hate the Jew occupied the first place until August last. Of modern Germans the hysterical Treitschke it was who first arraigned the Hebrew. In a series of articles in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* (November 15, 1879, *et seq.*) he screamed a warning to Germany of the growing power of the Jews; he pointed out their solidarity as a separate caste (and race); he called attention to their power and arrogance in the Press, to their resentment of German (Christian?) criticism of themselves and their ways, while they arrogated their own right to criticize whosoever and whomsoever they thought fit. In this attitude

* In the Middle Ages in Germany there were organised Jew-hunts headed by the German Knights, and it frequently happened that hundreds were slain.

of the Jews, Treitschke affected to find the cause of the then Anti-Semite agitation raging in Germany. So widespread is the loathing of the Jew by the German that it has brought into being a complete Anti-Semite literature. Books and pamphlets denouncing *Judenthum* swell the bookshelves of the book-sellers, and they form a distinctive feature of the bookstalls. A Prussian Court chaplain, in Parliament, called the Jews the "scum of the earth" (February, '93); members of the Reichstag have been elected solely on account of their fanatical hatred of the Jew, while the majority of the Conservatives have openly declared themselves in sympathy with the Anti-Semite movement. Jews are still sternly boycotted in the "best" society; they are not admitted as active officers in the army, although they are suffered in the reserve.† And yet the Jew's high education should gain for him the qualification for officership. Invariably when a Jew has passed his military examination and appears for election the officers point blank refuse him, yet the majority of German army surgeons are of the Jewish faith.

To a man the Germans not only hate but fear the Jew.* Only too well do they know that he dominates the Press. The great international news-agencies, Reuter and Wolff are controlled by him. He commands the money and the produce markets. He directs the theatres, supplies the capital, most of the performers (not to mention critics), and furnishes a remunerative audience. All the professions in Germany (save the Army and Navy) are crowded with Jews. The law abounds with them, and there are not a few on the judicial bench. A Jew founded Germany's Mercantile Marine. The best and largest houses in Berlin, in the Tiergarten and the Bellevuestrasse are almost all the property of Jews. Nay, if the German Press possessed the power of the British Press; if entry to the Reichstag could be assured by wealth, and if the German army were to admit to officership all the Jews who go up for examination, Germany would soon become the Jewish empire. And pagan Germany knows it, and has feared it for many years past. What the German has learned of business methods he has learned of the Jew—and the Englishman; but what the German has not learned of the Jew, nor from the Briton, is the ethics of commerce. Yet the German would not grant that the Jew had any sense of ethics in business at all—in which the Teuton is wrong, and he knows he is wrong. The German Jew has far more honesty than he is credited with. No banker on the Continent has so much of the public confidence

† Since the outbreak of the present war hundreds of Jews have been admitted to officership and are now in the field.

* It was not Salisbury but Beaconsfield whom Bismarck feared.

as the Jewish banker. It is the Jew who is primarily accountable for Germany's late commercial prosperity: the Germans know it, but are too envious and conceited to say so. That the Jew, in financial matters, has more the public confidence than the native Teuton does not redound to the credit of the German business man. The German is non-venturesome and short-sighted, much given to cheeseparing; his goods are not always equal to sample, nor is his delivery prompt. The Germans have received credit for being excellent men of business where the Jews should have been so honoured. In the management of a business concern the German is a very poor second to the Jew; he is a bad third to the Briton, not because he has less ability, but because he lacks the character of the Briton, who, as a manager of men, is yet without an equal in all the realms of human industry. Said a Jewish director of one of the largest engineering firms in Germany to the writer: "I have a great regard for the English engineer. In some ways he may be behind our own men, but as a manager, his integrity and his attitude towards his subordinates make him an invaluable acquisition to any concern."

The Jew in Germany for ages has been downtrodden as a noxious weed; but just as weeds beaten down to earth by the spade will all the stronger grow, so have the Jews come to flourish in Germany. I must say that it is not without admiration I regard the Teutonic Israelite. Despised, flouted, insulted, to this day he goes about his business openly and evenly, and while his so-called Christian competitor, night after night, patronises places of questionable amusement and drinks too much alcoholic liquor, the Jew is more often than not sitting soberly and happily at home in the bosom of his family. What I do not like about the Germanic Jew is that he sells his daughters so readily to any popinjay in *pikelhaube*.

Treitschke, who never could utter a plain statement of fact where his emotions were concerned, whined that every young Polish Jew who enters Prussia gathering rags and bones has the fixed ambition of becoming the editor of a Berlin newspaper, if not its proprietor. At any rate, the principal newspaper men of Germany are Jews, though whether they all started life as rag-pickers I am unable to ascertain. And not only are the better class journalists of the Fatherland Jews, but most of the serious contributors to literature and art are Jews. According to a German professor, without the Jews there would be no regardable modern literature nor art in the country. "The Jews create," he says, "they support (and criticize), and although we Germans affect to despise the

artistic efforts of the Hebrew, we invariably follow Jewish taste in all matters of art. The Jews set the 'tone.' " Says another writer: "What the Jews appreciate in art or literature, we follow. It is not without the keenest regret that I say the Jews in the twentieth century set the fashion in all branches of the art-world, i.e., what fashion there is."

Whatever town of importance you visit in Germany you will find that the principal doctors there, the men of science, art and literature, are of the Jewish faith. Most of the great scholars of Germany are Jews, and though no other nation can boast of such a host of classical scholars as Germany, parenthetically it should be remembered she has not yet given a Jebb to the world of scholarship. "They will not permit me to be a member of their best clubs," observed a well-known Berlin Jew to the writer, "nor do they invite my wife and daughters to their parties; but they are only too glad to come to me for financial advice, and for subscriptions to their charities. Yet they ask me for my daughters in marriage. Money I will give them for any deserving object, not because I sympathise overmuch with German distress, but because it is the only way I can patronize the German and take my 'revenge.' Money I will give, but rather than entrust the happiness of my daughters to German officers I would see the German empire laid in ashes."

Amazing it is that this wonderful, ancient race, scientific, artistic, far more clever in every way than the upstart Germans, should take the Germans' ill-treatment of them "lying down," and still persist in vainly seeking an entry into Berlin "society." Who knows, however, what may happen in 19—. Will the Jews then inherit the kingdom of Prussia? . . . Will the German Empire become the Jewish Empire? . . .

"Not the German but the Jew is the gambler in Germany," says a recent Berlin newspaper article; notwithstanding this assertion the opinion of Tacitus still holds good.

What is the German army but the greatest game of chance the world ever saw? A lottery wherein the prizes given to victory might have comprised half the surface of this earth. Germany is the land of the state lottery. In Prussia, Saxony, Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Hamburg the lottery still flourishes under the *ægis* of the German government. (State lotteries were abolished in England in 1826). In Germany part of the profits of some of these lotteries has been utilized for building what seem to be unnecessary edifices in the Fatherland—churches! I mentioned just now that the most "select" clubs of Berlin rigorously

excluded the Jews. What are these exclusive clubs of the German capital? Gambling dens sheer and simple. The two most exclusive and "fashionable" clubs, the Jockey Club and the Union Club are the two worst centers; and gambling is not the worst of the vices practised there. In the winter months "hazard" games *vingt-et-un*, *lansquenel*, *baccarat* and poker are played for colossal stakes. Tens of thousands change hands at one table in a single night. It is at clubs such as these (in the provinces there are hundreds of gaming clubs) that the young "bloods" of Deutschland learn the fatal taste for all kinds of gambling. According to Mr. W. von Schierbrand, a well-known American publicist, in one single season at one of the Berlin gaming clubs the complete financial ruin of five of the oldest and most renowned Prussian noble families was accomplished.

A German, Professor Otto Heller, who occupies the chair of German Literature in the University of Washington (U.S.A.) in his book entitled "Studies in Modern German Literature" (*Boston, Ginn and Co.*) speaks of "the provincialism which crops out in so many ways in Germans who have travelled even." Professor Heller with equal truth might have included not only the travelled German, but the highest personages in the German capital. You find provincialism in the best drawing-rooms of Berlin. In the little amenities of private life there is to be noticed an air of constraint and artificiality distinctly alien to the Briton. The nice distinctions of rank and social position to be observed amount to nothing short of a bugbear. Somehow, it is as if these Germans at their social gatherings had just refreshed their minds with a perusal of Bertuch's *Mode Journal*, and were apprehensive that their conduct was not strictly in accordance with the precepts there laid down. On your part, if you would not be thought a boor, you must remember all the titles of all the persons with whom you come into contact. The father of the present German Kaiser, Frederick III., was most punctilious in this connexion. For instance, he would always greet the late Professor Neander thus: "Guten Tag, mein lieber Herr, Doctor, Professor, General-Superintendent, Consistoriam Rath Neander!" Be careful, also, if you would not incur his lasting enmity, how you address a German on an envelope. Although the practice is not so common as it used to be you will certainly do anything but offend if you write after an ordinary citizen's name *Hoch wohlgeboren*; while at the close of the nineteenth century there actually existed this distinction: *Hoch wohlgeboren zur Zeit*—"high, well born for a time."

If among your German acquaintance you should include an inspector of sewers, and by force of circumstance you were compelled to write to his wife, it would certainly appear ill-mannered on your part if you failed to address her otherwise than as "Mrs. Inspector of Sewers." And should you take your letter to the post box, thereon this greeting will most likely meet your eye: *Aufschrift und Marke nicht vergessen*—"Do not forget to stamp and address your envelope," and you will promptly imagine that you must be visiting a kingdom peopled by children.

In a nation cerebrally so backward as the German you must expect to find childishness. In social intercourse you will especially notice it, even in the cleverest and most intellectual specimens of the German male and female. An unkindler critic might term it imbecility. As the reader may know, it is the custom in many lunatic asylums in Great Britain for the authorities to give periodical theatrical performances for the benefit of the patients and the attendants. On the invitation of a doctor friend I was once present at one of these, and the play performed was a comedy. The spectacle of hundreds of unfortunate insane gathered together in that large recreation hall was a naturally depressing one, more particularly in that it was apparent whatever appreciation or applause these hapless beings manifested came in the wrong places. When an actor delivered a line that would surely have won noisy approbation in the theatre, there was nought but chill unresponsiveness; where laughter should have come, often tears or a dull silence fell; a commonplace remark frequently occasioned uproarious hilarity; pathos evoked cheers, a silent pause was punctuated by audible comment, while an episode of high spirits and sparkling dialogue seemed to plunge the insane portion of the audience into Cimmerian gloom. I recall this because it rather suggests the conduct of the Germans in social intercourse. Innocent of a sense of humour the German will receive an excellent joke with a face more dour than any Scotsman's; he does not know where to laugh, nor when to laugh; when he should speak he remains silent, and when he should be silent he must of necessity speak. The Prussian is really incapable of laughter; but he has been heard to guffaw; his grin is proverbial. I like not a nation who do not laugh: the Prussian has not a laugh in his composition. Nor can the Teuton cheer. See the German Kaiser or his eldest son ride or drive down Unter den Linden, the Berliners standing ten deep on both sides of the roadway, and not a cheer shall you hear them vent. Instead, you have a succession of desultory "Hochs" with

much clacking of heels. There is something physically and psychically wrong with a nation who cannot laugh. Nietzsche in one of his unwise moments wrote that laughter belongs to the brute part of man: it may be, however, that the poet-philosopher had heard only Prussians "laugh": if that be the case then Nietzsche's remark has some justification. The German's laughterlessness becomes more understandable, perhaps, when we remember that they have no native comedy. George Henry Lewes in his "Life of Goethe," made this point, for he says: ". . . they have little that is comic of a high order. They have produced no Comedy." A nation professing to be a cultured nation and incapable of creating a comedy! The "Soul" of Germany indeed! Let no man hereafter talk of the soul of a nation incapable of intellectual laughter. But the Prussian has produced sarcasm of the most malignant kind. Lewes saw this, for he says that the Germans' "sarcasm is . . . too often a sabre, not a rapier, hacking the victim where a thrust would suffice." Innately an envious people, it follows that the Germans must pay great attention to social distinctions, which they always take care are strictly recognized. From the time of Frederick, called the Great, to the present, there is no country in Europe so morbidly punctilious in the matter of social precedence, from the lower middle-class upwards. Nor is there another people in Europe who waste so much time in the way of paying empty compliments. Even in the eighteenth century we have an Englishman remarking on these phases of German social life in terms which are highly applicable to-day. His remarks are worth reproduction.

"They are mighty exact," he says, "in giving the place of honour, even in walking the streets, to those to whom by their rules it is due. The fair sex, foreigners, clergymen, graduates in law or physic, and among these, those who are married, or most advanced in years, have progressively their rank. With two, the right hand is the place of honour; and if you are walking with a lady, you must be sure to give it, though in order thereunto you should be obliged to thrust your companion into the mire or expose her to the wip of a coach or a cart-wheel. With three, the middle is the dignified station, and with five, the inmost right and left are far more honourable places than the outmost. When one leaves the company, or another joins them, not a step must be made till all are properly adjusted; and when a coach or a cart disturbs their symmetry, it is not, sometimes, without infinite difficulty that they get into order again. When a company meet, who are

not perfectly acquainted with one another, or with whom rank and order has not been before settled, whisperings to know their quality and circumstances, and ceremonies to ascertain their stations generally take up the first quarter of an hour. . . It is not, however, in these idle *punctilios* alone that the ceremonies of the Germans are troublesome to themselves and others. Their verbal compliments are equally fulsome and tedious. A man cannot bid his neighbour good-morrow after the modish way, in less than ten minutes; and a compliment of congratulation or condolence is the work of twenty. These consist in a form of words which they learn in their childhood, and think as little of, when they pronounce them, as they do of the Lord's Prayer. It is common to see their lips move for a quarter of an hour together without hearing a distinct word; but the person to whom the compliment is directed, knows the occasion, and has the return ready, as soon as he perceives his friend's lips cease, of which the other hears as little as he has done." "Compliments," the writer of these lines goes on to remind the Germans, "are a prostitution of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express." However, whether the Germans realize this or not they still practise these absurd little ceremonies to-day. As their compliments express nothing, so of consequence they mean nothing.

Court etiquette in Berlin has been responsible for more unpleasant incidents than all the others Courts of Europe put together. Even under the stern and warlike eye of Frederick, called the Great, there were occasionally scenes of disorder, lamentably out of place at court functions; to wit the free fight for precedence between the Countess Wartenberg and Madame Lintlo, the wife of the Dutch ambassador. Of this free-fight between ladies of the Court Pöllnitz remarked that it nearly upset the political system of Europe. Of recent years there was the Lonsdale incident in Berlin. The Earl of Lonsdale after having magnificently entertained the German Kaiser at Lowther Castle was invited to spend a week or two at the Schloss, and afterwards to visit the Pomeranian manœuvres. Instead of Lord Lonsdale being allotted a suite of rooms at the royal residence, however, he found that apartments had been reserved for him at the Hotel Bristol—so, at least, is the tale told in Berlin. Orders had been given (it is said by the Kaiser himself) that Lord Lonsdale had to be treated merely as a private gentleman, and the English nobleman, throughout his stay in the Fatherland, found himself always relegated to the rear of the

petty kings and small-fry princes; and at a state dinner held in the White Hall he was forced to sit at table surrounded by a group of "mere cheap goldsticks and councillors." And all because Lord Lonsdale at Lowther Castle was supposed to have made the remark that he considered himself quite as good as the King of Würtemberg, or any of the petty German princes, in which statement the Earl of Lonsdale seriously erred—on the side of modesty. As to the German Kaiser's attitude in the Lonsdale affair—he shewed a petty meanness eloquent of Frederick, and worthy of any Prussian clodhopper in his dominions.

"By no process of alchemy can you get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." The instincts of the German remain where they were in the sixteenth century. Cowardly at heart, he is naturally servile; and in his servility there is no other white man on this planet to equal him. It is the national trait.

CHAPTER SIX

CONCERNING WOMEN WORKERS, WOMEN, MARRIAGE AND OTHER THINGS

WORKING women in general earn scant wages in Germany. In the late '90's a libel suit brought to light the fact that girls and women in the employ of an Embroidery manufacturer received only 2½d. per day. Employers there are in Germany (and many of them) who are infamous enough to excuse the smallness of the salary by pointing to prostitution as a supplement. "Such is the position of seamstresses, dressmakers, milliners, working-women in all kinds of factories, counting by hundreds of thousands. (*In this terrible indictment I am quoting Germany's well-known authority on all social questions, August Bebel.*)† Employers and their officials, merchants, manufacturers, landed proprietors, and so on, who engage workwomen, as well as female servants, frequently regard it as their particular privilege to commit immoral practices with the former. The *Jus Primæ Noctis* of feudal lords in the Middle Ages is alive in Germany to-day—in another shape. The sons of our well-to-do and cultured classes mostly consider it their right to seduce and then desert the daughters of the people. These confiding and inexperienced girls, whose lives are often friendless and unhappy, easily become the victims of a (to them, perhaps) brilliant seduction. Disappointment and misery, finally crime, are the resultants. Suicide and infanticide among women are mostly traceable to these causes. The countless trials for child-murder present a dark but highly instructive picture. A woman is seduced and heartlessly abandoned; helpless, in utter despair and shame she is driven to the last resource; she kills the fruit of her womb, is tried, condemned and sentenced to penal servitude or death. The scoundrel, the moral author of the crime, in reality the murderer, is unpunished; he probably soon afterwards marries the daughter of a 'highly respectable family,' and poses as a pious, honest and respectable member of society. How many are there of this kind who are now occupying positions of dignity and honour, having defiled their name and their conscience?"

† "Die Frau in der Vergangenheit," &c., Zürich. "Woman in the Past," &c., W. Reeves (9.v.)

Let us now see what some of the women and girl workers of Germany receive in the way of remuneration.

According to the Statistical Annual for the town of Berlin for the year 1907, the *annual wages* amounted :

For tailoresses	to 457 marks.
„ sempstresses	„ 486 „
„ hand button-hole workers	„ 354 „
„ machine buttonhole workers	„ 700 „
„ other women factory employees ..	„ 354 „

The average yearly income of women factory employees throughout the German Empire, according to the report of the Statistical Bureau is only 322 marks, or £16 2s.; about six shillings per week!

It is, therefore, no matter for surprise that the industrial councillors of Frankfurt-on-the-Main and of Wiesbaden, in their published reports on the wages of female factory employees for the year 1887, state :

“ In Frankfurt, at the end of last month, among 226 persons under the observation of the *police des mœurs* (that is, not reckoning secret prostitution), 98 were female factory employees. Since for their necessary bare support (food and sleeping accommodation only), the minimum daily sum needed is 1.25 marks, it appears that the wages which can be earned by female employees of 1.50 to 1.80 marks can hardly suffice to provide for all their needs. It would seem, therefore, that the lowness of their earnings must play some part in the matter under discussion.”

The reports of the industrial councillors of Düsseldorf, Posen, Stettin, Neuss, Barmen, Elberfeld, Gladbach, and Erfurt betray a similar state of affairs.

Working for a nominal wage, sometimes less than a nominal wage, are over 38,000 waitresses in Germany. One-fourth of them are under twenty years of age (Denkschrift, p. 12). It is, therefore, without great surprise that we learn of a Berlin insurance fund placing it on record that waitresses make up one-half of those of its members venereally afflicted.

The German general servant, the “*Mädchen für alles*,” like the English cook-general, is disappearing in the face of the competition of the factory, warehouses and stores, where “freedom” after seven is possible. The wage of the “*Mädchen für alles*,” is about half that of her English prototype, while her work is about double. Not the least of her hardships is that her sleeping apartment is often no better than a lumber-room, and until a recent police-law

affected the conditions of things, her "bedroom" had no window, save, perhaps, an aperture which looked into the kitchen. In these servant's "rooms" there is little space around the bed, and the ceiling is so low that to stand perfectly upright is impossible. But although the police now forbid the stowing away of the "Mädchen für alles" in these kennels unless they are provided with a window, the "rooms" have grown no larger, though landlords and tenants have been compelled to knock out, where practicable, a small aperture in the outer-wall, and to give the dens a new coat of paint. But there is no end to the grievances of female workers in Germany. In every profession they are lamentably ill-treated and ill-paid.

As an indication of the salaries paid to theatrical artistes consider the following:—

At the Court Theatre in Hanover in 1914 the Directors paid their female dancers the munificent salary of ten shillings a month. It may be maintained that women dancers in Germany are generally of a certain stamp, but when the demand is always for young persons it is obvious that the Court Theatre, Hanover, invites, encourages and sanctions its girl-dancers to live immoral lives.

At the Court Theatre in Eisenach the sum of fifteen shillings per month for a six months' season is the emolument of the "leading lady."

According to Dr. Charlotte Engel-Reimers, a principal German actress in Munich recently stated that she received an annual salary of £180, from which the sum of £75 was deducted for her wardrobe. The same authority also gives instances of actresses' salaries of £60 per annum being subject to those actresses paying £100 for their wardrobe. Higher in the scale, incomes of £270 are penalized with a wardrobe outlay of £400, and so on—all which reflects a sickly light on the land boasting of the pre-eminence of its state theatres, artistically and intellectually.

Wilbrandt states that if a respectable girl complains of a salary of one pound per week being insufficient to maintain her wardrobe and keep body and soul together, the Director will reply with a shrug of his shoulders, "Why should you need any salary at all? You are a pretty girl."*

* Says Dr. Iwan Bloch: "The insufficiency of their remuneration is the immediate cause of so many women and girls seeking accessory earnings in the way of prostitution. It is well-known that employers reckon on this fact in drawing up their pay lists, and frequently are so brutally cynical as to point out to their female employees the possibility of increasing their earnings in this manner." ("The Sexual Life of our Time," translated by M. Eden Paul, M.D., Rehnman.)

But how does the State in Germany generally treat women in the matter of remuneration? It is a fact that in the few exceptional cases in which the German authorities have appointed women to positions in the Civil Service they have, like the veriest trade "sweater," regarded them as "cheap labour," and pay them considerably less than they pay men for similar work. When Deputy Bebel suggested in the Reichstag a few years ago that the time would come when a woman might even be seen on the tribune, his remarks were received with hilarious derision, and the coarsest jokes were uttered among the members. "Imagine a pregnant woman on the tribune," said a minister; "how unæsthetic," remarked another.

Poverty in the German capital does not shew her face by day. We see no processions of unemployed in Germany, and we hear not the voice of the labour agitator in the public parks and gardens. Notwithstanding, Berlin's proud boast that the number of her unemployed is insignificant is not supported by facts. Of late years her vast army of unemployed and unemployable have caused grave concern, especially to the police. Would you see something of human want and misery in Berlin you must wander further afield than the Friedrichstrasse. It is in the North-East quarter of the capital you will find Germany's principal economic sore. There in Froebel Street, for instance, you will come across that vast barracks, the City Shelter. Visit Froebel Street about half-past nine of a winter's evening, and you will form some idea of the number of homeless German unemployed. I visited this Shelter not very long ago, much to the chagrin of some German friends who vehemently would dissuade me from visiting the quarter. It was not really worth it. There was nothing to see. I thought differently. I know the Berliner well; in his national vanity he wishes you to vote his capital town "the finest city in the world." He will try to persuade you with all the sophistry at his command that Berlin far outvies London, Paris, Petrograd and New York in every way. But you must not see any scars or scabs. On reflection it is highly amusing to think of the visits paid to Germany by various bodies of Britons—M.P.'s, journalists, working men, and so on, as it is to turn up their reports of what they saw, and their impressions generally. What a splendid building the town-hall was, how magnificently clean the streets were; how hygienic and picturesque were the workmen's dwellings; then there was the ubiquitous telephone; the German working-man and woman could talk to their friends at the other end of Berlin, and all for

nothing, or next to nothing. It was truly marvellous. Then the affability of the people; they all simply loved England. And how hospitable they were, and how innocuous was the beer and the Rhine wine. Phlegmatic as the writer is, he must confess often to have laughed loudly at these "reports." But no matter; all that is dead and done for. We know the Germans now. I was speaking of the great City Shelter in Froebel Street. When I visited this place one December evening about 9.30 I found lined up against the walls several hundred half-starved human beings. For the moment it all seemed a hideous caricature of the queues we observe outside London theatres. Hunger, despair, resentment mark the faces of these wan, underfed tatterdemalions standing beneath the cruel glare of the bright street lamps. Sleet is falling in a whistling East wind. Among all these "not-wanted" scarce an overcoat among the men, or a cloak among the women, is to be seen. And last night the head-waiter at the *Adlon* told me that the night before nearly one thousand pounds worth of champagne had been consumed there in a few hours. Also in the *Anzeiger* I had just read the report of a speech by Baron Something-or-Other in the Reichstag. In a eulogy of the social, economic and political progress of Germany he nearly burst himself with Teutonic enthusiasm. "Such achievement, such progress, has never been known in the history of the world. (Great cheering). There is no other city in Europe or America so prosperous as the capital we are all so legitimately proud of. (Cheers). Why, only the other day a statesman from a foreign country congratulated me on the beautiful appearance of our streets, and the general air of prosperity prevailing. He said he had never seen a beggar or a vagrant during the whole course of his stay here—seven days." Dear, dear. On the night following that speech I could have told Herr Baron that fourteen thousand of prosperous and proud Berlin's utterly destitute poor passed the night (I will not say slept) in the city shelter, homeless and penniless. Further, that in one month, in 1912, over 140,000 destitute persons were in that one shelter alone, accommodated with a night's rest, while during the year 1913 over one million homeless human beings had been given lodging in the grim, gaunt building that the respectable Berliner does not wish the foreigner to see—the City Shelter.

Adeline Countess Schimmelmänn* has described a visit to this part of Berlin, when the unemployed were causing the police to sleep unsoundly o' nights. When the Countess with her friends

* "Glimpses of my Life at the German Court," etc. Hodder and Stoughton.

arrived upon the scene they encountered "thousands of men roaring like wild beasts." Carriages were overturned, and the occupants beaten about the head with sticks. In the more respectable parts of the city looting and violence were general, and the mob wrecked the shops and trampled the contents of the windows under foot. The Countess asserts that the police denied that there were any starving poor in the capital at all, and that they maintained the riots were caused through sheer lust of destruction. That night, going homewards, the lady's carriage passed the royal palace, which was a blaze of light; a masquerade was in progress. What do the Kaiser's guests care for the sorrows of the poor? "May God have mercy on them!" ejaculates the Countess. On her arrival at her hotel she is greeted by a group of women, who inform her that they have just returned from the theatre, where they thoroughly enjoyed such a touching drama on the misery of the unemployed! In the large salon of the hotel a fashionable clergyman was giving an elaborate explanation as to why Jesus on His entry into Jerusalem had sat upon the colt of the ass, and not upon the ass. The Countess naturally felt in no humour to listen to the discourse of the clerical pedant, so she retired to her room, where, she says, she prayed alone, weeping bitterly.

Arising out of unemployment a distressing case gained some publicity in a Socialist newspaper at this period. Here is a translation:—

A highly respectable man, forty-five years of age, is very happily married to a beautiful woman six years his junior. They are extremely happy in their married life, but circumstances have arisen which cause the husband, for no fault of his own, to be thrown out of employment. They have one child, an extremely pretty and clever little girl, aged twelve years. Gradually, bit by bit, they have to dispose of the furniture of their little "home" of two rooms, and starvation stares them in the face. Employment of any description is scarce in Berlin; the husband, a man of good education and address, applies everywhere for any kind of employment, no matter how menial; he was willing to work as a scavenger. His last job was a clerkship. He fails. His little girl falls ill; she has gone short of food, and the wolf is at the door. The wife, with the reluctant consent of the husband, resolves to prostitute herself for the sake of their little daughter, who they fear may die. At night the streets of Berlin are brilliantly lighted, and wealthy men saunter along the pavements in quest of feminine adventure. For a few marks the brute in them can be gratified.

There are certain streets in the capital where the unfortunate may promenade; there are others where she must not be seen. At least, so the police regulations have it, although the police can be often blind when it suits their convenience. The wife with hunger and shame gnawing at her heart set forth in the streets; her husband stayed indoors with the child and—prayed, for the first time in his life. The wife walked along the Charlottenstrasse and endeavoured to beg a few pence. The men laughed at her, one swore at her—for she was looking ill. Knowing not whither she walked she entered Unter den Linden, the sacred avenue where such as she are strictly forbidden. Her knowledge of Berlin life did not comprise the names of the streets which unfortunate women may not enter. Until recently she had known little of the sordidness of existence . . . and a policeman in plain clothes tapped her roughly on the shoulder as she accosted an elderly gentleman. What happened? The wife of a respectable man, a mother, and a citizen was inscribed on the Police Register of prostitutes. Utter shame and despair seized her, and she tottered home to her husband and child. The agony of that meeting words cannot express. It were agony for any decent man to attempt to describe it. There is, however, a way out of all earthly sufferings when they become too terrible to bear. There is another world—so these poor creatures said—where sorrow and suffering are not, only rest and peace. The husband, wife and child decided to take poison. On the following day a man who called for the rent could obtain no answer to his knock. He entered the room with his master-key . . . and he found his tenants dead." "A few days before," says Bebel, "the aristocratic society of Berlin had been celebrating great court festivals, at which hundreds of thousands of marks were squandered . . ."

The brutal and inconsiderate treatment of women in Germany for centuries, has much to answer for. Professor L. Büchner after asserting that the relative size and quality of the brain in the sexes differ in civilized nations declares that "the greatest gap lies between the brains of the Germans and the Dutch. Another professor says "the German woman has the smallest brain in Europe, and it is inferior in quality." "The daughters of our upper class," says a German author, "are treated as dolls, trained as fools of fashion that they may grace a drawing-room. They rush from one amusement to another until at length, surfeited with pleasure, they fall a prey to *ennui*, and all sorts of diseases, imaginary and real. If they live to be old they become models of piety, turn up

their hypocritical eyes at the corruption of the world, and not infrequently preach morality and religion."

German girls are claimed to receive the highest education possible, yet how very few German women attain intellectual eminence. "The barbaric Russians," the German will say, "are hopelessly uneducated"; well, there was never a German woman lived comparable to that wonderful Russian girl, Sophia Kovalevsky. In 1888 she won the famous Bordin prize, the highest European award any mathematician can receive. In Sophia Kovalevsky's case the prize was doubled "in consideration of the quite extraordinary service rendered to mathematical science by this author." And the sex of the competitor was not known until she received the prize. Sophia Kovalevsky was the first woman professor in Europe. In 1874, being then only twenty-three years of age she was elected by the Stockholm University Professor of Higher Mathematics. Educated Germany can show nothing approaching this.

German physicians will inform you (but only if you are on intimate terms with them) that the women of the upper-class in Germany are totally unfitted for the fatigues and duties of maternity. By inheritance, by education, by prejudice, by continued inter-marriages, by defective diet, dread of exercise, hatred of fresh air and cold water, the German lady has persistently enervated herself from generation to generation. "Look at our prettiest girls," said a famous Berlin physician, "they all like those flowers that bloom their brief hour, fade, and fall to make room for fresh blossoms, who, in turn, will bloom, fade and fall also. They are all *bleichsüchtig*; they cannot fulfil the functions that nature intends every mother should fulfil:—Not one here or there, but all. They have no constitution, no stamina, no nerve, no *physique*, no *race*. The type is indistinct, and blurred, marred by certain constitutional defects, which you point out to them in vain. There is a want of lime deposit in the bone system, hence their shockingly defective teeth. How can they have pluck and nerve, and sound, firm flesh, strong muscle, and healthy bone if they have no fresh air, no regular exercise, no proper nourishment, and, above all, no desire to change, alter or amend the order of their unhealthy lives. For with them the question of reform in matters hygienic principally lies; they turn, however, a deaf ear to warning, deem themselves more comfortable as they are, and do not disguise the impatience they feel at our professional pratings."

Women of the upper-class in Germany rarely suckle their children. The *amme* (wet-nurse) is an institution. The demand for these

wet-nurses is so great throughout the empire that girls of the working-class, peasants and otherwise, are encouraged to bring illegitimate children into the world, and thus qualify for these well-paid posts. As *amme* in a wealthy or "noble" family the working-class girl knows that she will become a person of importance, "part of the pomp and show of the house" as an American lady puts it. No disgrace or loss of character is attached to her irregular conduct; she is deemed fortunate in being able to undertake such a position. Her wages are quadrupled; her diet, by comparison, is sumptuous; she can never be reprimanded or scolded. She is called upon to fulfil one duty; namely, that duty which nature has imposed upon the mother—a duty which the mother delegates to her. The *amme*, probably, of all the servants will wear her peasant's dress, and with a singular sort of coquetry her mistress will see that the smartest silver shoe-buckles and *Mieder* ornaments, the brightest scarlet cloth, the trimmest cap and bodice are hers. And when she carries her charge through the public gardens, or is driven about for an airing she will attract more notice, and receive more admiration than equipage, lady, horses, and infant put together. In ordinary households this luxury of costume cannot be carried out; but still in humbler households the occupation is so much more remunerative than ordinary service that the supply is always equal to the demand.

"A German baby is a pitiful object; it is pinioned and bound up, like a mummy, in yards of bandages which are unfolded once (at the outside twice) a day; it is never bathed, but I suppose it is sometimes washed in some occult manner," says a lady writer. "Its head is never touched with soap and water until it is eight or ten months old, when the thick skull-cap of encrusted dirt which has accumulated is removed by the application of various unguents. Many German women have assured me," she says, "that the fine heads of hair one sees in Germany are entirely owing to this decidedly unhygienic skull-cap. When some juvenile relatives were staying with me I insisted on their being 'tubbed' all my female friends were shocked at my ignorance and wilfulness, assuring me that it was entirely owing to our barbaric bath-system that the King of Hanover had lost his sight. 'My friends; we English are not all blind,' I said. They were silenced, but not convinced."

The German baby being born and swathed up receives the *amme* or wet-nurse, just mentioned, in *loco parentis*. Says the woman writer I have just quoted, "A mummy is hardly a thing to fondle,

nor is the stiff little bundle of Teuton babyhood inviting to caress. The maternal function being delegated to another the young German mother is scarce a mother at all. The German baby does not lie on the floor, or crawl on the hearth-rug, crouching and kicking and curling its pink toes, trampling with its chubby legs, and fighting with its mottled arms as 'one that beateth the air.' It does not swarm up and about its mother's neck and bosom, finding its little life and all its tiny pleasures in her arms; nor does it at length fall into a slumber of rosy repletion, and with its mouth open, snoosily satisfied, rejoice its mother's eyes for the beautiful little animal that it is.

No, it is out walking, tied to a feather bed, and accompanied, perhaps, by a tall soldier, the father of its poor little foster brother or sister, which perforce must grow up as it can. When it comes indoors it is taken to its mamma to kiss; but its real mother, the mother who fosters and feeds it, soon carries it away again, and resumes all the privileges of true maternity for the rest of the day. The lady might as well be the infant's aunt."

Of the upbringing of children the Germans have ideas utterly alien to the English mind. In Britain we certainly do not prohibit children dancing together. We see no harm (and the children experience none) in the joyousness of our boys and girls-expressing itself in rhythmic muscular activity, and we regard dancing as a graceful exercise calculated to assist their physical development. The Germans consider it "improper" for girls and boys to dance the waltz or polka, and dancing at children's parties is discountenanced. "The Germans," says Henry Mayhew, "appear to look upon dancing only as a method of exciting the passions." Another author says: "there is no open indecency like that of the German ballroom." Observed a German lady to Henry Mayhew, "I hear that at Christmas and holiday times you English have parties made up of none but children. How strange that must be! Are not you afraid to trust the boys and girls together?"*

What shall be said of such an attitude of mind?

The same lady writer I have quoted has an interesting word to say on the dress of the German woman, whom she accuses of having no originality nor *chic*. "From French fashions books and English advertisements she snatches wildly, right and left, whatever strikes and pleases her unæsthetic eye. The result of this hybrid combination is, if judged by the canons of taste, not far

* Pöckels, the great German psychologist and educationalist, strongly objects to dancing-parties for children. So does Dr. Albert Moll.

short of atrocity. Of an independent yet modest simplicity of apparel; of the æsthetic treatment of such 'hulls' as poor humanity is condemned to wear, of the harmony of well-chosen low-toned tints; of unity of effect in the corresponding shade of gloves, parasol and hat, or bonnet, or the judicious juxtaposition of dark and light; of a dash of colour on a sober background, the average German woman knows nothing. She has not the courage to assume simplicity if the 'Mode Journal' decrees she is to be elaborate. Her clothes sin not so much by ugliness as by inappropriateness."

The results of bad taste and judgment in the matter of dress are more particularly noticeable in the case of middle-aged German women. The hair once thick is now thin, the neck, once round and white, now coarse and red, the delicacy of feature and complexion a thing of the past. All is hard, used, prosaic. The German woman will even expose her bald patches, her unattractive throat, her awkward figure, without disguise and without regret. 'What does it matter?' is plainly written in the general neglect of her appearance, which strikes the beholder painfully, less as an absence of vanity than as a want of self-respect. In no country is woman's dress talked of so much as in Germany, and with such lamentable results. Tartans of the most eccentric hues and designs are always *en vogue*. Let the fashion books say they are *mode*, they become the rage. To the clan tartans, with which we are all more or less familiar, they bear no resemblance: they are lurid combinations of clashing colours, more dreadful than thunder and lightning, evolved from out the manufacturer's bizarre brain, at once hideous and repellent to the unfamiliar eye. If a woman be short, broad, and sandy, very likely she will array herself triumphantly in a scarlet and yellow tartan, and yet expect to be regarded as a sane member of society. Let another be tall and sallow, a calamitous green will check her angular person in direful repetition from top to toe.

Marriage, in England, has been playfully termed a lottery; but in Germany it is a sordid affair of barter. In all large towns there are certain places and certain days whereon members of the upper-classes assemble, principally for the purpose of arranging betrothals. These meetings have been suitably called the "marriage-market." Speculation and bargaining play the principal part; deceit and jobbery are not lacking. Army officers head over ears in debt, but in possession of a "noble" pedigree; roués, whose health has been ruined by debauchery, who seek repose and a good nurse in the haven of matrimony; manufacturers with bank-

ruptcy lowering at them; merchants and bankers in quest of a saviour; officials in monetary difficulties, but with prospects of advancement:—Finally, all who desire the rapid attainment of wealth appear here as customers and conclude bargains, whether the lady be old or young, pretty or ugly, healthy or diseased, cultivated or ignorant, pious or "fast," Christian or Jewish. According to one of Germany's leading statesmen, "Marriage between a Christian stallion and a Jewish mare is greatly to be recommended." This simile, characteristically taken from the stable, finds, as we see in the vast number of Christian-Jewish marriages, lively approval in the higher circles of society. Money compensates for all defects of physique or character. Countless and highly organized marriage agencies, procurers and procuresses, exist throughout Germany; daily, by advertisement and otherwise, they hunt up their prey, to receive exceeding largess. So is the sacred state of matrimony generally entered by the so-called upper-class in Germany.

A sensational exposure of one of these matrimonial agencies occurred in Vienna, where a woman had long conducted an establishment, whose like can only be found among the German-speaking race. In the charge sheet this woman, described as a procuress, was tried at the criminal court holden at Vienna for murder by poisoning. The corrupt nature of the so-called *La creme* of the Austrian capital was disclosed, and many of the highest officials in the land were implicated. Among other things the evidence went to prove that the police authorities were fully aware of the nature of the business transacted, but the *clientele* being for the most part leaders of Austrian and German society, the place was suffered to exist without police action. At length matters came to a climax, and the police were forced to raid the establishment. An unspeakable business was found to be carried on. Women were bought and sold like cattle. Vice in its most degenerate forms was dealt in. The house was the rendezvous of the most depraved libertines in Europe. Sumptuousness marked every detail, and the "takings" of the place were found to be enormous. Among other interesting items elicited in this criminal trial was the fact that a certain Count Banneville, one of the then principal figures in European politics, had purchased his wife from this female criminal for 22,000 florins (£1,870). The procuress was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

"In a German town," says August Forel, "a relative of mine heard a wealthy middle-class mother say to her daughter, who

hesitated to marry a man who had proposed union to her, 'If you don't want him, my dear, let him go. We don't wish to force you into marriage. Haven't we plenty of money? Later on we can easily buy you an officer!'"

A custom among the German poorer-classes is the walking honeymoon. Young couples with the usual instinct for saving money, or those who haven't the necessary cash to expend on a train journey will swing their knapsacks over their shoulders on the wedding morn, and set out for a week's tramp through the forest, or over the mountains, halting for rest at night at a roadside tavern. The walking honeymoon, however, is said to have its drawbacks, for the policeman will not seldom intervene and ask all manner of indiscreet questions—your name, your business, your destination, your family history, the extent of your purse etc., etc. In the Bavarian Alps the story is told of the melancholy youth, whose face looked as if it had always been washed with vinegar, lamenting that he had to take his honeymoon alone. "I was married yesterday," he wailed, "to the most beautiful girl in all the village, but as I had only money for one of us to have a honeymoon I had to come alone."

"The money in a family," says the upper-class German, "must not be allowed to go out of it." Hence in cases where gold and land are, marriages and intermarriages go on generation after generation, the relationships growing ever nearer; with, naturally, disastrous results. To these consanguine marriages are attributable many of the diseased persons to be seen among the wealthy throughout the Fatherland. "In no other country," says Dr. Richter, "does one behold so many persons of both sexes afflicted with goitrous throats, scarred necks, spinal diseases, bad teeth, and generally defective bone structure as in Germany. Lunacy also is but too frequent a result of these marriages among near relatives."

"Who is that frightfully disfigured person," asked a young lieutenant of hussars of an Englishwoman at a family dinner. "Ich leide sehr an Skrofeln," replied the young lady in question, speaking in the same level, unemotional tone that she might have used in asking one to pass the salt. And within a week the young lady was engaged to be married to the lieutenant (he was critically in debt) who, though he had been brutal enough to sneer at her affliction, was not slow to discover that the *beaux yeux de sa cassette* made amends for a lack of eyebrows and eyelashes, and that ten thousand pounds covered a multitude of sins.

In another family where cousins had intermarried with cousins, apparently since the early Middle Ages, the sole heir to a great estate was a fragile, spineless boy, a child whose decayed bones ever threatened to pierce his skin, to the unutterable agony of the child. Nature ordained this boy a mercifully early death; but when he died, the childless father looking round among his relatives picked out another cousin, took her to wife, and lived to have three more children, "whereof," says an Englishwoman writer, "two were grievously afflicted in mind and body, but the third, strange to recount, lived to inherit his father's castle and lands."

The same anonymous English authoress tells of another family of intermarriage victims. In this case the estates were vast, and the same immemorial marriage arrangements between close relatives had obtained. The son and heir blew his brains out; the second daughter drowned herself; the third daughter developed into a confirmed hypochondriac; the second son, tormented with a terrible complaint (*Flechte*), akin to leprosy of the ancients, after washing in all the waters in the wells of Germany, unable to find in religion and good deeds the consolation he sought, put an end to his martyrdom. Now only the eldest daughter remained. The estates went in the male line and devolved upon a distant cousin, a mere *Namensvetter*, the daughter called him; but the old feeling prevailed; it was a thousand pities to take her fortune away from the family name; and when the *Namensvetter* proposed he was accepted. "I saw her some years later," says this authoress; "she was a widow with one idiot child."

In matrimonial matters, where money is concerned, there would seem to be a total disregard of all physical defects and deformities; the long train of terrible consequences these awful inherited maladies bring with them apparently conveys no warning, no lesson, to the inter-marrying Germans. The hoarding instinct of the peasant intensified to morbidity seems to have reached its apotheosis in these people.

Those persons who have lived for any length of time in Germany will be well acquainted with the fact that it is no uncommon thing for a husband and wife, who having dissolved their union and lived apart for years, to come together again and re-marry. A modern writer recalls the case of two brothers marrying two sisters, changing partners, and on death removing one of the husbands and one of the wives, the original pair (now widowed) were for the second time united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

It may be that the case was somewhat exceptional, but at any rate it was often discussed with cackling delight and amusement by an admiring circle of indulgent friends.

In the family of the same writer a great-uncle seems to have reached the acme of skilled accomplishment in the matter of the dissolution of the bonds of wedlock, for at one period of his life he sat down every evening to play a rubber of whist with his three divorced wives. They "cut for partners, shuffled, and talked of tricks and honours," with all the gay philosophy of folk for whom words had no meaning, and facts no moral. No one bore animosity to anyone else; the three ladies had all tried their hand at it, but they had held bad cards; luck was against them, and they each successively threw up the game and awoke to the conviction that their terrible old general was much more practicable as a partner at the card-table than as a companion for life. It was a matter merely of mutual accommodation; there was no ill-will, nor any resentment; the arrangement was conducted in the most business-like and least emotional manner imaginable; and the result proved to be satisfactory to all parties.

We have spoken of the preliminary negotiations towards marriage in Germany; some of the little ceremonies after the marriage rites are concluded should be mentioned. The newly married couple, the groomsmen and bridesmaids, as well as the relatives and friends present on the occasion, return from the church in open carriages festooned with oak garlands to the house of the bride's father, where refreshment awaits them. At first only coffee and cake are partaken of; then wine, herring-sandwiches and herring-salads appear. Towards evening a "grand supper" is provided, and the feast continues for some hours to the accompaniment of drinking and drunkenness.

As the clock strikes twelve, midnight, an important stage of the proceedings is reached. Two of the bridesmaids take the wreath from the bride's head, and the sprig of myrtle from the buttonhole of the bridegroom, after which a handkerchief is tied over the eyes of the newly married girl; and when her own myrtle wreath has been placed in her hand the unmarried girls begin to dance round her in a circle, while the bride attempts to place the garland upon the head of one of the damsels skipping around her. Whichever girl should happen to have the wreath placed on her head is, as the belief runs, certain to be married within the year. The same kind of ceremony goes on round the bridegroom, and while the single folk are dancing, the rest of the party sing certain verses

to the air of the "Bridesmaid's Chorus" in *Der Freischütz*. When the dance and song are finished a white muslin cap is placed upon the newly-married girl's head as a sign that she is now a dame, while the male members of the party proceed to cover the head of the bridegroom with a white cotton nightcap.

This part of the ceremony ended, the company all re-seat themselves, and the drinking and "jesting" go on as before. In a few minutes, however, one of the male guests disappears surreptitiously under the table and removes a garter from the leg of every one of the ladies present, it being the custom of the ladies on such occasions to wear bright-coloured ribbons expressly for this portion of the festivities. The ribbon-garters are then handed up above the table, and cut into small pieces for each of the men to wear in his button-hole after the fashion of the "Legion of Honour."

English people may scarcely credit that such a custom could exist above the coarser grades of the people. On the contrary, the garter business is practised at the weddings of the "wealthy and "aristocratic" classes, and it is seldom omitted at the weddings of "royal" personages in the various petty German states.

The subject of marriage should not be dismissed without a cursory glance at that immoral sham, conceived in Germany, called the 'morganatic' (*morgen geben*) marriage—a despicable, shuffling compromise supposed to have been invented for the preservation of youthful Teuton "royalties" from matrimonial indiscretions. Nine times out of ten a morganatic marriage means the left-handed infatuation of a grand-duke for a ballet-dancer or a singer, but not always: our own daughters have frequently been inveigled into these alliances. When an English duke's daughter marries one of these paltry degenerate "serenities" and is not permitted to go to Court in her husband's name we need be righteously indignant. A German "prince of the blood," whose origin, if not remote unto obscurity, is oftentimes ignoble and base; who physically and mentally may be a pathological undesirable in the ranks of any healthy society; this humanly unfit person may marry a healthy girl of ancient and unsullied lineage and bring the 'bar sinister' into the coat of arms of his children. That the mother is noble is naught; she is not "royal"—"royal," mind you, these petty German princelings regard themselves; "royal" these descendants of wasters, robbers, paschas, wholesale murderers and cut-throat assassins. . . . But of any superstition regarding Germany I think we are now well rid.

The cost of a divorce in Germany averages about £2, provided,

both parties are willing that the marriage between them should be annulled. If, however, there be any opposition on either side, the expenses, of course, are considerably increased ; but even then, in a country where lawyers are allowed to charge only a few coppers for writing a letter, the costs rarely, if ever, exceed £10, and are often much less.

The pleas upon which divorces are granted are not a little illustrative of the low moral tone of the country. One person (an acquaintance of Henry Mayhew) who, though a clergyman, married his wife merely for the property she possessed, was enabled to obtain a divorce when he found that she would not give up to him the capital as well as the interest of her property, solely upon the plea that (as the elegant German phrase runs) "*she stank in her throat*," or as we should say, her breath was offensive.

Another gentleman was divorced from his wife, simply because, as he stated in open court, the lady had freckles on her stomach ! On the other hand, drunkenness, bad temper, or even ill treatment, are considered to be insufficient grounds for the granting of divorces unless both parties are agreeable thereto. If the wife apply to the State to have her marriage annulled on such grounds, and the husband object to forego his claim over the wife's property, then the authorities have no other power but to send a clergyman to the disputants in the hope of bringing about a reconciliation. If, however, this be found impossible, or the cruel treatment to the woman be carried on to an extent that even Germans may think unjustifiable, then a separation from bed and board is granted for one or three years, as the case may be, and renewed as often as found necessary—the husband being ordered to allow his wife such a maintenance as befits her station in life, and is compatible with his income.

As is well-known the matrimonial advertisements so prominently displayed in the columns of the German newspapers are a time-honoured institution. In their very essence, if they do nothing else, they convict the Germans of an utter lack of the senses of humour and decency. Here are a few culled from their leading newspapers :—

"Listen, Men, Listen !

I am young and very pretty, a well-made blonde with very dark eyes, and I must get married as soon as possible. I have seventy pounds, a loving, affectionate disposition, and I could make any man happy. I belong to the servant-class, but to

any gentleman who does not object to this fact I say write me with an offer marked on the envelope Blonde 19, office of this paper. I should like a guardsman. Communications can be received till the 14th instant."

A very frequent appeal comes from the student, generally in this wise:—

"Hand and Heart are at the disposal of a wealthy lady, of any age, willing to provide for a handsome student of 23, and enable him to complete his studies at the university."

Matrimonial agencies advertise daily, giving the most minute descriptions of their clients. Age, height, build, colour of hair, the purity of their souls and bodies, the condition of their teeth, and sometimes, in the case of the fair sex, the measurements of their chests and hips:—all these are set down after the fashion of furniture described in an auctioneers' catalog. The following is a "broker's" general advertisement from the *Tageblatt*.

"Marriageable Young Women.

At —'s a large number of marriageable young women of all ages and classes, with *dots* ranging from 2,000m. to 500,000m. Several wealthy young ladies desirous of making purely love marriages. All letters treated in the strictest confidence.—Friedrichstrasse."

In another Berlin newspaper, a few years ago, appeared the underwritten:—

"A young girl of good family, ill-treated by her step-mother, would like to be abducted by a gentleman of title."

The sequel was never related.

Obituary notices, sometimes occupying an eighth of a page, are equally remarkable. I append three, all transcribed from Berlin newspapers.

"I here give notice to my friends and acquaintance that I have just lost my well-beloved spouse at the moment she was giving birth to a son, for whom I am looking out for a wet-nurse, until I meet with a second wife willing to assist me in my grocery business. Signed —"

"At 9 o'clock last night, after a brief illness, our dear and never-to-be-forgotten husband and father, the Gingerbread Manufacturer, Friedrich Conrad, departed in his 55th year."

(Widow and children sign this announcement).

"To-day at 9 in the morning, God our Lord called away from his counter into a better world, the Jeweller, *Sebald Michael Illmayer*. Over him weep his widow, named below, and his two daughters, Hulda and Emma, the marriage of the first of whom, with a large dowry, was announced not long ago in the columns of this journal. The second is still unmarried. The desolate widow, Veronica Illmayer née Seizes. N.B. The business of our shop will not be interrupted, only in three weeks' time we shall remove to No. 4 — strasse."

Where on earth are we to look, except among the German speaking people, for such sordid manifestations of the human spirit concerning the sacred happenings of life?

The numerous "Books of Etiquette" (*Complimentir-Bücher*) in circulation among the German middle-classes invariably give lessons in hypocrisy. All Germans, male and female, pay great attention to what they term the "*Blick*" (the look), and they are perpetually reminded in these publications to cultivate at least five "looks" which are invaluable in social intercourse.

"If you desire to make your fortune in the world," says the "*Neuestes*" Manual of Politeness, "you should accustom your eye to such looks as will suit everybody. The following are the different looks necessary to be observed:—

(1) *The open look*: that is to say, the candid, soft, smiling, and trusting look. It shows attention and sympathy, as well as noble consciousness. This is the look to excite confidence and affection.

(2) *The firm look*, which can meet the gaze of other men with composure. It shows firmness and sincerity of character, as well as manly courage, determination, and truthfulness.

(3) *The modest look*. This displays our own humility or gratitude for a past favour. It always wins the heart.

(4) *The friendly look*, by which we express our regard for a person. This makes us agreeable and beloved.

(5) *The cheerful look*, from which all gloominess and melancholy are banished. It shows contentment of mind, and often speaks more than the most impassioned conversation.

"These are the five looks," adds the author, "which one should

cultivate. By them we can win the hearts of others, and, therefore, we should work hard to become perfect in their use."

In another publication of similar description published in 1914 the following are given as useful hints towards acquiring the manners of the aristocracy :—

"Passing the hand through the hair at the dinner-table, using a knife or fork as a toothpick, or throwing pellets of bread about are improprieties which scarcely require to be pointed out."

"It is not seemly to wipe your knife, fork or spoon with your napkin before using them. It may be allowable at a restaurant, but not at a private house."

"Avoid soiling the tablecloth, spilling wine, or placing bones upon it. Be careful not to splash those that sit next to you."

"If you desire to look a perfect fool you have only to keep on your gloves when no one else in the room is wearing theirs, or you may dance hat in hand when no one else is doing so."

But the gem of all the rules of in this Book of Etiquette is this superbly Teutonic interpretation of politeness.

"The usual civilities current in social intercourse are only lies by which people seek to deceive one another."

CHAPTER SEVEN

GERMANY'S SCARLET SCOURGE

The moral status of a race is fixed by the character of its women.

ACCORDING to Herr August Bebel, the late German Socialist leader, Germany enjoys the unenviable reputation of producing the prostitutes for half the world. German women, he says, fill the harems of the Turks, and the brothels from the interior of Siberia away to Bombay, Singapore and New York.

Wilhelm Joest, in his book of travels, "Aus Japan nach Deutschland durch Siberien," etc., speaks of the German trade in girls and women as follows:—

"People in our moral Germany often enough alarm themselves about the slave trade carried on by some West African negro 'prince,' or about the sexual conditions of things in far away Cuba or Brazil. They would do vastly better to take the beam out of their own eye, for in no country in this world is such a trade with 'white slaves' carried on as in Germany . . . and from no country on earth are such multitudes of these human wares exported."

These girls and women, says Joest, are sent from Hamburg to South America; Bahia and Rio de Janeiro receive their quantum, but the vast number go to Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, while the small remainder passes through the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso. Others are sent direct or *via* this country to North America, but on the American continent the German unfortunates find a difficulty in competing with the native product, and are, perforce obliged to disperse along the Mississippi to New Orleans and Texas, or westward to California; from thence the coast is provided so far as Panama, while Cuba, the West Indies and Mexico obtain their supply of German women and girls from New Orleans. Labelled as 'Bohemians,' August Bebel adds, troops of German girls are exported over the Alps into Italy; from thence further South to Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Calcutta and Singapore, and even to Hong Kong and Shanghai. Dutch India, the East Indies

and Japan are poor markets, as Holland suffers no white girls of this profession in its colonies, while in Japan they are superfluous. Moreover, competition from San Francisco prevents much profitable business being done. Russia is supplied from East Prussia, Pomerania and Poland. The first station is usually Riga. Here the dealers from St. Petersburg and Moscow pick out what suits them, and despatch their wares in vast numbers to Nischnij-Novgorod and over the Oural to Irbit and Krestofsky, as far as the interior of Siberia. Says Joest: "I met a German girl in Tschita who had been negotiated in this manner."

"This enormous business," says Bebel, "is thoroughly organised. It is carried on by agents and commercial travellers, and if the Ministers of Foreign Affairs were to demand reports from all German consuls, very enlightening statistical tables might be made out. The German Reichstag in its session of 1882-3 passed a resolution requesting the Imperial Chancellor to co-operate with Holland in an endeavour to restrict and suppress this odious carnal trade, but many reasons conspired to defeat such measures. . . ."

Before further considering this terrible indictment of German morality by two prominent German men, it will be as well briefly to review the position of German women legally and socially.

According to German common law, woman with regard to man, is everywhere in the position of a minor; her husband is her lord and master, to whom in marriage she owes implicit obedience.* If she is disobedient the law of Prussia permits a husband of "low estate" to inflict bodily chastisement "in moderation." There is, however, no indication given of the number or severity of the blows; the amount of such chastisement is left solely to the discretion of the man. In Hamburg the communal law runs thus:—

"The moderate chastisement of a wife by her husband . . . is just and permissible." Similar enactments exist all over Germany. Again the Prussian common law further decrees that it is left to the husband to determine the length of time a woman may suckle a child. All decisions with regard to the children rest absolutely with the father. When he dies the wife is everywhere under the obligation of accepting a guardian for her children; she is deemed to be under age and incapable of superintending their education alone, even when their means of support are derived entirely from her property or her labour. Her fortune is "managed" by her husband, and in cases of bankruptcy is regarded in most states as his and disposed of at

* To-day the marriage service still reads: "He shall be your ruler, and you shall be his vassal."

cordingly, unless a special contract has been entered into before marriage. When landed property is entailed on the eldest child, a daughter has no rights, as long as husband or brothers are alive; she cannot succeed unless she has no brothers or has lost them by death. She cannot exercise the political rights which are as a rule concerned with landed property, unless in some exceptional cases, as, for example, where communal regulations in the country allow her to vote, but refuse her the right of being elected. But even this right is transferred to her husband, if she marries. In most states she is not free to sign agreements without the consent of her husband, unless she be engaged in business on her own account, which recent legislation allows her to do. She is excluded from every kind of public activity. The Prussian law concerning societies forbids schoolboys and apprentices under eighteen, and women, to take any part in political associations and public meetings. Until late in the nineteenth century women were forbidden by various German codes to enter the public law courts as listeners. Nor could they in many cases act as witnesses to contracts of any kind nor begin proceedings in a court of law without a special permission. If a woman becomes pregnant of an illegitimate child she has no claim or support if she accepted any present from the father during their association. If a woman is divorced from her husband, she must continue to bear his name in memory of him, unless she happen to marry again.

Germany has coalesced in a wonderfully short period from a number of insignificant independent states into an empire based upon the destruction of human life. In this empire where war underlies all human activities we find women more deeply degraded than during pagan times. For many years in Germany while men have gone through their schooling in the art of wholesale murder, much of the agricultural and the lowest forms of mechanical labour of the country has been left in her hands. She cultivates the fields as a drudge, and upon her shoulders falls the hardest portion of the work. A woman and a cow yoked will draw the plough; the peasant wife will carry bricks or mortar to the top of the highest buildings, while her husband sucks away at his pipe at the foot of the ladder, refilling the hod each time she descends. It is estimated by the Germans themselves that eight-tenths of the agricultural labourers in the Fatherland are women. They plough and sow, reap the grain, and carry on their backs huge sacks of offal for fertilising the land. As street cleaners in most German towns they still collect the garbage, sweep and cleanse the roadways,

and harnessed with cows or dogs, perform the most repulsive labours in the fields and streets. An American Consul, writing upon a Labour Circular, issued by the German Government some few years ago, commented thus :—

“An important factor in the labour of Germany is not enquired of in the circular, viz., the labour of dogs. I have heard it estimated that women and dogs harnessed together do more hauling than the railroads and all other modes of conveyance of goods united. Hundreds of small waggons can be seen every day on all the roads leading to and from Dresden, each having a dog for the ‘near horse’ harnessed, while the ‘off horse’ is a woman with her left hand passed through a loop in the rope, which is attached to the axle, binding the shoulders; the harnessed woman and dog trudge along together, pulling miraculous loads in all sorts of weather.”

The pay of women for this degrading form of labour is from 5d. to 1s. a day. No burden, in Germany, is thought too heavy for a woman until old age insists upon her undertaking a lighter form of employment; she then, among other things, will take the place of the newsboys of England, selling papers in the streets. In Munich, the capital of Bavarian Germany and the seat of the fine arts; in beautiful Dresden, the so-called “German Florence,” women are no better off than elsewhere in the empire. Bavarian boors, who themselves wear heavy wooden shoes, drive their bare-footed wives and daughters before the plough in the fields, or harnessed with dogs; as in other parts of Germany, send them with loads of market-produce to the city and town. These German labouring women are mere beasts of burden, yet they never seem to grumble; they do not smile either—they simply exist. The only liberty they possess is liberty to work; the only rest they know is—sleep. “The existence of a cow or a sheep,” says an American authoress, “is a perpetual heaven compared to the lives of these German working women.” But the labours of these German women slaves (5 a.m. till 7 or 8 p.m., most months) do not end out of doors. Idleness is not for them. Their evenings are spent in cooking, spinning, making clothing and rearing their children. They seldom go to bed before midnight. Is it any wonder one never sees these peasant women smile? Instead, in their dull eyes, is the cold, expressionless gaze of a statue, while on their faces are deeply etched lines of the strenuous and never-ending toil which makes life a prison-house for them.

Throughout Prussia women are to be found working the mines; in quarries, in foundries, building railroads, acting as sailors and

boatmen, dragging barges in place of horses on the canals, and performing the most repellant forms of labour known to man.

An American traveller tells a story of a party met on a railway journey, "the mother a frail little person, the father, huge, stout, and strong. Upon leaving the train the father walked off incommoded by a single item of travelling impedimenta, while the wife was nearly undiscernable under the load she was carrying." Indignantly the American asked: "Why don't you let the man take some of these things?" "What! and he the father of a family!" was the amazing rejoinder. Says August Bebel: "It is anything but a pleasant sight to see women, and often pregnant women, wheeling heavy-loaded wheelbarrows, and otherwise competing with navvies on the railway, or to watch them in the capacity of hod-carriers on buildings, mixing cement and mortar, yea, carrying heavy stones, and enduring the severest physical labour in coal-pits and iron-works. Such employment robs a woman of her proper attributes and tramples her womanhood under foot. . . Our corrupt conditions turn nature upside down."

We therefore see from all the foregoing that the lot of German women, economically and socially, is a severe one, and we must bear in mind this fact while approaching the horrible indictment pre-facing this chapter.

In the eyes of German men, woman is still in the twentieth century regarded as an inferior being—as an equal they steadfastly refuse to treat her. Every Englishman and Englishwoman who have visited the country will not have failed to notice the attitude of the male German to his womankind, and they will have been disagreeably impressed thereby. In Germany an Englishwoman feels that she has lost caste. "There is in the manner of the German to the so-called weaker-sex something extremely offensive even in his kindness," says Mrs. Sidgwick.†

The "philosophical" attitude of male Germany to womankind is to be found best expressed, perhaps, in Schopenhauer (1788-1860), who, although one of the ablest thinkers who ever lived, is guilty of this postulate: "Woman," he says, "is not called upon to do great things. Her characteristics are not active, but passive. She pays her debt to life by the throes of birth, care of the children, subjection to her husband. The most intense utterances of volition and sense are denied her. Her life is destined to be less eventful and more trivial than that of man. It is her vocation to nurse and educate children because she herself is childish, and remains an overgrown child all her life, a kind of intermediate thing between

† "Home Life in Germany," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick.—Methuen.

the child and the man who is the only proper human being. . . . Girls should be brought up to habits of domesticity and servility. Women are the most complete and hopeless philistines."

After Schopenhauer came another "philosopher" bearing the name of Wilhelm Heinrich von Riehl. In 1854, Riehl published his great work *Die Familie*, and this work, weirdly enough, remains the German "classic" on the relationship of the sexes in Germany to this hour. Undoubtedly, in his attitude towards women, Riehl copies Schopenhauer, whose contempt for the sex he easily out-distances. To sum up in a few lines the main "ideas" of this monument of male folly contained in 303 pages of close print: Herr von Riehl maintains that the family is all-important; the woman herself is of no importance at all. Whatever kind of domestic work she performs for the family, even though she be yoked to a plough, is to be extolled; but she must not enter any profession in which her salary may render her financially independent. All the arts and sciences are to be forbidden her, and the moment she begins to write anything in the way of authorship she is to be deemed a sour, ill-natured person, who is seeking an outlet for her venom. Women must not be allowed to distinguish themselves in art or literature; in science, thank heaven, they could never excel. (What would Riehl have thought of that wonderful Russian girl, Sophia Kovalevsky, mentioned elsewhere in these pages). Queen Elizabeth of England, and Maria Theresa of Hungary, two women of acknowledged intellectual attainments—these, says Riehl, *were men in women's clothing*. Woman should have a "little" education only; but it is to be of a domestic nature, and assimilated "in the family." Women teachers in schools are a danger to the state. Girls up to their twelfth year should be taught by men. They should frequently be thrown into the society of bare-footed children. The character of woman is to be made in the home. The Salic law, so far as it concerns woman, must ultimately prevail all over the world. No woman must inherit land, nor a throne. A woman must not go out of doors alone; it is not proper. (Here Riehl shows his knowledge of German men; for to-day, as in his time, it is certainly an unwise thing for a woman ever to walk alone, or two women to walk unattended by a male friend, in the cities and large towns of Germany, where they are sure to be accosted and insulted by German males). Women, continues Riehl, is an incomplete being until she finds a man. If she is doomed to spinsterdom she is not to attempt to carve out a career for herself. She should endeavour to find a situation with relatives where she could

assist with the housework and the children ; or she might work for some society who undertake the care of offspring of the necessitous poor.

"What are we to do with spinsters ?" he asks. "What is to be done with the host of innocent creatures without a trade or profession, without money ? Shall we immure them in convents ? Shall we send them to Australia, or some part of the world where women are in demand ? *Shall we put an end to them ?*" Riehl admires the male Kalmucks of the Volga, because though they treat their wives with courtesy, immediately a wife fails to fulfil any household duty (the Volga-Kalmucks, be it noted, are a nomadic race, and dwell in tents) she is flogged with a whip, a whip which is handed down from generation to generation as a sacred heirloom, the symbol of seigniorship. (It is no uncommon boast of the twentieth century educated German male that he strikes his wife for disobedience).

Herr Riehl in general has a poor opinion of his race ; he considers the Germans blind, vacillating, and flighty. He asks why his countrymen cannot live in one room with their wives and families instead of spreading themselves over half-a-dozen rooms in a flat. All work should begin at 5 a.m. The German's fondness for the beer-house or his *kneipe* shows his love of home and family ! The habitual drunkard is really an amiable creature (with a weakness, certainly) capable of enjoying family life ; but he has unfortunately sought it in the wrong quarter. A woman in Germany, if she have a home, food, and clothing—what more can she demand of man ?

English women have often pitied the German women whom they fancy to be more miserable than they really are. Indeed some English writers have stated that the German woman in general is perfectly contented with her lot. Says an anonymous authoress : "It is useless and waste of time for a woman of any other nationality to pity the Teuton woman. Nine hundred and ninety-nine German married women out of a thousand are perfectly contented with their lot, and it is said they will remain so."

By other critics the marriage relation in Germany is said to have undergone a distinct change for the better, and that there are signs of a beginning in independence on the side of the wife, and of recognition on the part of the husband of equal rights for each ; but it is gravely to be doubted. On the contrary, from the writer's and many other persons' observation, there are signs of a change for the worse ; there appears to be a decided dwindling of the sense of the family, and family affection he has found not to be so united

as it was a generation ago. The German wife is beginning to feel that she has lavished too much care and attention on the home comforts of her spouse for the return he makes her, and she is looking further afield than her home for interests in life. And little wonder!

On the unsatisfactory state of home life in the Fatherland German statistics make ugly comment. For the period 1897-1907 the number of divorce petitions was 20,340 as against 965 in England for the period 1900-1910. Reflecting on the chastity of German women, the number of illegitimate births for 1897-1907 was no less than 178,115 as against 37,041 in England for the period 1900-1910. Suicide among women is on the up-grade. A recent German official statement for a period of ten years asserts that the percentage of female suicides in relation to male suicides has advanced from 26% to 29%. Over a period of eleven years (1901-1911 inclusive) the average annual number of suicides of both sexes reached the large total of 12,356.

Regarding the general sexual health of German women, according to German statistics in the year 1894 (quoted by Willson in his "Social Evil in America") 80% of German women who died that year of uterine and ovarian disease, died as the result of conditions dependent upon gonorrhœa.

We may now turn again to the serious question of prostitution in Germany. That we may assume, in the case of the peasant class, the chief factor in inducing women and girls to follow this occupation to be excessive and unremunerative toil is, I think, feasible. On the other hand, we are confronted by this extraordinary state of affairs in many parts of rural Germany: *prostitution is viewed by very many peasant parents as a legitimate and "honest" trade, and girls are brought up by these parents for the specific purpose of prostitution as a better means of earning an adequate livelihood.* I will refer more fully to this aspect of the question presently. That the great prevalence of the vice is recognised as boding ill to the state by many writers in Germany is plain. In various publications sexual morality is frequently impeached from many quarters. Adolph Schrepfer says: "In Germany sexual immorality occasions no stings of remorse, no misgivings, nor is it punished either legally or socially as it is elsewhere. It is a quite normal occurrence, an incident in the ordinary course of life, of no more gravity than an afternoon's nap. . . . There are dramatists and novelists of various nationalities whose pages are malodorous of all the vices; but the student interested in this phase of human life might,

with profit, pay a visit to Berlin or other of our large towns, and there make acquaintance with immorality in its worst and most insidious forms." Another German author, Wegener, in an impassioned appeal to the young manhood of the Fatherland, delivers himself of these trenchant words: "Out upon that patriotism which muddles its brain with strong drink, roars itself hoarse at patriotic banquets, then cools itself off at the expense of the unfortunate daughters of the very nation to whose well-being it has drunk. Away with this miserable hypocrisy I say!" Condemnation of the loose moral code of the German Empire from the peasant to the prince has supplied many notable volumes to fiction. As an indictment of the sexual immorality of German army officers, men, and their wives, Lieutenant Bilse's "novel" perhaps stands first. Published in 1903, *Aus einer kleinen Garnison* took Germany by storm. As a record of the debauchery, intrigue, dishonesty, lying, and general immorality rampant in a German garrison town, the book is of great interest. Though written as fiction Bilse's "novel" is almost all of it recorded fact, and so vividly (and undoubtedly truthfully) did the lieutenant depict military life as he found it in the German army that the publication of "Life in a Garrison Town" was followed by the arrest, court-martial and imprisonment of its author for six months, and his expulsion from the army. That the contents of this book are facts in the guise of fiction is indicated plainly enough by the outcry raised by the chiefs of the German military system, and the subsequent identification of living persons with the characters in the book. The officers who unconsciously supplied their portraits for exhibition in Lieutenant Bilse's gallery themselves also paid the penalty for the cruelties, corruption, and debauchery described as committed in that author's disclosures. Like Lieutenant Bilse they were dismissed from the army.

Yet another "novel" attacked the morality of the German army. This novel is "Jena or Sedan" * by Herr Franz Beyerlein. The author knows that in attacking the dissolute, depraved lives led by the Kaiser's officers and men he is at the same time attacking the immorality of the German people, for in Germany all healthy males must pass through the vast war machine. "Das deutsche Heer is das deutsche Volk in Waffen"—the German army is the German people in arms. Beyerlein can see with the clear, impartial vision of a philosopher that to force all the men of a nation at an impressionable age to take up arms, in short, to make every man a

* Heinemann.

soldier, is not to improve the character of the race. The blood and iron methods of German military training, he says in effect, demoralize and debase men. And Beyerlein is right. To soldiers' wives he is kinder than Bilse, yet he knows that the man made brutish will not refine the woman. This brutalization of the Teuton male threatens the Fatherland. Not only in German home-life will it make itself felt, in the cottage and the castle, in the school and university, but the time may arrive when disaster may come from abroad. In man it is the spirit, not the brute that matters. Spirit, or, if you will, humanity has overcome the savage races. Spirit, not savagery, rules, and for ever will rule the world.

A man of sound health and sane brain has no excuse in this life for being bored; nor should the German army officer, even though he be planted in the remotest garrison in his empire. Of boredom all German officers complain—outside Berlin, which fact presupposes that a "gay" life is a *sine qua non* to their existence. We find this perpetual wail of the army officers' boredom everywhere in Germany—among themselves, in the Press, and in fiction so often devoted to picturing their mode of existence and their careers. Sometimes the public get a startling glimpse of the army from within, as in the two novels just mentioned. At other times criticism comes from higher quarters. In the "diary" of Princess Louise of Saxony (suppressed edition) occur several passages distinctly unflattering to officers in high command. Here are two:

"Leopold, my brother, also spoke of himself. His garrison—a mudhole in Poland. . . . The few notables of the town tickled to death because they have an Imperial Highness with them, and the fool of an Imperial Highness besots himself with a country wench. He's rented a little house for her, and when not on the drill ground, generally keeps her company. Intense indignation among the respectable ladies, naturally. . . .

"Bernhardt has just complained to me again of his life. 'They planted me,' he said, 'in the God-forsakenest hole in the kingdom. If I saw a pretty woman in my garrison from one year's end to the other, I should die of joy. . . . And then the newspapers wonder why we develop the habits that we do!'"

The italics are the writer's.

But look where we will in Germany, every class, every trade and profession, seem to be permeated with immorality. There is no mistrusting the evidence; it is alike abundant in the figures of German statistics, and in the pages of the social historian.

On the immorality of the agricultural population the words of

another author may be quoted: "Yearly many thousands of our labourers," he says, "leave their homes for places where higher wages are to be obtained. Their wives and families are thus, more often than not, bereft of means and sustenance. To Holland alone tile-makers, peat diggers, grass-mowers, piece workers, in thousands, are attracted during the greater portion of the year. Family influences broken up, immoral and intemperate conduct is soon found amongst them. During the last few years the behaviour of these hosts of labourers has been so deplorable that the Dutch Government communicated with the German on the question, with the result that pastors were dispatched into Holland to hold divine service in their midst, provide them with copies of the Word of God, and generally to look after their spiritual welfare in their wretched habitations when the day's work is done."

Multitudes of peasants of both sexes, young and middle-aged, leave Eastern Germany in harvest time to obtain work elsewhere. Men and women, girls and boys, swarm away together in great crowds. "From the way in which they live," says the Rev. Edward F. Williams,* "as well as through their association in the fields, much immorality has resulted. Children have been deprived of school privileges. . . . In fact, nearly all moral restraint has been taken away. . . ." Of certain communities in Saxony it has been deliberately asserted by German authorities (Flexner) that "no girl over 16 is still a virgin," and the German peasant is declared to have no conception of the meaning of chastity.

A few pages back I spoke of prostitution being regarded by peasant parents in some parts of Germany as a legitimate calling. From many indictments I will select one—that of the Rev. E. F. Williams, whom I have just quoted. On this form of vice in the Fatherland Dr. Williams observes: "To their shame be it said there are parents who rear daughters for this kind of life (*i.e.* prostitution) and are impatient till they are old enough, though their sacrifice on this altar of infamy, to add to the income of the family. If the old Germans were famous for their chastity, this is not true of all their descendants. *In every city, perhaps without an exception, this great moral swamp exists.*"

What an arraignment! And a true one, for there is much responsible evidence more than the above of Dr. Williams' on this phase of German immorality. In enlightened, cultured, claimed-to-be Christian Germany of to-day parents are to be found who rear

* *Christian Life in Germany as seen in the State and Church*, by Edward F. Williams, D.D. T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh.

their daughters only that they may early prostitute themselves in order to support their parents. In what European country, save Germany, can such a state of unutterable viciousness be found? No, this rearing of young girls by their parents for the specific purpose of prostitution in Germany cannot find a parallel in the worst days of Rome, Rome in the days of the Lupæ, the Bustuaræ, the Blitidæ, and the Diobolares.

But prostitution for money is not confined to girls and women of the poorer classes in Germany. Responsible opinion says that girls and married women of the better classes often secretly lead vicious lives so that they may have additional money to spend on dress and entertainment. It will be sufficient to quote two eminent German authorities in corroboration of this statement. Dr. A. Moll in his *Handbuch der Sexualwissenschaften* (Leipzig, 1912, p. 354) says: "To clandestine prostitution are to be reckoned also girls and women of better families who sell themselves in the salons of the pander." S. Leonhard in *Die Prostitution* (Munich, 1912, pp. 20 and 23) makes this observation: "Girls and women who live in comparative luxury, who have a calling and a good social position, are often prostitutes."

Look where we will in the social history of Germany and we shall find nothing but a most depraved condition in the relationship of the sexes in all grades of society.

The German historian, Fiducin (*Diplotatischen Beitrage zur Geschichte der Stadt Berlin*) states that "in all the great towns of the German empire the public protection of women of pleasure (*lust dirnen*) seems to have been a regular thing," in evidence of which he says, "Did a creditor, in taking proceedings against his debtor, find it necessary to put up at an inn, one of the allowed items of his expenditure was the reasonable sum for the company of a woman during his stay (*frauen geld*)." In 1410 this was a question of state etiquette in Berlin, a sum having been officially expended in that year to retain some handsome women to grace a public festival and banquet given to a distinguished guest, Diedrich V. Quitzow, whose good-will the citizens desired to cultivate. The question of recognized prostitution during the Middle Ages has been dealt with in the chapter entitled "Medieval Germany."

In the seventeenth century Zimmermann speaks of Berlin, then but a small town, as "Sodom and Gomorrha."

Of the town of Hamburg in the latter part of the 18th century an anonymous German writer of this period says:

"Our eating-houses are metamorphosed into restaurants, our

dancing-rooms into saloons, our drinking shops into pavilions, our cellars into halls, and our girls into 'demoiselles.'"

"In the dance-houses in Hamburg," says the same writer, "a scene of the wildest uproar and most uncontrolled licentiousness is to be witnessed on Sunday evenings." Further on he says, "In the year 1860 every ninth female in Hamburg above the age of 15 was a courtesan."

Speaking of this period an American author, M. J. Gage,* says: "At that time (the middle of the nineteenth century) when there existed in the great seaport town of Germany ten thousand registered women of the pavement, they were required by the state to shew certificates that they regularly attended church, and that they also partook of the sacrament! And even in Protestant "enlightened" Berlin, the Church, upon the demand of the State, furnished certificates of their having partaken of holy communion to those women securing licence to lead immoral lives! . . ."

In 1847 the *Vossischer Zeitung* spoke of the great number of young German girls who sailed from Hamburg for all parts of the world, "most of them we may be well rid of," the writer of the article added.

In the "fifties" most of the loose women of New York were German, as New York police records testify. In 1858 the Resident Physician of Blackwells Island wrote:

"The third grade of prostitutes and houses of prostitution may be found very fully developed in the first police district, among the Germans; in the fourth district, where sailors mostly resort; and also in the third, fifth, sixth, and fourteenth districts . . . Most of the women are young . . . while the houses . . . are in general conducted very quietly. . . . The houses are, in every sense of the word, "public" places of prostitution, and neither women nor keepers seek to disguise the fact in any manner, the general argument seeming to be "*We live by prostitution, no matter who knows it.*"

The Resident Physician then describes one of the German houses of the first district.

" . . . Here drinking is carried on. . . . Two or three girls are in different parts of the room engaged in knitting or sewing. Everything bears an unmistakeable Teutonic appearance, from the heavily moustached proprietor, or the recently-imported bar-keeper, to the mistress, or "madam," as she is generally called, and the women themselves, all plainly tell their origin. . . . Saltatory

* "Woman, Church and State."

amusements are carried on . . . in all their houses of prostitution, but in these saloons *it is considered a respectable business enterprise.*"

Of the numerous German dancing saloons the Captain of Police of the first ward of New York wrote in his Returns :—

"These dance-houses are generally kept by Germans. . . . The girls employed to dance do not consider themselves prostitutes, because the proprietors will not allow them to be known as such. Each girl receives monthly from five to six dollars and her board, and almost every one of them hires a room in the neighbourhood for the purpose of prostitution. I have classed them all as prostitutes, because, in addition to the previous fact, I know that the majority of them live as such——"

Alluding to the keeper of one of these places, the same officer says : "The proprietress of this house is a German woman over seventy years of age. She established the house over 18 years ago, to my certain knowledge. Her husband had just then arrived from Germany with their four children. They were not worth one hundred dollars at that time. The man died three years ago, and by his will directed 40,000 dollars to be divided among his children. The widow is possessed of an equal amount in her own name.

"In the year 1860 I saw a shipload of young German women," says one Anton Rauch, "leave Hamburg for America, there to seek their fortunes, not in the way of honest work, but amid the paths of sin. . . . I am told that it is difficult for these women to obtain a living in their native land in the dreadful profession they have adopted. I know nothing of the condition of Berlin, but of Hamburg I can speak from long association. . . . I have no patience with any authority, church or otherwise, that insists upon these shameless persons attending church and partaking of the sacrament. The church is defiled by such proceedings. If a woman have sinned and truly repents—such a woman may attend divine service to her lasting good ; but these women no sooner leave the sacred portals of the church than they resume their horrible trade, and make no effort to mend their evil lives. . . . It is a sad sight to see multitudes of young women adopting such a career, for you cannot tell me that it is impossible for these young women to find honest work. . . . I should look upon this appearance of things as a very bad sign for the future——"

CHAPTER EIGHT

GERMANY'S SCARLET SCOURGE (*Contd.*)

Prostitution is an ancient evil, but when it assumes certain proportions and aspects it is a fatal sign of degeneration.

Forel.

At the beginning of the present twentieth century, according to Kampffmeyer, who quotes the figures of Losch, the annual cost of prostitution to the German empire comes out at something between three hundred and five hundred million marks! Compare this outlay with that of the Prussian Government on its entire educational system, its universities, secondary schools, elementary school system, technical and professional institutions of all kinds, which involved a budget in 1909 of a little less than 200,000,000 marks ("Statistisches Jahrbuch," Berlin, 1910, pp. 242-3), and an idea may be gained of the enormous extent of the vice in present-day Germany.

As to the number of prostitutes in Germany we have the estimate of no less a person than the famous Dr. Moll, Professor of Psychology at the University of Berlin, who is of opinion that the figure must be put down at no less than 1,500,000!

Prostitution in Germany is not licensed by the State, for in the German Imperial Code, Section 180, it is laid down: "Whoever furnishes an opportunity for immorality shall be punished as a pander." This law, of course, makes the licensing or the recognition of the house of ill-fame impossible, as the owner or keeper would at once render himself liable to criminal prosecution. The police, therefore, assume that there are no licensed or authorised bordells conducted by any person in the whole of Germany; yet they are perfectly aware that thousands of such places exist and flourish exceedingly. Particularly are Cologne, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Bremen and Altona, among other large towns, notoriously centres of widespread vice and corruption, while the capital, Berlin, has no rival in this respect in the world, ancient or modern.

In 1904 a German woman, Frau K. Scheven, questioned by letter the municipal authorities of 235 German cities, and in reply got only 14 admissions that houses of ill-fame existed. About 200 totally denied the existence of such houses, though twenty of them agreed that there were known to be streets which contained bordells, in spite of the fact that technically they do not exist!

It was to the antique town of Cologne that Agrippina stood god-mother, and upon whose twenty-four gates she had inscribed the four initials of Colonia, Claudia, Agrippina, Augusta—Cologne who has so often changed hands and served many masters. Coleridge called Cologne the city of "nasty stenchs, and ugly wenches," but it has been left to other writers to describe the iniquity of the place in the twentieth century.

Concerning this town of the great cathedral, an American writer says of the immorality within her gates: "The dark, narrow passages where the bordells are hidden away are always filled with men and boys, and there is a great amount of drunkenness in the city. I know of no other city which can compare—population for population—with Cologne for flagrant immorality; nor do I know where else, outside Germany, the police are so negligent in dealing with such a terrible state of things. It seems a mockery that such a depraved set of people should have one of the finest cathedrals of Europe planted in their midst." Concerning Cologne, in "*Zeitschrift V.*," p. 209, is to be found the following curious statement by the police authorities: "We have in Cologne no bordells and no bordell-streets." Later on the same authority tabulates the streets in which "bordells are found"!

Of Hamburg, the member of parliament for the free (and notoriously immoral) Hanseatic city declared in the Reichstag not long ago that not one bordell existed there. In 1913 a police report stated that there were, close to the heart of the city, no less than eight streets in which numerous houses of evil character were to be found. "In the morning," runs a letter of complaint to the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, "the occupants of these houses of vice lie abed sleeping off the effects of the previous night's carouse. Should any innocent pedestrian by any chance find himself in the Schwiegergasse of an afternoon or evening, he is at once greeted by scores of invitations from doorsteps and windows. Scantily-dressed girls and women solicit his patronage, and the language used is of the very coarsest. One woman extols the beauty of her three daughters for whom she requires a 'husband' who must pay a preliminary fee of fifteen marks to either of them. . . It is not to

be marvelled at," he says in conclusion, "that this rut of physical and moral ruin should be so prolific of cases of robbery with violence, assault and often murder." "The fact that there are more bordells in Hamburg than experience elsewhere would lead us to expect may be due not only to police preference, but to the fact that inscribed minors are permitted—perhaps even forced—to enter them," observes Mr. A. Flexner, in his book "Prostitution in Europe."*

Says Dr. Iwan Bloch † of those houses of assignation appearing as music-halls in Hamburg: "Who is not familiar with the most celebrated *Tingel-Tangel* (low music-hall) streets in the world, the Spielbudenplatz and the Reeperbahn, in St. Pauli, near the docks? In these streets we find one variety theatre after another, all crowded by a smoking, drinking audience taking part of the choruses of the 'songs.'"

In Dresden there are no less than thirty-two streets devoted to bordells. "I walked through a few of these streets early one summer's evening," says Bronson; "from some of the houses women were emerging with painted faces, and costumes of loud colours and designs. Some quite young girls, half-inebriated, were returning 'home' arm-in-arm with men they had picked up in the streets, the cafés and other places. I was pestered several times by half-dressed, hideous looking female creatures who hailed me from the doorways, inviting me to drink with them." In the multitudinous bordells of Dresden each woman inhabitant has to pay for her board, lodging and washing from 8 to 16 marks a day, the higher sum being in itself sufficient to pay for accommodation in the best hotels there. Girls are often charged 20 marks per diem, and if any small sum is left to her credit this is immediately requisitioned by the landlady or proprietor for articles of clothing, cosmetics and the like. (Flexner).

"In Frankfort," says another writer, "the presence of the policeman does not even hinder unmistakeable and utterly shameless prostitution of quite young girls in the Rosengasse and Metzgergasse—two of the streets whose houses are one and all bordells."

In Bremen where these unfortunate women are interned in a kind of barracks, street solicitation is prohibited, but every male passing through the Helenenstrasse is notwithstanding accosted

* "Prostitution in Europe," by Abraham Flexner. The Century Press New York, 1913.

† "The Sexual Life of our Time," by Iwan Bloch, M.D., translated by M. Eden Paul, M.D., London. Rebman, Ltd., 1908.

and asked inside to partake of a glass of beer. In 1878 it is recorded that in Bremen a contractor had built about thirty small apartment houses as a speculation. Unable to let the places he found himself on the verge of ruin. A police official suggested to him that the rooms would easily let to women of the pavement. This suggestion was acted upon, but the result seems to have been appalling, for a local historian has written of the incident: "Since that time (30 years ago) notwithstanding many efforts, this step has not been repeated. As every inhabitant knows, only a fraction of the fallen women of Bremen can fill this street, altogether insufficient for the existing volume of the traffic. (Mitteilungen der deutschen Gesellschaft, etc., VII. I. p. 7).

Flexner speaks of "75 wretched creatures" harboured in the barracks of Helenenstrasse independently of each other. "Several of them," he says, "figured out for me the amount they must earn merely to live, from which it appeared that 10,000 marks a year barely sufficed. The first charge for their support was therefore 750,000 marks!"

In Altona it is related by the same authority that heavily-falling rain failed to send indoors the swarms of half-clad women who lectured from the pavements upon the merits of their own establishments, and the demerits of all others. Parts of this town are described by another author as being "productive of the very worst exhibitions of depravity." In Altona, in the most wretched and filthy hovels imaginable the minimum charge for a girl's board and lodging is seventy-five marks a week. (Flexner).

I mention the above named towns and certain circumstances merely to emphasize the fact that although the keeping of bordells in Germany is forbidden by law the most flagrant violations of Section 180 in the German Imperial Code are effected with the apparent sanction of the police and the unconcern of other authorities.

It is, of course, of vital importance that debased women, in any civilized community, should be kept from inflicting their presence upon respectable and clean-living persons. Especially is it of vital importance that children should not be allowed to associate with women who earn their livelihood by immorality. As a people the British know in their sound commonsense the danger of such contact. What do we find in Berlin, and in all the large towns of Germany? We find it the rule for the "unfortunate" to reside in the dwellings of the poorer middle-class and the working class. Against the criminal blindness of the German police authorities in

permitting such a state of affairs, there seems to be little protest. Aschaffenburg, however, realizes the iniquity of the situation, for he says: "From their earliest childhood, upwards, the children (i.e. of the poorer middle-class and the working-class) in the house witness the practice of this profession, and are immensely impressed by the outward brilliance of these women; the underlying misery, the canker gnawing at their hearts, the ever threatening shades of disease and death—at these they cannot guess." On the other hand, daily they see that life for their parents means hard work, and sometimes insufficient and unpalatable food, to say nothing of shabby and limited clothing for all; and they are apt to contrast this condition with that of the "gay woman" who lodges with them. For her, life appears to be a round of enjoyment punctuated by idleness. She goes every night to theatres, concerts, or dances, in startling apparel; she talks of the wonderful dinner she had at Kempinski's, and the price paid for it, and she invariably rides in a taxicab. "Such impressions," says Aschaffenburg, "remain, and render easy the first step towards vice."

Another social evil prevalent throughout Germany is the *Schlaf-bursch*, or night-lodger, who is generally a young man too poor to hire a bedroom for his sole use. He therefore hires a bed in a room where several beds are, or, as is pointed out by Fritz Leppman, "he frequently sleeps in the same room as little girls, sometimes in the same bed." Another author says:—"In Germany among the working classes it is quite common for male lodgers to sleep in the same room as the grown-up daughters of the family."

"The question of prostitution," says Herr E. H. Rosenthal, "is a very grave one for Germany, and up to now our methods of dealing with it have been hypocritical enough in all conscience. From time to time we hear speeches about the high morality of the Fatherland, and we are told that in many of our large towns houses of ill-fame do not exist. In many cases we have it on the authority of the police. What are the facts? In Hamburg, Mainz, Heidelberg, Karlsruhe, Leipzig, Munich, Nuremberg and many other towns disorderly houses flourish openly, and the police make no attempt to combat the evil. In the bordells of Germany there are thousands of young girls detained against their will, decent girls who have been entrapped and debauched by their fellow-countrymen, and nothing is done to save them. From inquiries I have made I know that the treatment of these unfortunate women is such that if the German people realized it there would be such a storm of anger that the authorities would be forced to move in

the matter in a very few days. The very worst and vilest form of slavery is in our midst. And it is our own daughters we are thus treating. What shall be said of those German men who make a fat livelihood, nay often amass fortunes in this horrible trade? Bebel said we supply half the prostitutes of the world; but do we not also produce the panders? With shame be it said the 'White Slave Traffic' of both hemispheres is largely conducted by German agents. This is but too well known in North and South America and the British Empire. Police records in these lands are eloquent of the male German delinquent."

Says Professor Aschaffenburg: "... only about 3,000 prostitutes are officially known to the Berlin police, who also know where and in whose houses they live. This fact must somehow be reconciled to another, that for some years past in Germany the number of convictions for traffic in prostitutes has never exceeded 4,000 annually, in the whole country! In all the larger cities, and often, too, in smaller towns—I need name only Hamburg, Altona, Kiel, Cologne, Mainz, Strassburg, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Karlsruhe, Freiburg, Nuremberg, Munich, Leipzig, Dresden, Halle and Magdeburg—there exist official bordells known to the police as such, often, in fact, whole streets of bordells. . . the keepers of these houses of ill-fame sell wine and spirits and . . . and they treat the girls as slaves."*

According to Wulffen, in the entire German empire between 1883-7 convictions were obtained in only 5.18% of cases relating to the white slave traffic; in the period 1898-1902 the figure had risen to 7.37%. Meanwhile local differences were widely divergent. Berlin convicted 565—43.92% of the accused; Cologne, 507—39.36%; Hamburg, 193—15.01%; and Frankfort, 26—2.03%.

Commenting on the male creatures who make considerable incomes out of the immorality of women, Boehme says: "These persons have their own clubs, their gymnastic and athletic associations, and their own bars." "In Germany" says another authority, "procuration is looked upon as a legitimate profession."

"It is the street that infects," said the late Emile Zola once. "Where vice is rampant in the streets, and is there seen and touched, its contact is corruption."

The pest of the street day and night, the pest of places of amusement, the lower-class café, and the music-hall, the Berlin women of

* A well-known Berlin house of ill-fame is capitalized at 1,000,000 marks and has recently declared a dividend of 20%. ("Berliner Tageblatt," May 2, 1912).

the pavement became such a public nuisance some few years ago that a number of ladies of title and the wives of leading city men petitioned the German Government on behalf of themselves, their sons and daughters, for protection against daily and hourly contact with the host of abandoned women at large in the capital, and requested their removal from the better residential quarters of the town, where they had installed themselves in expensive and luxuriously-appointed flats. After some delay a new list of instructions was drawn up, minute and elaborate as police instructions are wont to be in Germany, and immediately the *Sittenpolizei* (plain-clothes policemen whose special duty is the control of the prostitutes) began to act on them. The result is well remembered in Berlin. Young and innocent girls shopping in the company of their mothers, ladies of title and position who happened to be unattended by a gentleman, elderly women, in some instances the wives of pastors—all these one after another, were outrageously arrested by the score, not only in Berlin, but also in all the larger towns of the empire. So seriously did the matter develop that finally a national league of German women was formed to fight the great social evil generally, and the Kaiser found himself petitioned by about 25,000 women of the upper classes to give his august attention to a matter which affected the health and well-being of the whole of Germany. But the Kaiser, who, as is well-known, insists on having his say in most of the affairs concerning the welfare of his subjects, gallingly remained silent. The petition was ignored, except for the circumstance that the police were asked to be "more careful" in future. Otherwise the subject received no further recognition and things went on much as before the wholesale arrest of innocent persons.

Berlin has often been styled (by the Germans) "the model great city of the world," but this opinion is not based on solid facts. True, the vast army of scavengers employed, keep the streets free from litter and refuse, and the police take care to keep out of sight Berlin's vast army of vagrants and pauper cripples. But these are trifles merely. In the year 1900 the municipal authorities of the German capital had to record many unpleasant facts and figures, which in themselves show Berlin to be anything but an ideal city. For instance, it was found that 73.7% of the inhabitants of the capital city exist in dwellings comprising two rooms or less. Seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dwell in single rooms; five hundred and sixty-one thousand live in two rooms; five thousand four hundred and fifty in one unheated room; while seven thousand

seven hundred and fifty-nine subsist in a kitchen. A recent census shows that in Berlin a single house on an average accommodates seventy-seven persons, while in London we find only eight inmates per house. In some of the Berlin tenement houses there are instances where as many as 250 families are herded together in each building. "The model great city of the world," then, suffers seriously with overcrowding, an inimical factor in the matter of hygiene and morality.

Dr. Iwan Bloch, speaking of the housing statistics of Berlin for the same year (1900) writes: "... they reveal horrible conditions . . . conditions which are sufficiently explained when we consider how often families living in a single room take in a male or a female lodger for the night. . . One-roomed dwellings in which from four to seven sleep every night are common; those in which eight to ten sleep are by no means rare!"

Let us hear another German authority, von Pfeiffer, on the miserable housing conditions prevailing in the Fatherland:

"It is easier," says von Pfeiffer, "to thunder against immorality from the top of a lofty tower than it is to resist every allurements from the confines of dull narrow dwellings in the midst of poverty and deprivation. . . The lodger becomes familiar with the wife; the married or free-loving pair, also living in the house, do not restrain their affectionate transports until the children are out of the way. The youngsters therefore are witnesses of scenes which do nothing to inculcate morality; they see things which they later come to regard as matters of course, and when they have the opportunity they act in the same way themselves, for they have not learned differently, and they think that everyone does the same . . ."

Further on he observes:

"A servant girl becomes pregnant; no one knows what has become of the child's father. Driven out of her place she remembers that she has a married sister, and after long search she finds her in a damp basement dwelling. This dwelling consists of a single room and a dark kitchen; three shivering, dirty children are playing on the floor; the husband is out of employment, but still they can find room for this sister-in-law and her illegitimate child. Then perhaps there are better days for a time. But within the narrow limits of the one-roomed dwelling the association is too intimate, and the sister-in-law again becomes a mother. . ."

Most men have heard of the so-called "Night-life of Berlin." A generation ago the wealthy Berliner in quest of dubious nocturnal pleasures betook himself to Paris, which beautiful city of light and

learning he persuaded himself was the "gayest" in the world. Berlin, ever imitative, resolved to outvie the French capital in the matter of voluptuous entertainment, and seemingly she has done so to such tune that we find a German journalist in 1913 describing Paris in the pages of the *Lokal-Anzeiger* as "a most respectable, dead-dull hole." "In the game of the senses," observes another enlightened Berlin critic, "the neighbourhood of the Friedrich-strasse at night makes, by comparison, all the other capitals of Europe seem funereal. Every salon, every festival is redolent of the most exquisite pleasure of the senses." So early, however, as the middle of the nineteenth century Berlin was a "gay" and immoral city. In a work by a German author, Dr. Sass, entitled "Berlin" (1855) we find the following:

"No city in Germany can boast of the splendid ball-rooms of Berlin. One in particular, near the Brandenburg gate and the Parade-ground, is remarkable for its size, and presents a magnificent exterior, especially in the evening, when hundreds of lamps stream through the windows and light up the park in front. The interior is of corresponding splendour, and when the vast hall resounds with the music of the grand orchestra, and is filled with a gay crowd rustling in silks or satins, or lounging in the hall, or whirling in the giddy waltz, it is certainly a scene to intoxicate the youth who frequent it in search of adventure, or to drink in the poison of seductive and deceiving, although bright and fascinating eyes. Should the foreigner visit this scene on one of its gay nights, he may get a glimpse of the depths of Berlin life. This splendid scene has its dark side. This is not respectable Berlin. This whirling, laughing crowd is frivolous Berlin, whether of wealth, extravagance, and folly, or of poverty, vice and necessity. The prostitute and the swindler are on every side. Formerly the female visitors were of good repute, but gradually courtesans and women of light character slipped in, until at length no lady could be seen there. And the aforesaid foreigner who lounges through the rooms, admiring the elegant and lovely women who surround him in charge of some highly respectable elderly person, an "aunt," or a *chaperone*, or possibly in company with her "newly-married husband," seeks to know the names and positions of such evident celebrity and fashion. "Do not you know her? Any police officer can tell you her history," are the replies he receives. There is a class of men at this place who perform a function singular to the uninitiated. These worthies are the "husbands" of the before-mentioned ladies. They play the careless or the strict cavalier;

are Bluebeards on occasion ; appear or keep out of sight, according to the proprieties of the moment. And they live on the immoral earnings of their paramours."

The same writer gives the following sketch of a dancing saloon.

"The price of admission is one mark, which insures a company who can pay. The male public are of all conditions, and include students, clerks, and artists, with, of course, a fair share of rogues and pickpockets. The majority of the women are prostitutes. There may be found girls of rare beauty, steeped to the lips in all the arts of iniquity. The philosopher may see life essentially in the same grade as in the last description, but in a somewhat less artificial condition. Scenes of bacchant excitement and of wildest abandonment may be witnessed here. The outward show is all mirth and happiness ; pleasure unrestrained seems the business of the place. Turn the picture. The most showy of the costumes are hired ; the gaiety is for a living ; the liberty is licentiousness. These creatures, who, all blithesome as they seem, the victims of others who fleece them of everything they can earn, are now engaged in securing victims from whom they may wring the gains which are to pay the hire of their elegant dresses, or furnish means for further excesses, or perhaps to pay for their supper that evening. It is the fashion of the place for each gentleman to invite a lady to supper, where the quantity of wine drunk is incredible. How many a young man has to trace not merely loss of cash and health to such a place, but also loss of honour. The ladies who have no such agreeable partners sit apart, sullen and discontented ; oft-times they have no money to pay for their own refreshments. Pair by pair the crowd diminishes, until 3 or 4 o'clock, when the place is closed."

The lowest dancing-houses are the *Tanz wirthschaften*, inferior to the Saloons, where, the same author writes :

"The dance is carried to its wildest excess to ear-splitting music in a pestilential atmosphere. The poor are extravagant ; drunkenness and profligacy abound. Servants of both sexes, soldiers and journeymen, workwomen and prostitutes, make up the public. Here, on the most frivolous pretences, concubinage and marriage are arranged, and from this scene of folly and vice the family is ushered to the world. The wet-nurse is met here, "the type of country simplicity," who, after a night of tumult and uproar with her lover, will go in the morning to nurse the child whose mother neglects her parental duties at the dictates of fashion. The working-classes have their representatives, who drown their cares in drink,

while boys and girls make up the motley party. In these assemblies there is a difference. Some are attended by citizens of the humbler classes, by working men and women ; others by criminals and their paramours. In these latter resorts the excesses are of a more frightful character than in those where a show of decency restrains the grosser exhibitions ; youth of both sexes are among the well-known criminals, who are habituated to smoking, drinking, and the wildest orgies, long before their frames have attained a proper development. Physiognomies which might have sprung from the most hideous fancy of poet or painter may be met with."

In another part of Dr. Sass's book there is the following indictment of German immorality in family life ; it is headed : *Private Life in Berlin* :

" . . . Let us enter the house. The first floor is inhabited by a family of distinction ; husband and wife have been separated for years ; he lives on one side, she on the other ; both go out in public together ; the proprieties are kept in view, but servants will chatter.

" On the second floor lives an assessor with his kept woman. When he is out of town, as the house is well aware, a doctor pays her a visit. On the other side of the staircase lives a carrier, with his wife and child. The wife had not mentioned that this child was born before marriage ; he found it out ; of course they quarrelled, and he now takes his revenge in drunkenness, blows and abuse.

" We ascend to the third floor. On the right of the stairs is a teacher who has had a child by his wife's sister ; the wife grieves sorely over the same. With him lodges a house-painter, who ran away from his wife and three children, and now lives, with his concubine, and one child, in a wretched little cupboard. On the left is a letter-carrier's family. His pay is £2 8s. a month, but the people seem comfortable. Their daughter has a very nice front room, well furnished, and is kept by a very wealthy merchant, a married man. Exactly opposite there is a house of accommodation, and close by there is a midwife, whose sign-board announces ' An institute for ladies of condition, where they can go through their confinement in retirement.' I can assure the reader that in this sketch of sexual and family life in Berlin I have ' nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice.' "

But to return to twentieth century Berlin :

" Of the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin at night I could tell strange and horrible things," says an anonymous writer. . . . " In the glare and glister of Broadway I have studied the many faces

of sin, and I have gone home—shuddering, wondering what is the meaning behind Nature's brain that she does these things. I knew Regent Street in London when the night faces under the jaundiced gas jets made my soul reach. I knew Paris when she flaunted her painted flesh in the eyes of all the world. Yet a certain cleanliness veneered her filthy skin. That was all very many years ago, and as cities of vice London and Paris long since yielded their pride of place to Berlin. I am, I suppose, not a respectable man, for I do confess that when I visit a big town, be it in Europe or in any other portion of the world; I spend not my precious hours catalogue in hand, gazing at pictures, and uttering my judgment, on painters living or dead. To me there is nothing so important in life as life itself. I am interested, the whiles I live, in nothing half so much as men, women and ideas. As to men and women the bad, perhaps, interest me a little more than the good; and the bad are many in Berlin. I read a book when I was young—my father would have cracked my head had he known that I surreptitiously purloined it from the locked-half of his bookcase—I read a book which was nothing more nor less than a history of vice in all nations. Though my father had always maintained I was too young to read that book, I know that he was wrong, and that I was right in disobeying him. That volume was worth all the sermons in the world, at least to me. It brought home to me the great scriptural truth *Live Righteously or you Die*, as no sermon could. In that volume I read of the unprintable and unspeakable horrors of Greece and Rome, and I wondered if such a fate would ever befall one of the great nations of our day. When I visited Berlin last fall the scenes depicted in that book of vice came vividly back to me. Here in the capital town of Germany in the twentieth century after Christ nightly gathered the werewolves that once prowled the love-marts of Greece and Rome. In this Chicago-like German town, by day its buildings reeking of conventional respectability, by night its garb new-gilded like some Eastern houri's, I saw the ghosts of Rome alive again and in the flesh. In the shadows lurked the pallid wraiths of things once known in Greece.

Flourishing institutions in Berlin and the larger towns of Germany are the so-called Animierkneipe and American bar, where the professed prostitute is employed specially to push the sale of drink as far as she is able. She must drink with her customers, and entertain them after her fashion, whether they be intoxicated or not. In all these evil resorts of men, young, middle-aged and

old, there are carefully bescreened corners where the barmaid-prostitute may retire with her quarry. The German on his first visit to London (unless he has learned otherwise at home) always assumes that the English barmaids are fallen women, as he also deems English waitresses in general are, for he knows the prevailing conditions throughout his own urban Germany. The proprietors of these German disease-traps, since so many new "bars" are being continually brought into existence, are often at their wits' end to make their places more attractive. I have myself seen in Berlin a poster, with the picture of a nude female thereon, exhibited in the window of an "American bar," and underneath the poster the announcement: "new service weekly," which means that the staff of girls or women employed are engaged for one week only. The "morals police," and the police generally, are well aware of the nature of these drink-shops, as are all German men, and most German women; but no efforts have been taken to stamp out the evil, at any rate none had been taken up to July, 1914, to my own certain knowledge. A recent statistical return on the waitresses employed in Berlin shows that 57.2 per cent. remained in one place three months or less. Of 1,108 cases examined 73.2 had been in more than six places in one year, 200 more than 10, and 63 more than 20. *Henning Denkschrift über das Kellnerinnen-Wesen (Berlin)*. These bars, viewed in their capacity to do harm, constitute the most demoralizing mode of prostitution extant.

"The 'animierkneipen' and the restaurants with women attendants can be plainly distinguished from a considerable distance by their curtained windows, and by the red, green, or blue glass panes over the doors of entry," says Iwan Bloch. "These coloured panes are so characteristic of these dens of iniquity that at the District Synod of the Friedrichswerder section of the town of Berlin the attempt was made (c.f. *Vossische Zeitung*, No. 248, May 30, 1906) to forbid the use of such illuminated panes for the advertisement of such houses of entertainment with female attendants in Berlin. To this proposal the objection was made that if this distinguishing mark were done away with there would be no means of recognizing such places, and therefore no warning signal for blameless individuals."

And what of the other "pleasure" institutions of a like-kind in the German capital? What are the dance-hall, variété, or cabaret, but houses of assignation of the worst kind. In these places the "artistes" are invariably women of depraved character:

else they would not be engaged by the proprietors, who, however, pay their female performers a nominal fee; in a good many cases though nothing at all. These women performers, most of them young, with good figures, are not always German. Many an English girl decoyed to Berlin with the promise of a "star" engagement at a leading variety house, has drifted into this immoral mode of life owing to the rascality of some German agent in our midst, as London police-court proceedings have often shown. The procedure of these "artistes" is much the same as is that of their sex in the drink-shops. After their "turns," still clad in the filmy covering of the stage, they walk about freely among the audience, first attempting to divine which man has the best-filled purse. A likely acquaintance made, an agreement for a further meeting is arranged over a bottle of champagne, perhaps. Yet the bordell in Berlin is forbidden by law!

"Prostitution," says Iwan Bloch, "is now dominant in the ball-rooms and dancing-saloons of Berlin.* It is only necessary to visit the more celebrated—the Ballhaus in the Joachimstrasse, the 'Blumensäle,' etc., not to speak of more horrible places still, as, for example, Lestmann's Dancing Saloon."

Another author says: "Certain cafés in Berlin, particularly the 'Café National,' the Café Keck in the Leipzigerstrasse, are typical nocturnal cafés and the resort of the most depraved of both sexes. . . . Oddly, it has become the custom of the better-class Berliners to take their wives, and not infrequently their grown-up daughters to witness the nightly proceedings at these disreputable places."

"In Berlin in recent years," writes Bloch, "the number of half-grown and even childish prostitutes has enormously increased. Girl prostitutes of thirteen to fourteen years of age are no longer rare."

The same author speaking of the immorality of young German girls observes: "Only 30 years ago there were many shop-girls who led virtuous lives. For the girl brought up in the atmosphere of the lower middle-class there was a certain ill-odour about forming illicit relationships. This has completely passed away. The girls of this *stratum* who with open eyes withstand all allurements, might be counted on the fingers. At the present day these 'intimacies' extend deeply into the middle classes of (German) society."

Again he says: "In Berlin prostitution has increased to an ex-

* "Sexual Life of our Time," 1908.

tent almost double that of the increase in male population. A similar circumstance is to be observed in other large towns."

It should be remembered, however, that in Berlin, since 1904, there has existed a central police organisation for the suppression of the international traffic in girls, the activity or inactivity of which is supposed to extend throughout the empire. The operations of this police organisation have been disappointing, for as Scheffer remarks: "The evil shows no sign of diminution. The police have done little more than draw up a list of all the offenders known, which is saying little, since names and localities are so easily changed." "It is to be hoped," remarks Bloch, "that in comparison with the other countries of Europe the number of German girls exported to bordells abroad will continually grow smaller."

We now come to a worse aspect of sexual life in Germany. A discussion of the subject in these pages being obviously out of the question I will confine myself to recapitulating evidence from leading authorities, most of them Germans themselves. I would gladly omit all reference to such a distasteful phase of human life, but as I wish to prove that Germany is undeniably a degenerate nation, the subject must be set forth here—as briefly and in as few words as possible.

Sexual perversion in Germany has assumed proportions of such grave magnitude that it may be considered a national vice. *Le vice allemand* it is now termed by the leading medical men of France. The study of the question, however, has been for years principally carried on in Germany, and the foremost authorities on the vice are Germans born and bred. That fact in itself says much.

In Berlin alone, according to Mr. Abraham Flexner, there are forty resorts patronised by these perverts. "And it is reported that some 30,000 persons of marked homo-sexual inclination reside in the German capital." * This statement, as will be noticed later, is a modest one. The same authority also affirms that in Berlin there are two thousand male "street-walkers" known to the police.

Dr. Iwan Bloch asserts that "in all large towns (in Germany, that is) there exists what is called a 'Strich' (promenade) where male perverts are accustomed to walk. . . In Berlin the principal promenades are the Friedrichstrasse, the Passage, and some of the walks in the Tiergarten."

"A peculiar species of meeting places for sexual perverts in Berlin," says Bloch, "is represented by the soldiers' public-houses in the neighbourhood of the barracks, where soldiers are met and

* "Prostitution in Europe." The Century Press, N.Y., 1913.

treated. . . and where arrangements are made for subsequent meetings. There also exists a 'soldiers' promenade' where the soldiers walk up and down. . . Athletes also enter freely into relationships with perverts."

M. Hirschfeld in "Berlin's Third Sex," page 26 (Berlin and Leipzig, 1905) says: ". . . there exists in Berlin an association which meets in the evening and whose members consist exclusively of depraved princes, counts and barons."

According to another authority "women have their places of meeting and give parties and balls in Berlin, appearing often in men's clothing. . . They generally use male nicknames." The same authority also states that "there are in the capital certain restaurants, cafés, eating-houses, and public houses frequented by none other than the pervert." *

Iwan Bloch says in this connection: "There are also social literary unions, such as the club 'Lohengrin,' the anti-feministic 'Gesellschaft der Eigenen,' the 'Platen-Gemeinschaft,' etc."

Oscar Metenier in his book "Vertus et Vices Allemands" (Paris, 1904) speaks of the numerous balls in Berlin given by and for men only, and rejoices in the fact that such proceedings are totally inexistent in Paris.

"Sexual aberration," says Bloch, "is diffused throughout all classes of the (German) population. We find it among workmen just as much as among aristocrats, princely personalities, and intellectual heroes. Physicians, lawyers, theologians, philosophers, merchants, artists, etc., all contribute their contingents to uranism."

The same authority mentions that in September, 1906, in Gratz, a "Secret Society for Immoral Purposes" was discovered by the police. At the head of this club was a merchant B——, junr., aged 30 years. Persons of high position were members of the "club" whose headquarters were in the large restaurant "Zum Konigstiger." Under the title of "An Assembly of Beauty" festivals were held in the large garden of the restaurant, festivals which were concluded as orgies behind closed doors.

Hirschfeld (quoted by Bloch) computes that the total number of sexually aberrated and perverse persons in Germany is 2.2%. Therefore taking the census of 1900 when the population was set down at 56,367,178, there would be about 1,200,000 sexually diseased persons in the German empire; while as regards Berlin, the population then being 2,500,000, 56,000 persons would be so afflicted. (cf. Flexner).

* Flexner says the same thing, and that these places are well-known to the "morale-police."

Le vice allemand as revealed in the unspeakable Eulenburg affair, came as no surprise to the man who knows the upper-class German at home. For a long while, in several of the Kaiser's crack cavalry regiments, *le vice allemand* had flourished as a poisonous weed, notwithstanding that severe measures were said to have been taken to exterminate it. But it also flourished in higher quarters still, i.e., among a group of men, headed by Prince Philip Eulenburg, who constituted a body of irregular advisers and confidants of the Emperor. That Wilhelm II. had been at all influenced by Eulenburg and his clique Prince Bülow denied in the Reichstag on November 28th, 1907. He also denied the existence of an alleged Court "Camarilla," and instanced that the Sovereigns in history who had been under the influence of a group of such persons (composed chiefly of intriguers and parasites) were those Sovereigns, with little independence of character, and who had in some manner shut themselves off from the world. As Wilhelm II. did not suffer from any lack of independence; as he certainly did not seclude himself from his subjects like an anchorite, etc., of course there could be no "Camarilla." Prince Philip Eulenburg and his set were just private friends of the Kaiser, just that and nothing more.

It was the fearless Herr Maximilian Harden, the Editor of *Zukunft*, who occasioned this pronouncement of Bulow's, by reason of a series of articles in that periodical, denouncing Eulenburg and his associates as totally unfit for human society. As such stern measures had been adopted to eradicate the vice from the army, why should not the same measures be employed in dealing with those of the Kaiser's friends who were addicted to the same practices? At the earnest desire of his brother officers the Crown Prince, it is said, at once called his father's attention to Harden's pungent criticism, a proceeding which Bülow in his speech in the Reichstag approved of as "an act of State."

Of course the German Kaiser was not to know of the vicious and depraved moral natures of the men who often rode, walked, talked and drank with him, men who enjoyed his closest intimacy. Wilhelm the Second has been charged with many sins; but are we really to believe that the ruler of present-day Germany, evil souled as he may be, knew that his personal friends were creatures who indulged in and connived at unnameable vices? There are those who suggest that the monarch must have well known the degenerate character of his friends, and the opinions of the specialists Kraft-Ebing, Tarnowski and others lend strong support to the view. Men addicted to *le vice allemand*, according to these authorities,

make no secret of their predilections, and the detection of their proclivities, therefore, presents no difficulty. At any rate, the publicity given to the Eulenburg exposure had a serious effect upon the Kaiser's health. He came to Christchurch, Hampshire, suffering from a severe nervous breakdown: it was feared that his reason was threatened, since he was strange both in mind and in his actions. From this nervous breakdown it is maintained Wilhelm II. has never properly recovered. That the First of the Germans is, and has always been, a neuropath is like enough: his eccentricities, his inconsistent mode of thought, his aerial perorations, his eternal references to the Deity—these and other attributes proclaim him to be afflicted with psycho-neurotic paranoia. In plain English the German Kaiser is insane.

Le vice allemand, we have seen, flourishes under the very nose of the German "morals-police": gatherings of these perverts are not seldom chronicled in humorous fashion in the German press. Here is a report which appeared in a Berlin newspaper some years ago. Krafft-Ebing quotes it in his *Psychopathia Sexualis*.

"*The Woman Haters' Ball*. Almost every social element in Berlin has its social reunions—the corpulent, the bald-headed, the young—and why not the woman haters? This species of men, so interesting psychologically and none too edifying, had a great ball to-day. 'Grand Vienna Mask Ball'—so read the notice. The sale of tickets was more than discriminative; it was exclusive. The rendezvous was a well-known dance hall. We enter the hall about midnight. The graceful dancing is to the strains of a splendid orchestra. Dense tobacco smoke, veiling the gas jets, does not easily allow details of the moving mass to become obvious. Only during the interval between the dances can we obtain a clearer and closer view. The masks, we see, are by far in the majority; black dress-coats and ball gowns are seen only now and then.

"But what is that? The lady in rose-tarlatan, who just now passed us has a lighted cigar in the corner of her mouth, puffing like a trooper; and we observe she wears a fine blonde beard, lightly painted out. And she is talking with a very *décolleté* 'angel' in *tricot*, who stands there with bare arms folded behind her, likewise smoking. The two voices are masculine, and the conversation is also masculine, it is about the—tobacco which kills the atmosphere. Two men in female attire. A conventional clown stands there, against a pillar, in widespread intercourse with a ballet-

* *Psychopathia Sexualis*, by Dr. R. von Krafft-Ebing. The F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia and London.

dancer, his arm placed around her faultless waist. She has a blonde 'Titus-head,' clear-cut profile, and apparently a voluptuous figure. The brilliant ear-rings, the necklace with a medallion attached, the full, round shoulders and arms, do not allow a doubt of her 'genuineness,' until, with a sudden movement, she frees herself from the embracing arm, and, yawning loudly, moves away, observing in a bass voice, 'Emile, how you bore me to-day.' The ballet dancer is likewise a male.

"Suspicious now, we look further around us. We begin to suspect that here in this hall the world is topsy-turvy, for here goes, or, rather, trips, a man—no, no man at all, even though he wears a carefully trained moustache. The well-curled hair, the powdered and painted face with the blackened eyebrows, the golden ear-rings, the bouquet of flowers reaching from the left shoulder to the breast, adorning the elegant black gown, the golden bracelets on the wrists, the elegant fan in the white-gloved hand—all these appurtenances are anything but masculine. And how she toys with the fan! How he dances and turns, and trips and lisps! And yet Nature made this doll a man. He is, we learn, a salesman in a large millinery store, and the ballet-dancer mentioned is his 'colleague.'

"At a little corner table there seems to be a great social circle. Several elderly gentlemen press around a group of *décolleté* ladies, who sit over a glass of wine and (in the spirit of fun) make jokes that are certainly not too delicate. Who are these three ladies? 'Ladies,' echoes my better-informed friend. 'Well, the one on the right, with the brown hair and the short, fancy-dress, is called 'Butterrieke,' and he is a hair-dresser; the second one—the blonde in a singer's costume, with the necklace of pearls—is known here by the name of 'Fraulein Ella of the tight-rope,' and he is a ladies' tailor; as for the third—that is the widely-celebrated 'Lottie.'"

"But that individual cannot possibly be a man? That waist, that bust, those classic arms, the whole air and person are strikingly feminine."

"I am told that 'Lottie' was once a book-keeper. To-day she, or rather he, is exclusively 'Lottie,' and finds the keenest pleasure in deceiving men about his sex as long as possible. 'Lottie' is singing a song that would hardly do for a drawing-room. His highly-pitched voice, acquired by years of practice, many a soprano might envy. 'Lottie' has also trodden the stage as a female comedian. Now the quondam book-keeper has so thoroughly entered into the female *role* that he wears female attire in the streets

almost exclusively, and the people with whom he lodges state that most of his clothes are feminine clothes, and that moreover this man sleeps in an embroidered night-dress.

"On a closer examination of this weird assembly, to my astonishment, I discovered acquaintances on all hands; my boot-maker, whom I should have taken for anything but a woman-hater—he is a 'troubadour' with sword and plume; while his 'Leonora,' in the costume of a bride, is accustomed to place my favourite brand of cigars before me in a certain cigar shop. 'Leonora,' who, during an intermission, removes her gloves, I recognize with certainty by her large, blue hands. Right! There is a haberdasher I know also; he is moving about in a questionable costume as Bacchus, and is the swain of a repugnantly bedecked Diana, who is employed as a waiter in a beer-restaurant. The real 'ladies' of the ball cannot be described here. They associate strictly with one another, and avoid the woman-haters; the latter, also, are very exclusive and amuse themselves absolutely ignoring the charms of the women."

Krafft-Ebing, after quoting the foregoing, speaks of the apathy of the Berlin police who permit such assemblies, and points out to the authorities the danger likely to accrue by reason of such exhibitions. This dance was held in 1884, yet similar gatherings were of frequent occurrence in Berlin in 1914, and were advertised in the daily Press. The distinguished American author I have quoted, Mr. Flexner, himself was present at one of these dances where "a hundred and fifty male persons were present . . and not a single female."

In dismissing this revolting phase of German life, I may mention that a celebrated German jurist of Hanover, named Ulrich, wrote a number of pamphlets advocating marriage between man and man, and woman and woman. He it was who coined the term "Urnings," the names by which these afflicted beings are known all over Germany.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

Says the author of "Das Bordellhaus," after quoting Wilhelm Joest: "It is not to be doubted that Berlin is the real centre of the White Slave Traffic. In this city there are many firms trading sometimes as cigar merchants, wine dealers, jewellers, music-hall agents, apothecaries, restaurant keepers and confectioners, firms who are solely employed in importing and exporting young

women. Detection in this nefarious business is not easy, for where such a trade is carried on by men with shrewd business ability, and capital behind them, they do not incur the risk common to the unintelligent bungler.

"In office or shop which betrays no sign of sinisterness are these young women first interviewed. The 'principal' is perfectly polite and businesslike and as likely as not refers his victim to his 'wife.' The victim then proceeds to the flat or house of the 'principal' where Mrs. von. Schultze, let us say, 'sounds the girl as to her moral sense in general.' If the girl appears to have no great regard for chastity, or she seems likely to be 'converted,' the subject of her future is discussed in nice gradations. If the victim is a good girl, and is honestly desirous of finding legitimate employment, particularly if she be young and good-looking or handsome, Frau von Schultze will suddenly discover that her sister-in-law, Mrs. von Schultze, of New York, wants a 'young lady' to assist her in the management of her private house, and further that she will pay wages which look like Golconda to the unsophisticated applicant, of whatever nationality she may be. Her passage to America is paid, she is given a little pocket money to spend on 'luxuries'—and Berlin (with the exception of Herr and Frau von Schultze) never sees nor hears anything of the girl again. As this is a daily occurrence in the life of the von Schultze's, and their probable 'fees' from abroad are anything from 20,000 m. per girl upwards, it is to be assumed that Herr von Schultze and his wife live in the West End of Berlin and keep their servants and motors.

"At present the 'American' vaudeville agent is transacting this business on a large scale. Of course, he is no American at all, but he may have lived in America long enough to learn and speak the language. This individual has 'correspondents' in different large capitals, and by advertisements for 'chorus' girls, dancers, and young lady aspirants for the theatre, he is inundated by crowds of young and silly girls ambitious of becoming public performers. His 'correspondent' in one of the capital cities has perhaps a list of young girls who wish to travel 'all over the world,' see life, and support themselves meanwhile by their appearance in some capacity on the music-hall or theatrical stage. Frequently he charges the girls no fee—that comes from Berlin or elsewhere—and he has been known to pay his victims' travelling expenses. An English, Scotch or Irish girl of the so-called lower classes seldom speaks a foreign tongue, with the result that in a foreign city her plight is often a sad and hopeless one. From Portugal and Spain, Hungary,

Galicia, Poland and Roumania, and some parts of Scandinavia and Russia, girls are entrapped into Berlin by these ghouls (*gholes*), and their manipulation, owing often to their ignorance of the German language, presents no difficulty. From abroad these young women are usually accompanied by a well-dressed beldame of respectable mien; where the girls come in batches a man and a woman frequently escort them, the principal part of their duty being strict surveillance and the prohibition of conversation with fellow travellers. Where exceedingly young girls are being decoyed these are made in different ways to look so childish and simple that no person regarding them would for a moment suspect the infamy of their journey's beginning and end. It is the ensnaring of very young girls which calls for the attention of the police of all countries. How many school-girls, for instance, disappear annually from all the large towns of Europe? In all, thousands. And in 95% of these 'mysterious' disappearances, the 'merchant' of human flesh alone is accountable and to blame. The question of prostitution is still a problem unsolved by any state, but where the female 'white slaves' are of mature years and discretion—these cases are not the ones that call for first and most energetic attention. Europe must save its young girls, whatever other form of human wickedness be tolerated."

The author then arraigns another type of Berlin "procurer." This time a young man, who, if he exists in great numbers in the German capital, has likewise his counterpart in most of the capital cities of Europe, and in the big towns of America.

"A type that is multiplying alarmingly," says the same author, "is that of the young (always well-dressed) 'Zühhälter' (bully or *souteneur*). He will often affect the English style of dress, wears plenty of jewellery, patent-leather shoes, and highly-coloured socks. By day he is seldom seen; by night only in the Animierkneipe, and dancing-saloon. In these haunts of the damned he spends money freely, and passes often enough for the son of wealthy parents. Regarded from any point of view he is one of the most actively evil of the male species. His method of acquiring a considerable income without the fatigue of work is as follows:

"He makes the acquaintance of a good-looking young girl, sometimes a domestic servant, nursemaid, factory or shop girl, and pays her serious attention for a time. Later, he proposes marriage, and under a promise of marriage he persuades her to leave her situation and go with him on a 'holiday,' it may be. The marriage never takes place, and the girl, ruined, perforce has to live

with her seducer, who is not slow to force her into further immorality with other men in order to keep himself well supplied with money. In a recent case of this kind it was ascertained that the man had decoyed upwards of twenty young and perfectly respectable young women, and that he was, when arrested on a charge of violent assault, actually 'living' at seven different addresses with so many of his dupes.

"The railway station procuress is another hideous and still prevalent danger. This woman subsists chiefly on the 'capture' of our own fresh, healthy and young country girls who come up to Berlin or to other of our large cities to enter a situation or to seek one. On arriving at a great railway station, especially late at night, amidst all the noise and confusion of the platform the young girl stranger is easily induced by a well-dressed lady of kindly face and manner to accompany her to her own 'boarding-house.' Here she is either forcibly detained, or drugged and violated, and in the latter case her mind filled with an awful sense of shame, and cognisant of the great difficulties which beset her to regain the path of virtue, she is induced to live a life of shame. Of the hundreds—perhaps thousands, who knows?—of young girls of diverse nationality kept prisoners in Berlin's dens of infamy, who learns aught? Certainly not the police.

"Again it has leaked out from time to time that there are drivers of public vehicles who work hand-in-hand with procurers and abductors. What is easier for these drivers than to make a 'mistake' in conveying a girl to her destination? In this regard the antecedents of these public servants should be more thoroughly enquired into.

"The daring of procuresses is well known to the police. They have been detected obtaining admission into hospitals. Here they make the acquaintance of pretty girls whose precise location in the public hospital gives proof of their lack of money. These helpless creatures are an easy prey, as a rule, and eagerly listen to the tale of the well-remunerated position they are to fill on their return to health.

"I heard the following from Dr.—, the principal surgeon at a Berlin hospital:

"A girl of fourteen came up to Berlin from a country village. After serving for a year in a grocer's shop there, she was persuaded by an aunt to seek a situation in Berlin, and provided with funds for the journey. After the girl had been in Berlin a week she slipped on the pavement and broke her ankle. Alone in Berlin, and not

having obtained employment, there was no other way open to her but the free hospital. After a time she was removed to another hospital on the outskirts of Berlin, where she had to remain some months. Just before her discharge a handsomely-dressed, middle-aged 'lady' drove up to the hospital in a well-appointed private carriage, and passing into the ward where the girl reclined in an easy-chair, asked if she would care to take a highly-paid position as a nurse-maid. A highly-coloured account was given of the beautiful house and grounds she was to see, and the lovely children she was to make the acquaintance of. The girl agreed, and in a few days the 'lady' reappeared and drove off with the convalescent towards the city. Half an hour later the girl entered, unknowingly, a house of ill-fame, and she was imprisoned in that house, kept under lock and key, for a period of three months. The girl eventually escaped; the 'lady' was arrested, and, as so often happens in Berlin in cases of this description, the procuress was not convicted.

"Do these brazen outrages," asks the author, "take place in broad daylight, and under the very eyes of police and public in other capitals, or is this a purely German piece of wickedness?"

After giving other instances of the forcible abduction of young girls, the author proceeds:

"Prostitution, it is plain, can never be stamped out. There is no Government in the world which can successfully attack it. If it flourishes through the agency of cigar shops, massage parlours, or employment agencies, no sooner do these centres attract the notice of the police, and pressure is brought to bear upon them, than the evil at once takes another form, and is safe from detection—for a while. A case recently brought to light in Berlin revealed the fact that a gang of these dealers in female flesh kept a shop in which they exposed for sale clerical vestments, and various sacred objects and utensils requisite for divine service in the churches."

Throughout America to-day a large percentage of the male and female exploiters of young girls are persons bearing German names, most of whom are Germans born. "Most of the German male element concerned in the 'White Slave Traffic,'" says a Chicago editorial, "have been seducers of girls and women all their lives. In more than one instance well known to the New York police a whole family are actively engaged in the business. The parents in one case keep a flashily fitted-up restaurant which is nothing but a rendezvous for pimps, crooks, procurers and prostitutes. There are four daughters, all of them prostitutes, and the two sons are pimps and procurers. The father and mother, who own two handsome auto-

mobiles, are constantly touring on the look-out for young girls whom their sons will ruin and afterwards exploit in houses of ill-fame run by them.

"For three or four years a 'syndicate' of a dozen men with German names have run a like number of 'one-dollar' houses of ill-fame in the Tenderloin. These individuals who appear to be rolling in money have branch 'establishments' not only in Chicago but in several other cities in America and in Europe. They have an office in Berlin, and hosts of young German and Austrian girls are inveigled into crossing the Atlantic on the promise of a good situation this side. Once in New York they find themselves prisoners in a one-dollar house—one of the most brutal and horrible dens of infamy existing in the civilised or uncivilised world. These loathsome dealers in human wares buy and sell shares of their houses strictly among themselves. Seldom is it that an outsider, unless he be a relative, or have safe 'references,' can join the circle and share in the gains. The value of the shares depends upon the astuteness of the proprietors in keeping the places unmolested by the police. If this is accomplished the profits are enormous and the successful business man is called 'the king.' This 'king' acts as managing director of the syndicate, and upon him devolves the duty of finding fresh partners and discovering other avenues of profit.

"Men of this description follow public sentiment and opinion better than most politicians. When, as sometimes happens, a spasmodic effort at reform is made by the authorities these worthies at once visit their lawyers to discuss what their policy should be. Perhaps their numerous houses have to be closed; in this case the 'king' sees to it that all rents are paid, right up to the time the moral outbreak dies down—which is inevitable. The shareholders in 'Fleisch Unlimited' know the staying capacity of reformers. 'They'll get tired before we do. The wind will soon turn. They'll sleep again in a week or two'—such remarks are uttered by those whose long experience in the business enables them to form a pretty sharp opinion of the reformers' tenacity."

Another American writer asks: "Is the German the valuable citizen some persons affirm him to be? What about the huge number of male and female delinquents in the 'White Slave' line? What about the huge number of souteneurs and swindlers with German names in our midst? Is it not something in these days to have an Anglo-Saxon name?" He then says: "In Chicago for a period of a little over 12 months from October 1st, 1909, there were 28 Germans convicted for offences connected with the White

Slave Traffic, and there was not one among the rest who was even of British descent." He then quotes the following list of Germans convicted :

- A. Hopper :* Pandering. Judge Newcomer. Sentence 10 months and \$300.00 fine, October 2, 1909. Also engaged in importing girls into Chicago to be sold into disreputable houses.
- D. Garfinkle :* Pandering. Judge Going. Sentence 6 months and \$300.00 fine, November 18, 1909. St. Louis agent of Chicago—St. Louis crowd. Convicted in Chicago.
- W. Degmann :* Pandering. Judge Newcomer. Sentence 6 months and \$300.00 fine, November 5, 1909. Sold wife, Annie Degmann, into a West Side resort.
- J. Paul :* Pandering. Judge Stewart. Sentence 1 year and \$600,000 fine. Girl brought from Indiana upon promise of employment.
- Paul Auer :* Manager for the most notorious White Slave Traffickers of America, the Van Bevers, Maurice and Julia, forfeited his bonds and fled the country, November, 1909.
- R. Heiley :* Pandering. Judge Going. Sentence 6 months and \$300.00 fine, December 10, 1909. Procured Ethel — for disreputable resort.
- A. Lietke :* Pandering. Judge Newcomer. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300.00 and costs, January 5, 1910.
- Clara Klein :* Pandering. Judge Fake. Sentence one year and fine \$1,000, January 12, 1910.
- R. Armond :* Pandering. Judge Going. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300.00, April 8, 1910.
- A. Huth :* Pandering. Judge Edwin K. Walker. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300.00, April 18, 1910.
- P. Bernard :* Pandering and adultery. Judge Himes. Sentence, on adultery charge, 6 months, March 4, 1910.
- J. T. Mehl :* Pandering. Judge Uhler. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300.00, May 9, 1910. Caught in Iowa. Sold girl to West Side resort.
- B. Wagner :* Pandering. Judge Dicker. Sentence 6 months

- and fine \$300,00, May 20, 1910. Married girl and sold her into resort.
- A. Greenberg* . Pandering. Judge Dicker. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, May 20, 1910.
- W. Kanouse* : Pandering. Judge Gemmill. Sentence 1 year and fine \$300,00, June 21, 1910. Married girl 17 years old and sold her to Armour Avenue resort.
- W. A. Rautenberg* Pandering. Judge Scoville. Sentence 1 year and fine \$1,000, June 10, 1910. Brought back from Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
- F. Arnell* : Pandering. Judge E. K. Walker. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, July 9, 1910.
- Max Glasser* : Pandering. Judge Uhler. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, July 13, 1910.
- M. Stein* : Pandering. Judge Blake. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, August 26, 1910.
- Albert Wagner* . Pandering. Judge Going. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, October 22, 1910.
- Paul Schoop* : Pandering and crime against public morals. Judge Blake. Fine \$200,00 and costs, November 4, 1910.
- G. Hirsch* : Pandering. Judge Torrison. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300,00, November 17, 1910.
- H. Frank* : Pandering. Judge Torrison. Sentence 1 year and fine \$1,000,00, November 18, 1910.
- J. O. Keller* . Crime against public morals. Judge Newcomer. Plea of guilty. Fine \$25,00 and costs, December 5, 1910.
- Helen Weiss* Contributing to child delinquency. Judge Himes. Aided in procuring Emily O——. Fine \$150,00 and costs, December 16, 1910.
- B. Rosenberg* . Crime against public morals. Judge Newcomer. Brought Florence —— and Maude —— from New York. Fine \$200,00 and costs, January 4, 1911.
- A. Goodman* : Same as B. Rosenberg, above.
- Sigmund Gudell* : Pandering. Judge Sabath. Sentence 6 months and fine \$300 and costs, February 10, 1911. Procured two girls.

According to Felix Baumann the number of "traders" in women and girls in New York alone is not far short of 20,000. Another

authority says: "These dealers in iniquity are mostly of German origin and most of the girls come from Eastern Prussia and Galicia."

Commenting on "Depravity in German Girls," an American editorial quotes a recent report of Miss Katharine B. Davis, the Superintendent at Bedford Hills State Reformatory for Women (U.S.A.).

"We have," says Miss Davis, "a young woman of German parentage, nineteen years of age, at Bedford at the present time, who was the eldest of ten children. She has never been to school a day in her life, nor to church or Sunday-school. She is as much of a heathen as if she had been born in Central Africa. As a child she had to stay at home to 'mind the baby,' and there was always one. As she grew older she became tired of the overcrowded home, had never received any training which would fit her for any occupation, fell an easy prey to a young man who took her fancy; and it was but another step into prostitution as a means of livelihood."

It is needless, however, to give further examples of German moral culpability in the United States. For those who wish to investigate the question further the American police reports and various books on the "White Slave Traffic" will afford adequate and eloquent testimony to the assertions of Bebel and Joest. The evidence is too voluminous and unpleasant to be dealt with exhaustively here.

The facts and figures set forth in this and the preceding chapter, I venture to think, show German life throughout the empire to be physically corrupt and debased. With such a volume of vice existing we are prepared to face appalling figures in the matter of venereal disease. In April, 1902, the *Hygienische Rundschau* published a sensational statement in this regard concerning Prussia. Doctors of medicine had been canvassed and were asked to fill up a form which was to ascertain the number of both sexes treated by the medical profession for sexual disorders on a given date. Only about sixty-three per cent. of the doctors gave the Government the desired information. The number of patients treated by these was 40,902. The *Rundschau*, a publication renowned for its high moral tone and its veracity, declared that it was calculated that in Prussia alone five hundred thousand persons were attacked annually. In 1910 it was publicly stated that *ninety per cent.* of the male Berliners had at one time or another been afflicted with sexual disease in some form, and that *one-third* of these cases were of a grave character!

In the year 1913 it was also publicly announced that in Prussia for a

period of five years there had been an annual average of 773,000 cases of venereal disease.

Kirchner in "The Social Importance of Venereal Diseases" assumes that every day in Prussia more than 100,000 individuals (that is to say about 3 per mille) are suffering from a transmissible venereal disease, and while he estimates the national damage occasioned by typhoid fever at about 8,000,000 marks annually, he reckons venereal diseases cost the nation 90,000,000 marks per annum!

In the years 1903-5, 41.3 of the Berlin recruits were venereally infected; 30 per cent. of the recruits from Hamburg and Altona, yet these two last towns are claimed to be medically the most effectively regulated in the German empire.

In Great Britain in 1903 out of a total of 69,533 recruits inspected, 238 or 2.72 were rejected for syphilis. In 1904, 70,346 recruits were inspected and 178 rejected for syphilis, or 2.53 per 1,000. In 1905, of 66,703 recruits, 156 were rejected for the same disease—2.34 per 1,000.

"Roughly speaking one may say that most German men have had gonorrhoea, and about one in five syphilis."—A distinguished German specialist to Mr. Abraham Flexner ("Prostitution in Europe," p. 43).

One in every five German men a syphilitic: with that pronouncement we will close this terrible chapter.

CHAPTER NINE

CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL

"IN England alone of European powers there has been for many years an almost general movement in the decrease of crime, especially in its gravest forms. Homicide has become exceedingly rare. . . . Crimes against the person, and convictions for larceny and forgery diminish every year." Thus the Italian criminologist Garofalo. This highly satisfactory statement, borne out by facts and figures, is certainly one upon which we may legitimately congratulate ourselves. The following table gives the figures :

THE DECREASE OF CRIME IN THE UNITED KINGDOM, 1850-1911

Year	England and Wales		Scotland		Ireland		Year
	Population	Convictions	Population	Convictions	Population	Convictions	
1850	17,773,324	20,537	2,872,821	3,363	6,877,549	17,108	1850
1855	18,829,000	19,971	2,978,065	2,869	6,014,665	5,220	1855
1860	19,902,713	12,068	3,054,738	2,414	5,820,960	2,979	1860
1865	20,990,946	14,740	3,135,057	2,355	5,641,986	2,661	1865
1870	22,090,168	12,953	3,222,837	2,400	5,525,210	3,048	1870
1875	24,045,385	10,954	3,514,744	2,205	5,278,629	2,484	1875
1880	25,714,288	11,214	3,705,994	2,046	5,202,648	2,383	1880
1885	27,499,041	10,500	3,907,736	1,956	4,924,342	1,573	1885
1890	28,763,673	9,242	4,003,132	1,825	4,717,959	1,193	1890
1895	30,394,078	9,169	4,155,654	1,653	4,584,434	1,096	1895
1900	32,249,187	8,157	4,436,958	1,835	4,468,501	1,087	1900
1905	33,990,764	10,483	4,592,036	2,314	4,391,565	1,367	1905
1910	35,796,289	11,987	4,737,268	1,225	4,368,599	1,373	1910
1911	36,163,833	11,338	4,749,673	1,122	4,375,468	1,496	1911

If crime, then, is relaxing her hold upon the British she is tightening her grip upon the Germans. Crime, the offspring of atavism and degeneracy, would seem to hold the German people in a grip of steel. There can be no mistaking the writing on the wall in Germany concerning her criminal population ; it may be read as easily by the eyes of common sense as by the eyes of the criminologist.

In the year 1909 there were dealt with by the German courts as crimes or offences 797,112 separate acts ! In reality this number is far below the total criminal offences actually committed. Before the court come only those criminal acts of which the perpetrator is rightly or wrongly deemed to be a certain individual ; the numerous thefts, the rarer but so much more serious murders where no evidence can be obtained upon which to base criminal proceedings

—all these do not figure in statistics. Thus in the following table the figures represent only the minimum of damage that health, property and the person suffered in Germany in 1909.

CONVICTIONS IN GERMANY IN 1909.

(From the "Kriminalstatistik des Deutschen Reiches"
CCXXXVII.)

Crimes and Offences.	Numbers of Offences
Violence and assault on state officers	21,385
Breach of the peace	41,085
Inducing women to prostitution	3,236
Indecent assaults, etc., on children under 14	8,407
Insult	110,830
Simple assault, and battery	37,622
Aggravated assault and battery	93,598
Petit larceny	115,844
Petit larceny when frequently repeated	22,018
Grand larceny	16,862
Grand larceny when frequently repeated	6,709
Embezzlement	46,922
Fraud	51,810
Fraud frequently repeated	12,535
Forgery	12,446
Malicious mischief	30,337
All crimes and offences against national laws	797,112

In contemplating these figures we may well be pardoned employing a somewhat overworked term these days: they are simply *appalling*. 8,407 cases of indecent assault on children under 14 years of age; 115,844 convictions for petty larceny; 46,922 convictions for embezzlement, 51,810 cases of fraud and 30,337 convictions for malicious mischief—a grand total of 797,112 convictions for one solitary year! What is to be said of the mentality of a race producing this vast host of criminal persons? And yet in Germany these terrible figures appear to occasion but little concern; they seem to be taken as a matter of course. The famous German criminologist, Professor Aschaffenburg* alone seems to appreciate, though not fully, the gravity of the situation. Commenting on the embezzlement figures, he says: "Unhappily, we can form no idea, even approximately, how great was the average damage in each

* "Das Verbrechen und seine Bekämpfung." Heidelberg, 1903. "Crime and its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg, Boston (U.S.A.). Little Brown, and Co., 1913.

individual case, but, without question, national prosperity sustained enormous injury through these crimes against property. It may be maintained that the sums embezzled remain in Germany, and the amount of this country's wealth, therefore, remains the same, though a displacement has occurred. . . ." In characteristic German fashion the Professor is greatly perturbed as to the damage done to national "prosperity" by these thousands of German malefactors, but as to the racial significance of this huge army of criminals he preserves a discreet silence. "Where a genuine business-man is ruined by a fraudulent employee it is a matter affecting the welfare of the people," he says, "if the money stolen finds its way to the saloon or the prostitute."

The number of first convictions for assault and battery fraud, and offences against chastity and decency, Aschaffenburg maintains, is "increasing considerably." Nearly one-fifth of all the juveniles sentenced have already been once convicted, and some as many as six times. "What makes this of graver significance than it would be in the case of adults," the Professor says, "is the fact that, annually, of each thousand juveniles, six are dealt with by the courts, and that our system of education is futile in checking the fresh supply which every year feeds the army of criminals. . . . brutality, recklessness and licentiousness are spreading increasingly in the rising generation." The following table will give a general idea of the steady growth of crime among the juvenile population of Germany

CONVICTIONS OF PERSONS UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE PER 100,000.

Years	Not formerly convicted	Formerly convicted	Formerly convicted once	Formerly convicted twice	Formerly convicted 3 to 5 times	Formerly convicted 6 or more times
1889	531	93	58	20	14	1.1
1890	556	107	67	24	15	1.1
1891	559	113	70	26	16	1.4
1892	604	125	76	29	19	1.7
1893	567	119	72	26	19	2.0
1894	583	133	79	29	22	2.7
1895	571	131	78	29	22	2.4
1896	570	132	77	28	24	2.9
1897	571	131	80	27	21	2.9
1898	605	139	83	30	23	2.9
1899	595	138	85	29	21	2.7
1900	607	138	82	30	23	3.2

In the year 1903 according to German imperial statistics the number of juveniles convicted amounted to no less than 50,219.

"Just on four-fifths of these," remarks the Professor, "were setting foot in the criminal arena for the first time—soon to compete with the veterans." Replying evidently to some optimistic statement from some source or other, the Professor adds: "I most emphatically declare that I have not experienced any 'decrease of the disquieting impression that our criminal statistics make'; nor do I perceive any ground for such a decrease. . . The figures disclose a tremendous afflux of socially dangerous individuals which in the case of adults appears to have halted, but in the case of young persons, the hope of our future, this afflux is progressing unceasingly. . . . our penal system is absolutely ineffective to check the spreading depravity."

On referring to the *Statistisches Handbuch für das Deutsche Reich* for 1907, we find the following statement:

"The number of juvenile offenders (aged twelve to eighteen) increased from an average of about 31,000 per annum during 1883—7 to nearly 500,000 per annum during 1898-1902. In 1906 their number was 55,000."

From statistics appearing in the same publication it would seem that the number of persons under 18 years of age who are convicted is increasing more rapidly than the number of convicted grown-up persons. The increase among adults (20.4 per cent.) is considerably less than among minors (30.5 per cent.) Since reaching its climax in the year 1892, however, the number of convicted minors diminished somewhat up to 1897. "Now, as industrial life has made a great advance since that very year," says Aschaffenburg, "and consequently, the whole number of workmen employed, and also the number in proportion to minors, must have grown, it would appear almost as if crime was rather prevented than furthered by the entrance of young people into industrial occupations . . . we find," he further on continues, "that in actuality an alarming increase in the convictions of juveniles has occurred, and in particular, precisely in their most characteristic offences, with the exception of theft, which has increased only 8 per cent. Aggravated assault and battery has increased 123 per cent. per 100,000 juveniles, breach of the peace 128.6 per cent., insult 105 per cent., resisting an officer 50 per cent., malicious mischief 55 per cent., embezzlement and fraud 40 per cent., and offences against chastity 19 per cent.* "The following table, it will be noticed, covers a period of

* The last figure is doubtless most influenced by the evident increase in acquittals on the ground of §56 of the Penal Code, the result of which acquittals is to give an outwardly favourable aspect to the criminality of young persons.

twenty-five years, and gives the nature of the crimes and offences of juvenile miscreants. It will be observed that so far back as the year 1882 juvenile crime had assumed a threatening aspect, while the figures for 1906 are astounding in their development.

PERSONS CONVICTED PER 100,000 MINORS OF THE CIVIL POPULATION IN GERMANY
(Statistik des Deutschen Reiches, N.F. CXLVI. I. 104).

	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
Resistance to State Authority	4	5	5	5	4	6	4	5	5	5	5	6	7
Breach of the peace	7	6	9	7	9	8	8	8	11	11	12	12	14
Crimes and offences against chastity	16	13	15	15	15	16	15	16	17	18	19	19	22
Insult	10	10	12	13	13	13	13	13	16	15	17	19	20
Simple assault and battery	12	12	14	14	14	14	12	14	17	17	18	19	19
Aggravated assault and battery	48	49	60	63	67	68	66	70	77	78	84	92	96
Petty larceny	284	271	275	256	253	253	281	296	333	376	389		
Petty larceny when repeated	13	13	13	11	11	11	11	11	12	13	13	14	14
Grand larceny	43	39	40	39	36	39	40	46	50	50	56	50	52
Grand larceny when repeated	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	4	5	4	5
Embezzlement	26	26	26	25	27	26	25	28	30	30	33	33	33
Fraud	20	21	21	21	22	23	23	27	28	29	32	27	20
Malicious mischief	31	27	31	33	30	34	32	34	40	38	40	41	45
All crimes & offences agst. national laws	536	549	578	560	565	576	563	611	663	672	729	686	716

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906
Resistance to State Authority	7	8	7	8	8	7	7	7	6	6	7	6
Breach of the peace	14	14	16	17	16	16	16	17	17	16	18	18
Crimes and offences against chastity	21	21	18	19	19	19	20	20	20	20	20	19
Insult	19	19	19	20	19	20	20	21	20	21	20	21
Simple assault and battery	21	20	18	18	19	19	18	18	17	17	17	18
Aggravated assault and battery	98	102	98	108	113	113	117	112	109	106	107	
Petty larceny	278	271	281	283	279	284	283	283	279	291	304	
Petty larceny when repeated	13	13	12	13	11	12	11	10	9	8	7	
Grand larceny	50	52	52	57	55	55	55	59	55	53	50	
Grand larceny when repeated	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	
Embezzlement	34	33	33	35	34	34	32	33	32	33	33	
Fraud	29	27	30	30	30	30	28	28	27	27	27	
Malicious mischief	41	46	45	47	50	46	48	48	48	46	47	
All crimes & offences agst. national laws	702	702	744	733	745	739	740	736	715	733	764	

In one year 8,856 children under fourteen years of age were victims of indecent assault.* This is much less than the actual number, it should be remembered, because the German courts, even though several children are involved, treat the crime as one act. But what of the serious crimes committed by children themselves? In 1912 the following offences were committed by boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen :—

Rapes	952
Murders and manslaughter	107
Inflicting bodily injuries	8,987
Damaging property	2,938
Arson	148

It will have been noticed in a previous table the great number of persons convicted for "insult," and that in 1909 there were 110,830 such convictions. It may be here explained that the offence of insult has a very wide application, and may mean, *inter alia*, according to the German criminal code, "an act of violence against the Emperor," which is punishable by death or penal servitude for life; the destruction, injury, or "insulting mischief" committed on "a public emblem of the authority of a state"; the assertion or publication of a fact with reference to another person (alive or dead) calculated to bring such person or his memory into contempt, etc.; contemptuous opinions in respect of scientific, artistic or professional services, etc., or generally insulting language used to officials, and so on.

"... a backward glance over many years," writes Aschaffenburg, "will disclose the heights and depths of social life and penetrate to their causes more effectually than can the examination of a single year. . . . The last 20 years of German criminality, simply because during that period no transfiguring upheavals have taken place, are eminently suitable for such an examination, the years having been characterized by a big economic and cultural advance. Yet, notwithstanding, the number of convicted individuals has been steadily advancing each year, making allowance for the increase of population. New legislation is but triflingly responsible

* According to the German Penal Code, paragraph 182: "He who seduces a girl under the age of 16 is liable to imprisonment up to one year. A prosecution is instituted only when the parents or guardians denounce the offender to the police,"—which means that the great majority of these cases are never ascertained and the offenders escape punishment.

for this. The principal changes are found just in those crimes which, by their frequency, decide the whole aspect of the question."

"In reviewing the more serious crimes, the principal statistics relating to which are reproduced on another page, we observe four types of frequency. Some crimes occur almost equally often: such as false accusation, incest, unnatural sexuality, criminal negligence resulting in manslaughter, robbery and extortion, etc.; others such as usury, perjury, murder, and infanticide, evading military service, crimes and offences in office decrease—these when contrasted with the gloomy picture which the third group presents diffuse rays of light. This third group consists, apart from a few offences which savour of fraud and forgery, of crimes of violence, aiding prisoners to escape, resisting officers of the law, breach of the peace, indecent acts, simple and aggravated assault and battery, rape, insult, and malicious mischief. . . ."

All these crimes are increasing each succeeding year, some of them at an absolutely alarming rate . . . the menace of crime to the safety of the public has developed proportions which assume a threatening aspect, even to the firmest optimism: these are the warning words of Germany's own premier criminologist. Some of the figures he quotes will be found on the opposite page.

The criminal law of Germany has many grave defects, which need not be discussed at length in these pages. Chief among these defects, perhaps, are the hard and fast fixed terms of punishment, and the absurdly short periods of confinement meted out to dangerous criminals, particularly to those charged with rape, and xual assaults on children. It must certainly occur to the non-erman student of continental criminality that the Teutonic eye of the law looks with no little amount of leniency on sexual misdemeanours.* Even the worst forms of sexual crimes go lightly punished, but what is worse, the confirmed malefactor, the individual in whom the worst form of vice is inherent—this pest and danger to society is, after a few months' incarceration, let loose to commit again a similar serious offence, and this in very many cases his judges must know he will attempt sooner or later after his emergence from the prison gates.

If the satyriastist is allowed by the law of the State to destroy young girls one after the other at the expense of a few months' imprisonment we can hardly credit that State with any lofty ideal

* According to Austrian law, violation of children under 14 falls under § 411 as "slight bodily injury."

CRIME AND THE CRIMINAL

175

INCREASE OF CRIMES IN GERMANY.

To 100,000 civilians of punishable age there were :

Convictions for	1882	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901	1882 to 1892
Indecent assaults on unconscious persons, children, rape ..	9.0	8.6	8.6	8.9	9.8	9.5	9.1	9.3	9.4	9.5	9.8	10	12	12	12	11	12	12	12	13	9.3
Simple assault and battery ..	52	54	59	58	59	58	55	58	62	64	65	69	72	74	74	71	70	69	66	69	58
Aggravated assault and battery ..	121	198	150	159	165	170	165	168	177	178	187	207	210	221	231	233	240	245	237	248	160
Resistance to State Authority ..	41	140	42	42	44	45	40	41	42	42	44	46	50	48	49	50	47	50	45	47	48.9
Insult ..	122	123	133	126	130	133	128	128	132	132	132	142	147	146	147	146	148	143	155	141	130
Breach of the peace.	44	42	48	47	49	48	44	44	50	49	51	51	54	55	56	58	59	59	56	57	47
Malign mischief ..	36	35	39	39	40	39	40	37	38	40	40	41	43	47	45	48	47	48	49	47	39
Simple theft ..	250	241	232	214	210	198	194	211	206	216	236	262	198	192	184	189	191	179	181	190	196
Simple theft, when repeated ..	38	38	37	35	35	33	30	38	32	33	36	34	33	33	32	32	33	31	31	33	33
Fraud and embezzlement ..	39	40	43	43	45	47	48	54	55	50	54	54	56	66	63	69	69	66	47	74	9
False majesty ..	1.4	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.6	1.7	1.4	1.5	1.5	1.3	1.7	1.7	1.6	1.5	1.2	1.2	1.1	1.0	1.3	1.3
Perjury ..	3.2	2.9	2.9	2.5	2.5	2.6	2.4	2.2	2.2	2.3	2.2	2.4	2.2	2.5	2.1	2.1	2.1	1.8	1.6	2.1	2.1
All crimes & offences	1040	1034	1080	1062	1080	1081	1048	1087	1103	1124	1202	1212	1244	1249	1244	1240	1257	1236	1198	1256	1087

concerning a most important subject for any civilized community i.e. the moral health and chastity of its young women.

Aschaffenburg realizes this. In the course of an eloquent plea for the abolition of fixed terms of punishment he instances two cases which will serve as illustrations of the evil.

"In front of me," says Aschaffenburg, "lies the record of a male, forty years of age, at present serving his eighth sentence, all of the sentences being pronounced for sexual assaults on children under fourteen. His first sentence of six months took place in 1886, his last in June, 1901. Thus in fifteen years the same individual has been sentenced eight times for the same crime, the time he has passed in jail amounting in all to nine years. Sometimes one offence is separated from the next only by the time that his detention in a penal institution made the commission of another crime impossible. Soon he will be discharged again. What child will be the next victim of his dangerous instincts?" (Aschaffenburg's question was answered by the convict assaulting a thirteen-year old girl four weeks after his release on 7th December, 1902). Another, a boy of sixteen, was sentenced in 1897 on account of his youth to only six months' imprisonment for attempted rape. Twelve months later he was sentenced for a repetition of the same crime to a year's imprisonment. Then follows a sentence of three months for damage to property, and, shortly after, a sentence of two years' imprisonment for attempted rape and indecent handling. Thus within a period of less than five years a fellow of barely twenty-one has served three years and nine months in prison. In his case, too, there is hardly any doubt that he will soon re-appear before the court for having again attacked the chastity of a child or a woman.

The professor is naturally indignant with the supineness of a State which aids and abets criminals of this description, as it does criminals addicted to other forms of violence, and common thieves, whose immediate relapse is certain. "Much should I like to see," bursts out the professor, "the adherent of the theory of expiation to whom, if his own wife or his own child were brought home to him outraged, the idea would not occur that it would be much better permanently to imprison a man whose frequently repeated attempts at rape prove his incorrigibility. Must we try the untenability of our present criminal procedure on our own bodies before we can realize it?"

The endless disputes and assaults among women, German writers generally attribute to the large tenement houses where the use of common passages, yards, cellars and store rooms often affords an

excuse for conflict. Aschaffenburg finds the belligerency of German women in drink, and charges them with visiting public-houses too much. "If we could prevent women increasing the patronage of public-houses," he says, "and if we could substitute single for large tenement houses, the criminality of the married would soon fall below that of the unmarried, and the beneficial influence of family life would make itself manifest."

In Germany the criminality of married women is much higher than that of the unmarried. This by Aschaffenburg is accounted for largely by the poverty which so often accompanies early, heedless marriages. A young immature fellow scarcely able to support himself takes a wife; numerous children are born, and the direct result is that he or his wife, or both, begin to thieve. He warns his countrymen against the evils of too early marriages. "The greatest danger lies in them. Unfortunately the law does not permit us to prevent the marriage of those who are physically and mentally immature, and of those whose means are inadequate."

Woman's chief offences in Germany can be fully appreciated by the following table—

NUMBER OF ADULT WOMEN CONVICTED IN 1909 PER 100 ADULT
MEN CONVICTED.

Inducing women to prostitution (for the year 1907)	75.6
Receiving stolen goods	46.9
Prison breach	37.8
Perjury	36.1
Insult	36.1
Petit larceny	31.4
Embezzlement	19.3
Forgery	19.2
Murder	18.6
Fraud	17.0
Extortion	15.9
Arson	15.9
Manslaughter	14.5
Simple assault and battery	10.7
Breach of the peace	9.9
Aggravated assault and battery	8.3
Grand larceny	7.3
Malicious mischief	6.3
Coercion and threats	5.6
Resisting officers	5.4
Robbery and extortion	2.0
Indecent assaults on children, etc.	0.48

What class of men, may we ask, is more advantageously situated in Germany than the student body? Coming from educated parents, brought up under some sort of refining influences, removed from material care and anxiety—we have here an important section of the community who should be almost immune from conflicts with the penal law? Yet what do we find. In 1893, of 42,000 students, 350 were convicted. In 1899, of 54,000 students, 430 were convicted!

Compare these figures with the figures affecting the criminality of all classes of German society, and remembering how few of these student crimes are offences against property (which constitute 46 per cent. of all the crimes and offences against the laws of Germany) the matter at once assumes a very grave aspect. Nor is the fact to be lost sight of that cases of insult among these students very seldom come before the courts, also that offences such as breach of the peace ("Hausfriedensbruch"), insult, and simple assault and battery are more often than not settled out of court, such offences being prosecuted only at the instigation of the injured party.

"When committed by future judges, teachers and physicians, the frequent cases of resistance to executive officers is especially deplorable," Aschaffenburg remarks. "The necessity," he says, "of turning to the age most inclined to crime in order to find equally large figures, and the fact that, as regards malicious mischief and insult, the students as a class cannot bear comparison with the total population, do not permit us to view this matter with complacency."*

Of course, Professor Aschaffenburg blames the use, or rather abuse, of alcohol for what he terms the "artificial criminality" of the German student. But when we look at the nature of most of the crimes done by students we must confess to remaining unconvinced. For instance, excessive lager beer drinking can hardly account for so many cases of violent assault, unless brutality is a fundamental part of the German student character. Nor need we inquire very deeply into the alcoholic origin of theft and fraud.

Nor are the clergy themselves remarkably absent from the criminal records of Germany. In the year 1889, for diverse offences, there were 58 ecclesiastics convicted, among the less serious charges, being eleven cases of defamation.

* The year 1899 seems to show improvement over the year 1893, though not as regards theft and fraud. The severity of the sentences, too, tells the same story. (In 1893, 19; in 1899, only 2 were sentenced to prison for aggravated assault and battery).

Particularly in English-speaking countries do the intelligent and educated German criminals ply their nefarious trades; but so often do they anglicize their names and become naturalised British or American subjects that statistics, generally, convey a very unsatisfactory account of the world-wide depredations of the indigenous Teuton. The German "procurer" of girls for the bordells of all countries still rules the "market" of the world. As a souteneur he is easily first among all nationalities. As pick-pocket or burglar he has come on prodigiously the last twenty-five years; as a member of the swindling fraternity ("Hochstapler") he has no equal in either hemisphere. To all these German criminals crime is a serious profession, and, it must be admitted, they bring German "thoroughness" to bear on the impolite profession of the "crook," which adds not a little to the difficulty of their detection by the police, who sometimes find education and "Kultur" their masters in these offenders.

Aschaffenburg bewails the fact that German legislation is defective as regards these most dangerous criminals. He says: "It is remarkable our authorities know of no 'occupational crime' save concealing stolen goods, gambling, poaching, usury, and prostitution, that the legislator is entirely unacquainted with precisely the chief present-day types of crime as an occupation. It is just these criminals who are incorrigible in the proper sense of the word. . . our statistics show . . . that the number of 'incorrigibles' is very much larger; in the social sense, probably at least half of all the penitentiary prisoners are irredeemably lost. . ."

In the town of Worms during a period of two years, Aschaffenburg estimates that every person seriously injured in a violent assault lost 7.3 days' work, and taking this as a measure of the material damage due to grave injuries in the year 1903, he arrives at what he terms "tremendous figures." The actual number of these criminal acts that came to trial that year amounted to 94,883, reckoning a loss of 7.3 days for each act the professor gets a loss of 692,645.9 days, or reckoning 300 working days to the year, 2,308.8 years! "This," says the Professor, viewing the question with economic eye merely, "represents the actual loss of work annually caused by our 'knights of the blade'"—the reader may be acquainted with the fact that the German workman favours the use of the knife in settling differences with his fellows.

Aschaffenburg then calculates that, arising from these acts of violence there must be 900 dangerously wounded persons and 365 deaths in Germany every year! He then refers to another

criminal authority who asked: "What is the good of keeping an incorrigible ruffian in jail as a life-pensioner of the state simply because if he were enjoying freedom he might give someone or other a slash?" At this the Professor waxes righteously wrathful and goes on to say: "Such utterances would imply that everything in our legal state is sound and satisfactory. The parents whose child is outraged, whose son is maimed for life, tell another story. Are they of opinion that we are living under well-regulated, satisfactory, and healthy conditions?" Speaking of the "criminal physiognomy of the present," he says, "the picture I have drawn here. . . is one of far-spreading public insecurity. From year to year the injury inflicted on social life is incalculable. When we take into consideration the fact that for years the most serious crimes have been surely and steadily increasing we have hardly a gleam of hope for the future. Above all there are our juveniles who so early and unblushingly embrace a career of crime! Surely we can see only too plainly whitherward we are steering; energetic action must be begun, and it must be begun at once."

The growth of recidivism in Germany is shown by the numbers of persons convicted having increased from an annual average of 94,000 in 1883-7 to over 200,000 during 1898-1902.

In the matter of serious crime let us here for a moment briefly compare the "degenerate" England of Treitschke with the "conscientious and moral" Germany of Wilhelm II. The English figures are extracted from Home Office publications, the German figures from the Imperial Statistics of 1908:

	Germany 1897-1907	England 1900-1910
Murder	350	97
Incest	573	56
*Rapes	9,381	216
Unnatural crimes	841	290
Malicious and felonious wounding	172,153	1,262
Malicious damage to property	25,759	358
Arson	610	278

Allowing that the German population is broadly speaking one-third greater than the English, the difference is striking enough in all conscience.

* In 1903 there were 10,226 cases of rape and assaults on children alone. In England, for the same year, there were 63 cases of "defilement of girls," and 41 cases of rape.

Commenting on the *Lusitania* murders Mr. Frederic William Wile, late Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, said in that journal bearing date 11th May, 1915:

"I write dispassionately as well as advisedly when I say that in no other community in the world with pretensions to civilization is crime so common, diabolical, and meaningless as among the Germans. This does not mean that they are a race of murderers all. What it means is that callousness towards brutality, rapine, and life-taking reaches a point among the rank and file of German people, which is as incredible as it is revolting. The apologetic and hypocritical whines of semi-official German newspapers over the *Lusitania* massacre are not tears. German eyes do not weep over crime. German hearts are seldom stirred by crime unutterable in Germany itself. Why should they bleed of a sudden over murder off Kinsale?"

In Germany murders of women and children are commonest of all. In nine cases out of ten they are the so-called "lust-murders" in which the most fiendish forms of savagery and salaciousness make their appearance. The lust-murder is a particularly Teutonic species of crime by reason of its frequency in Central Europe, and its comparative rarity elsewhere. In England the lust-murder is *ipso facto* unknown, the only cases in this country bearing any resemblance to it are the "Jack-the-Ripper" atrocities of many years ago. Various as are the theories regarding the Whitechapel assassin I have never heard it put forward that "Jack-the-Ripper" was a German, a more than likely accurate conclusion, as the reader may perceive after perusing this chapter. It is difficult to conceive that even the maddest Briton could have been guilty of that mode of murder—at least to anyone knowing the British character.

Time was when the press of Germany sought to hide that country's terrible criminality. Thirty years ago a reader comparing their news-sheets with those of England and France was at once struck by the paucity of criminal narratives, and, unless he knew better, concluded that Germany must have little crime in her midst. That of course was not the case. But of late years the narration of the most nauseating form of murder has been a special feature in several of the leading German papers, notably the *Lokal Anzeiger*. The evening editions of this journal sometimes read like pages from Krafft-Ebing. Lust-murders, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, perversion, are served up for a reading public, which surely must possess a lower standard of taste than the jungle.

"Double, triple, quadruple (even quintuple and sextuple) murders are commoner in Germany than murders of one person only," says Mr. Wile, and the truth of this statement will be readily appreciated by any regular reader of the journal I have named.

Hypocritically enough, in most of the murder trials in the Fatherland the public part of the court has to be cleared at intervals for fear the moral sense of Wilhelm II.'s subjects may be hurt! That the details of these crimes must be of a horrible nature is obvious. "The Germans," as the writer I have quoted says, "do not get the iron cross for excessive morality."

And then the sentences pronounced on murderers in Germany—when they are caught.* Seldom indeed is a capital crime punished by capital punishment. Generally the culprit is let off with a nominal sentence of a few years' imprisonment, the average incarceration being between three and four years I believe. One authority states that in more than fifty per cent. of murder cases the assassin goes scot-free. Undoubtedly the German police do not follow up clues with the pertinacity of our own police; nor are they nearly so keen-witted. The common executioner of Germany (*Scharfrichter*), who is reputed to pay but little income tax, is in the habit of taking enforced holidays for months at a time. He is said to have remarked to an Englishman that he would long ago have sent in his resignation if his poorly-paid office had not been of value to him socially. Decapitation, of course, is the German form of execution, and the active duty of the office is always performed in a dress suit. At one execution a friend of mine observed that the executioner wore a bunch of forget-me-nots in his button hole. The *scharfrichter*, it was said, had to attend a christening shortly after beheading his victim.

A fiend who two years ago cut a Berlin tailor's apprentice into little bits, and distributed the pieces in parcels in the Tiergarten, received only a nominal sentence; doubtless he is now serving in the German army with others of his kind. (It has been reported that all able-bodied criminals have been sent to the front). A murder similar to the one I mention, with a similar sentence, happened in Berlin last summer.† In the reports of international crime you would search in vain for details comparable with the fiendish cruelties inflicted upon the young son of a Berlin banker named Koch a few years ago. Dippold, the boy's tutor, who com-

* Cases which in English law would be declared manslaughter or murder, are classified in Germany as "serious wounding with fatal effect."

† (1914).

nitted the outrage got only seven years' imprisonment for flogging the boy to death, and for other brutalities unprintable in the English language. Seven years for one of the most barbarous murders on record! Verily the life of the individual in Germany is of little worth.

As a savage in perpetrating a deed of violence may be expected to use methods of the intensest ferocity, so may crimes of violence done by an indifferently civilized people hark back to that people's worst days of barbarity. There are degrees of crime, as in most things, and the mentality of the murderer who drowns his victims in a bath differs considerably from the mind of the savage who arouses his ancestral emotions to a form of ecstasy by prolonged mutilation. To drown a person intentionally, to shoot a man dead—both are murders of refinement compared to ripping a victim open and cutting him into little bits. Murder at its best or worst, implies a deficient or diseased brain; but ancestral emotions may be indicated in the method of its accomplishment. We may say that a murderous madman is capable of any form of atrocity, but the fact remains that the wholesale murderer and mutilator is not indigenous of these islands, while he certainly is indigenous of Central Europe. Germany, as her history plainly shows, ever needed the mildening influences of civilization; instead she chose militarization, which has kept alive her ancient savagery and brutality. She is the great recidivist of nations. And as a recidivist she must be treated, branded through the centuries to come a Europeanized savage who must eke out her future existence under the strictest surveillance.

Excluding crimes of violence done by foreigners in Great Britain we have nothing in our prison annals to compare with the devil-work done by the modern German criminal. From the pages of Krafft-Ebing and other leading German medical and criminal authorities I will quote a few extracts from murder cases which bear upon the point I wish to emphasize—the pure and peculiar savagery of the German assassin. Of the many forms of murder, outrage and unnatural crime found in Krafft-Ebing, Albert, Arndt, Hofmann, Heschl, Maschka, Herbst, Klein and others. I may instance the fact that some of these authorities in their recitals of lust-murders, Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism, Algolagnia, and, mark this, anthropophagy and *necrophilia* (Austrian statutes § 306) have often to use the Latin tongue to veil the unthinkable details of these atrocious happenings to human beings. From this the reader in any degree acquainted with German literature on such

subjects may be able to conjecture the hideousness of the details in question.

Case 240. A man aged fifty, in appearance a tramp. Lured a girl aged seven into a disused factory, outraged her, cut her into small pieces, threw them at night into a pig-stye, where a belated farm-hand discovered the pigs devouring the remains. Suspected of five other similar murders. Five years' imprisonment.

Case 28. The girl-stabber of Augsburg (reported by Demme "Buch der Verbrechen," vii., p. 281). A wine merchant. At an early age had desires to stab girls. Refrained from it on account of lack of opportunity and courage. At nineteen he first stabbed a girl, experiencing "great pleasure" in the act. From that time the impulse became more and more powerful. He chose to mutilate only young girls. . . . Until thirty-two years old he carried on this process of cutting and stabbing, escaping police detection. The criminal endeavoured not to wound the girls fatally. After stabbing a girl to death he was detected and arrested. In his dwelling was found a large collection of daggers, sword-canes, and knives. He confessed to having injured by these implements, more or less seriously, fifty girls. In appearance rather pleasing. Apparently of sound mind with a tendency to shyness. Punishment not stated.

The girl-stabber of Bozen. At different times and in different places he had wounded girls with bread-knives or pocket-knives, by stabbing them in the abdomen. . . .

Among his effects were found copies of objects of art and obscene pictures painted by himself.

A few years ago a man was arrested on suspicion of the following three murders:

A young girl did not return to her home at her usual time in the evening. Late at night a search party set out to find her. Towards morning they discovered her body by the bank of a canal. The corpse was frightfully mutilated. Pieces of flesh were strewn round about the spot where the body was found.

A woman of 27 did not return to her home at the usual time. Her husband and some friends searched the country-

side for her. Eventually they found her corpse horribly mutilated.

A girl of 19 missing from her guardians' house. Found cut into little pieces in a barn. Identified by clothing which lay in a heap close by. Result of arrest not stated.

In another case : A four-year-old girl was missing from her parents' home. One of the male occupants of the house was arrested. The forearm of the child was found in his pocket, and the head and entrails, in a half-burned condition, were taken from the stove. Parts of the body were found in the water-closet. "The prisoner expressed no remorse, asserting that his deed was an accident. . . . He presents no anatomical signs of degeneration."

Again : a man, a vine-dresser, aged 24. He starts out in quest of a situation. Wanders about for eight days in the forest, finds a girl twelve years old, violates her, mutilates the body, tears out her heart, *eats it*, drinks of her blood, and buries the remains. Arrested, he stoutly denied the charge, but finally confessed his crime with cynical callousness. He listened to the death sentence with the greatest indifference.

A nine year old boy was playing with other children on the outskirts of a village. An unknown man came along and enticed the lad into the woods. The next day the boy's body was found in a ravine, the abdomen slit open, several ferocious stabs in the neck and breast, and an incised wound in the cardiac region.

A young artisan, aged 20, on being charged with cruelty to birds confessed that for years he had delighted to cut out the eyes of any feathered creature he could capture, solely to observe its movements, struggles, and "comic" mode of flight ! (Frederick the Great's father, be it remembered, was highly pleased by some of his friends cutting off cows' tails as a "joke.") Sentence one month.

Shop-assistant, aged 35 : met two little girls in a country lane. Outraged, killed and horribly mutilated both. At length confessed. Portions of the remains found in an iron-bound box under his bed. Five years' imprisonment.

A single woman, aged 23, was found mutilated almost beyond recognition in her bed. Rings hacked from the fingers. Ears and nose cut off. Hair cut off from nape of neck. Clothing cut up into little pieces, and laid on floor in a heap. Clean underlinen abstracted from drawer. A bible torn in half at the foot of the bed. Wash-basin half filled with blood-stained water. A dagger thrust into the socket of one eye. Obscene pencil drawings, done by someone of artistic ability, on the walls; blasphemous inscriptions underneath. No arrest.

Body of a boy apparently about 15 years of age found in a wood. Clothing missing. Abdomen ripped open: entrails protruding. Deep gash in back. The dead body of a dog, evidently stabbed to death, near by. No arrest.

Body of little girl, aged nine, found dead in country churchyard. Head severed from body. Clothing torn almost to shreds. Upon a tombstone close by the body the murderer had underlined with the little victim's blood *Suffer little children to come unto me*. No arrest.

Here are some cases quoted by Moll:—

In 1869 Berlin was disturbed by a series of outrages supposed to have been committed by a certain X., stated by some to have been a man of high position. A boy after being seriously maltreated was fiendishly and fatally stabbed to death. In another outrage the murderer had thrust a walking stick into the lower part of a boy's body and thrust it upwards until it penetrated the lungs.

In 1889, in Breslau, a student of philosophy enticed to his dwelling an eight-year old boy and stabbed him. He had also, it was proved, stabbed other boys more or less seriously.

In 1896 a "girl-stabber" appeared in Berlin. He enticed school girls into the vestibule of a house, and under the pretence that he wished to brush some mud from their clothing drew a knife and inflicted on one child a long deep incised wound.

In 1899 great anxiety and alarm were caused in Cologne by the fiendish outrages perpetrated by a "girl stabber." Those injured (and many of them were injured seriously,

were all school girls. Ultimately no children were sent unattended to school, but were accompanied by a servant or relative.

In the summer of 1901 the inhabitants of northern Berlin were terrorized by a man who stabbed one girl fatally and wounded two others dangerously.

"Ludwigshafen am Rhein, March 26, 1901. After the manner of the Whitechapel murderer, an unknown criminal had for several weeks made the parts of the town lying in the direction of the suburb of Mundenheim unsafe. Not less than eleven girls were seriously injured after nightfall by stabs in the abdomen. To-night the police succeeded in arresting the criminal, who is a drover, Wilhelm Damian by name, twenty eight years of age. Five years ago he was suspected of having committed a lust-murder on a servant-girl; he was arrested at this time, but was discharged owing to lack of sufficient proof. Now the suspicion is aroused that Damian is responsible also for the lust-murder committed two years ago near Mundenheim on a little girl seven years of age, because the circumstances of that case suggested that the murderer was a butcher by occupation, and this applies to Damian."

"Kiel, November 29, 1901. It is not yet possible to arrest the stabber, who, during the last week, has been active in the poorest quarter of the town. At first he limited himself to the northern districts, and there wounded only women and girls; but in the last day or two he appeared, not only in the central parts of the town, but also in the southern quarter, where, the day before yesterday, in the evening he seriously wounded a girl by two stabs, one in the neck and one in the hip. Since then a man has been stabbed, apparently by this same miscreant, but was not seriously hurt. This happened in one of the busiest streets in the town, so that the escape of the criminal is remarkable."

The "blood-lust" of the Teuton takes many forms. Sometimes it is revealed in persons of high position who delight in the spectacle of flogging. A few years ago a remarkable case of this kind was reported from one of the minor German principalities. Here children of both sexes who had been

DEGENERATE GERMANY

sentenced to imprisonment were pardoned by the Prince on condition that they submitted to a whipping, and not only did the Prince insist upon seeing the whipping inflicted, but he took an active part in the process himself. In several reports of this atrocious case it was stated that the children were stripped naked.

Another barbarous episode was the Graubund scandal of September, 1906, in which girls and women were whipped by an acolyte "until the blood flowed freely." (Moll also recalls these last two cases).

The following is a confession by a typical German lust-murderer, who, though suspected of many crimes, was proven guilty of two only—the murders of two country girls :—

"On the day of the murder I sent for Catherine, and when she arrived I said to her 'Since we are quite alone I will let you look in my magic mirror. But you must go home and fetch your best clothes so that you may be able to change everything several times.' When she had returned in her working clothes, carrying her other things in her apron, I rolled a white napkin round a board and brought a spy-glass, both of which I laid upon the table, forbidding her to touch either that or the mirror. I then tied her hands behind her with a piece of pack-thread (the same which I had before used for Barbara Reisinger), and bound a handkerchief over her eyes. I then stabbed her in the throat with a knife I had in readiness. I had a desire to see how she was made inwardly, and for this purpose I took a wedge which I placed upon her breast bone, and struck it with a cobbler's hammer. I thus opened her breast, and cut through the fleshy parts of her body with a knife. I began to cut her open as soon as ever I had stabbed her; and no man, however quickly he may pray, could get through his rosary, or say ten *Ave Marias* in the time it took me to cut open her breast and the rest of her body. I cut up this girl as a butcher does a sheep, chopping the corpse with an axe into portions which would go into the hole which I had already dug for it on the hill. The whole time I was so eager that I trembled, and could have cut out a bit, and eaten it. When Catherine Seidel had received the first stab she screamed, struggled, and sighed six or seven times. As I cut her open immediately after stabbing her, it is very possible

that she may still have been alive when I began cutting. I buried the fragments of the body after having carefully locked the doors. I washed the bloody chemise and gown belonging to Seidel twice, and hid them from my wife as a cat tries to hide its young, carrying them about from one place to another. I put the other bloody things into the stove and burnt them.

My only reason for murdering the two girls, Reisinger and Seidel, was a desire for their clothes. I must confess that I did not want them; but it was exactly as if someone stood at my elbow demanding, 'Do this and buy corn,' and whispered to me that I should thus get something without risk and discovery."

This murderer, who was a married man, owned the cottage he lived in, and up to the time of his arrest had been looked upon by the folk of the village as a harmless, respectable and sane person. He was beheaded. . . .

CHAPTER TEN.

GERMANY'S MODERN ILLITERATURE—AND INCIDENTALLY

IN his "Social Studies of To-Day" (T. Fisher Unwin, 1913), Professor Hugo Munsterberg speaking of the depraved state of German modern literature says:—"The visitor who strolls through the streets and looks over the display in the windows of the numberless book-stores, is surprised at the abundance of books on sexual questions. It seems as if all Germany had nothing else in mind but love-making and love-giving and love-abusing"—a statement which many Britons can endorse from personal observation. No longer in German booksellers' windows do we see copies of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and Klopstock, translations of Shakespeare, Milton, Victor Hugo, Montaigne, Tourgeniev and Emerson. The great, sane, day-light authors have had to yield their pride of place to the little scavenger-scribes of the night. The wholesale pornographic illiterature of twentieth century Germany in itself convicts the Germans of unmistakeable degeneracy. But it is not of the pornographic part of German illiterature I wish particularly to speak; but rather of what the Germans are pleased to term their modern literature of the "realist" pattern. I regret that it is not possible here for me to give more than a very brief sketch of this degenerate form of German authorship.

Karl Bleibtreu is said to have been the founder of the Teutonic realist school, and his disciples and imitators have been many. Amongst them all there is scarcely one who has produced a sane and sound piece of artistry. Many of them write little better than imbeciles, while not a few of their literary effusions bear a strange resemblance to those rhapsodic utterances of lunatics chronicled by the late Professor Lombroso, of Turin. Notwithstanding, a few of the more important of these writers merit passing mention in this book as being further illustrative of Germany's state of mind. Bleibtreu is best known by his "Revolution der Literatur,"* a book that, at the close of the nineteenth century, afforded Berlin a great literary sensation. This work, which is nothing but a

* William Friedrich, Leipzig, 1886.

farrago of concatenated nonsense, is made up of a series of violent denunciations of the literary creations of many famous and successful authors, alive and dead. No one is spared; the bigger the figure the bigger the abuse. Of course there is nothing so arresting to any public as the spectacle of the iconoclast, hatchet in hand, attacking that public's sacred beliefs and superstitions, although the game is much older than Aristophanes, and younger than George Bernard Shaw. In Bleibtreu Berlin scented a genius, but Berlin was fated to disappointment. Bleibtreu was merely a madman. He had malignity; so had Nietzsche; but Nietzsche had genius, and that certainly was lacking in the author of "Revolution der Literatur." Previously to the noisy advertisement of Bleibtreu German literature was heaving a few last gasps previous to expiration. England, France, Russia and America between them had long kept the reading public awake. Nietzsche kicked and pricked a section of it, yet the Teuton was not yet deprived of his post-prandial snore by the literary trumpet of any native genius. The French critics of literature were not slow to observe this parlous condition of things, and in *Le Temps* of 13 February, 1892, there appeared this paragraph, which is as true to-day as the day it was written:—

"Current literature is at an incomprehensibly low ebb in Germany. From year's end to year's end it is becoming an impossibility to discover a novel, a drama, or a page of decent criticism. The *Deutsche Rundschau* itself lately admitted this in despair. Not only is it that the talent and the style are deficient—all is poor, weak and flat. . . . Even the desire to rise above a certain level of writing seems absent. One finishes by being thankful to any contemporary German author who appears to be making the simplest effort to write unlike a crossing-sweeper."

The modern German "realist" school is the crossing-sweeper run mad. Illicit love, the dagger, vitriol and vice in its most hideous forms are the elements employed by Bleibtreu, and his imitators. Berlin devoured the new novelists. Unhappily for Bleibtreu his disciples reaped a greater harvest than himself. The "master" became furiously jealous; he resolved to leave Germany and seek fame and fortune elsewhere; so he penned this farewell to the land of his birth:—

"To what end this protracted struggle? 'Tis in vain! My hand grows paralyzed. Long flourish falsehood, imbecility and

folly! Farewell thou German Piggery! The dust of the tomb will extinguish the conflagration. I have been . . . an absolute duffer. Not an honest German was I, but a wounded swan."

With the utterance of these tragic words Bleibtreu, hoping that darkness would fall upon his accursed native land, disappeared. His disciples, however, remained in Germany: they knew that only Germany of all nations could furnish them with a public.

The star of Heinz Tovote was now in the ascendant, for his novel *Im Liebesrausch** had run into several editions. This is the theme of this famous German work of art. Herbert von Düren, falls in love with a girl named Lucy, formerly a waitress, and the mistress of many men in succession. He marries her unconscious of her "past." His mother knows better but sanctions their union. In Berlin, Lucy's former sins soon find her out, and the fact that she was once a waitress at an inn soon horrifies the ears of Berlin "society." Berlin will not tolerate immorality in the wife of an army officer (as Von Düren is)—when that wife has been a common waitress. Lucy is 'cut' dead. Herbert, however, continues to love her until he discovers at the house of a 'realist' painter a picture of the nude form of Lucy emerging from the waves. Von Düren is furious, will listen to no explanation, and turns Lucy adrift. The painter, of course, had limned Lucy's figure from imagination, using her face because he admired the type. Herbert, on hearing the truth is overcome by remorse, hunts high and low for his unerring wife, and at last finds her—in his own house, where she had been secretly abiding all the time. Reconciliation follows, much Teutonic tosh in the way of sentiment; and the young wife dies in childbirth.

Now this novel of Tovote's, written in shockingly bad German received the most fulsome eulogiums. By many of the critics it was considered a masterpiece. On the contrary *Im Liebesrausch* is nothing but a common sordid tale told in a common sordid way. The author attempts "style," with about as much success as a Prussian boor could ape the grand manner of Louis XIV. He remarks, "the horses were hanging their heads sorrowfully and sleeping"—as if he had also observed them on occasion to sleep jubilantly. At a dinner "The waiter set the pot-bellied bottle on the table with a flourishing curve," and served oysters—"according to the rules of art": this last is a gem of Teutonic ignorance,

* *Im Liebesrausch*, "Berliner Roman (6th edn.), 1893.

pure and simple. One can quite imagine a Berlin reader of this romance going one better, and asking at Kempinski's the next day for oysters served "according to the rules of literature." There is much of the country bumpkin in the work of *Im Liebesrausch*, for the author thunders out the names of the principal Berlin streets so magniloquently that he would seem to be a peasant just "come up" from the wilds of Galicia. Tovote has a great capacity for being surprised at the trivial, and dead to the profound. He reminds one of the dear old lady who at Piccadilly-circus will always say "Dear, dear; where *do* all the people come from?" unappreciative of the fact that at the beginning of the present century it was estimated that there were some 1,500,000,000 mortal souls upon this earth, of whom the passing throng at Piccadilly-circus forms a not very important fraction. Tovote is struck with amaze—as a Laplander might be—on finding the principal thoroughfares full of "people, vehicles and shops"; as if he had imagined them the abode of stacks of corn, swarms of field-mice and farm-yard fowl. He has an exquisitely Teutonic color-sense, for in Lucy's bedroom, "designed according to the rules of art," the chairs are upholstered in pale pink satin, while the windows are obscured by blue silk curtains. Tovote forgot to complete the picture by giving the bed a coverlet of emerald green. Indeed, all the characters in this great novel of Tovote's are quite impossible, taken to represent even German human beings. German army officers may be fools outside their trade, but Herbert is a mightily uncommon fool, for when he met his Lucy for the first time she was living with an Englishman in Heligoland in a house tenanted by themselves only, and he judged her to be the Englishman's betrothed. In short *Im Liebesrausch* is a typically vulgar German love-story, vulgarly told—and it is nothing more.

In the "famous" novel of Herrmann Bahr called *Die gute Schule : Seelenstände* we make the acquaintance of a piece of sheer lunacy. A young artist-painter picks up in the streets a dressmaker of facile virtue. He lives with her, making her existence a hell upon earth. At last the girl leaves him for the society of a wealthy nigger whom she cajoles into buying her former lover's paintings at exorbitant prices. Bahr, in this book, as the title implies, deals largely with "soul-states"; his hero's anguish he calls "the lyrism of red"; in fact, every atom of the painter's soul is red, "all his feelings, all his aims, all his desires"; he is a complete "biography of red." Whatever happens to him is always red, whatever shall happen to him is sure to be red. Dreadful indeed are the happenings in

this book . . . "the curse smote him behind, coming from a splendid salmon . . . which you never would have suspected of treachery as it reposed cradling itself in a rosy sheen in its luscious herb sauce." This sauce ultimately quite turned the hero's brain. "He had never seen anything to approach it . . . a soft and a sweet green, at once so languishing and so joyful that he could have sung and shouted for very joy." Finally, "he would have liked to make a colossal gimlet revolve in his flesh with a burning screw . . . very deep, until there was a large hole . . . a gigantic triumphal gate of his art through which the intestines," etc., etc.

The reader is to be assured that this is a novel of the utmost seriousness, and as remote from humorous intention as a death certificate. By a German critic of literature it has been styled "one of the most imaginative and original works in modern fiction." By another critic Bahr has been called "one of the greatest of the great story-tellers"; by yet another, not so kind, "the high-priest of neurasthenia."

In quoting these weird emanations of a diseased German brain the writer would only emphasize that Bahr's novel ran into several editions and received high eulogy from a section of the German press.

Another well-known German "realist" is Arno Holz, who of late has appeared in the role of poet. The following is a translation by the American poet, W. E. Leonard, of Holz's *Buddha*. It is quoted with approbation by Mr. G. S. Viereck in his "Confessions of a Barbarian."

Buddha.

By night around my temple grove
watch seventy brazen cows.
A thousand mottled stone lampions flicker.

Upon a red throne of lac
I sit in the Holy of Holies.

Above me
through the beams of sandalwood
in the ceiling's open square
stand the stars.
I blink

Were I now to rise up
 my ivory shoulders would splinter the roof;
 and the oval diamond upon my brow
 would stave the moon.

The chubby priests may snore away
 I rise not up.
 I sit with legs crossed under
 and observe my navel.

It is a blood-red ruby
 in a naked belly of gold.

The "most vital" of modern German poets, according to the Berlin critics, is Richard Dehmelt, a poet of "fiery voluptuousness." In his "But Love" he portrays himself in "Bastard," a supposed offspring of a female vampire and the God of Light. His "poems" abound in perversions, and are totally unfitted for reproduction in English, as is so much of present-day German "poetry" in general. The modern German poetess, too, is no better. Marie Madeleine (Baroness of Putkamer) writes "poems of passion," and her whole output of stories and verses are saturated by the erotic and perverse. She has been called the Faustina of German song. Some fifteen years ago she published a "book in the nude," under the title of *Auf Kypros*, which ran into twenty editions in as many months. The two following verses will give an idea of her style.

Ich sah dein Bild die ganze Nacht,
 Und in mir stöhnte dumpf das Tier,
 All meine Sehnsucht schrie nach dir
 Die ganze Nacht, die ganze Nacht.

Du lächelst stolz—"Ich hab's gewusst!"
 Und weisst doch nicht wie ich mich sehne
 Zu graben meine Raubtierzähne
 In deine nackte Jünglingsbrust.

Marie Madeleine has found many imitators who, however, reproduce her perversity without divulging any of her cleverness.

Of the same school as Marie Madeleine are Margarete Beutler, who told an interviewer that she was "temperamentally unfitted for permanent wedlock," and Gabriele Reuter, who brazenly advertised in the newspapers the birth of her extra-marital child. "Germany has little to be proud of in her poetesses," wrote an

American journalist in an article on these two women writers. To say that there are scores of German authors and authoresses who openly denounce marriage, advocate "free-love" and depict perversion is putting the case feebly. To the present-day German poet, poetess, and novelist nothing would appear sacred except perhaps illicit and unnatural affection. There was once a certain German poet (he died in 1905, aged forty-one), named Otto Erich Hartleben. It is only charitable at once to assume that he was a victim of satyriasis. Anyhow, he was one of Germany's best-known poets and playwrights, and one of the most popular figures in German literary life. For years his "love-affairs" were the topic of the Berlin drawing-room, the café and the kneipe. His adventures were more popular than his poems and plays, which is saying something, for his play *Rosenmontag* brought him fame and fortune, and incidentally in a translation appeared at the St. James' Theatre, London, as "Love's Carnival," some years ago. But it is not his mode of life, nor his work I wish to discuss. I merely ask this question: In what country in Europe, other than in Germany, would it be possible for two women (one his wife, the other his mistress) to thrash out and publish in book form their most intimate heart-affairs, the dead man's letters to them both, and re-tell his satyric escapades while his body was hardly cold in death? In any nation where literature is held in repute, where men and women possess the senses of decency and shame, such a proceeding is unimaginable. Yet here we have this volume entitled "*Letters to His Wife*" soon followed by another volume, "*Letters of Otto Erich Hartleben to His Friend*."† Nothing more base, vulgar and disgusting, I maintain, has ever appeared in modern biographical literature; and whether the authoresses were inspired by spite or greed of gain, or both, does not matter. The volumes were published and read by the Berlin reading public with avidity. In England sometimes, in the reports of Divorce Court proceedings, intoxicated letters of feeble-minded persons of both sexes are reproduced, but the "love" letters of Hartleben do not rise even to this level. It is as if a monkey in a fit of concupiscence had seized pen and ink, and for the first time essayed to make epistolatory love. But yet another volume had to appear. The legal wife had not finished. In "*Mei Erich*" Frau Hartleben seems to revel in multiplying her late husband's extra-marital acquaintance. She even tells how he spent an evening at a highly respectable Women's

† Briefe von O. E. Hartleben an seine Frau. S. Fischer, Berlin, 1908.

Briefe von O. E. Hartleben an seine Freundin. C. Reissner, 1910.

Briefe von O. E. Hartleben an Freunde. S. Fischer, Berlin, 1912, &c.

Club in a German country town and chose for his discourse the most unsavoury anecdotes he could remember. She relates his peccadilloes one by one. How he met a pretty girl who was in sore straits for money. She could not be more than sixteen. She must live with them. Quite a plain young man had eloped with her and left her alone in Berlin. Just up from the fresh unvitiated atmosphere of the fields and forests, fancy the danger of such a position to a young innocent girl of barely sixteen. Frau Hartleben must see her. Frau Hartleben does, and estimates the girl as being so innately bad that even locks and keys would not keep her from wickedness. Yet we find this German woman, knowing the character of the girl, and knowing, also, the character of her husband, asking the child to live with them and "begin life all over again." The proposal did not appeal to the girl; she made excuses, but promised to join her would-be benefactors—to-morrow. But she never came. The prospect of some sort of an orderly life, two guardians, no latchkey, and an early morning cup of coffee downstairs affrighted the girl. "Too bad," ejaculated the poet, "but there, I shall never learn."

Frau Hartleben declares that her husband "told her everything." She on her part condoned everything, after the amazing manner of the Teuton woman. In Rome the poet met another necessitous young girl whose pleasure it was to pick his pockets. Nevertheless he decked her out in fine raiment, and told his wife that if it made a girl happy to steal—who should spoil her pleasure by taxing her with theft?

With the brief recital of Hartleben's visit to Munich and his discovery that a girl there had borne him a child, we will dismiss "Mei Erich." Frau Hartleben (it must be remembered that the wife relates all this herself) journeys to Munich and finds that the infant resembles her husband. After bargaining with its mother the poet's wife carries it off to Berlin to the great satisfaction of Hartleben.

"But you never ask me, Erich, whether I want the child or not?" says Frau Hartleben.

"My dear, surely that is understood. You always do what I want you to—you know you do," returns Hartleben.

"What can one add to such a chapter as that" asks Mr. Percival Pollard commenting on this astounding book of marital revelations in his interesting "Masks and Minstrels of New Germany."* Certainly the present writer can add—nothing.

* Heinemann, London.

Hermann Conradi is another novelist of the "realist" persuasion. Conradi wrote a volume of short stories which he entitled "Brutalities." This book had a great sale and made his "reputation." In his novel "Adam Mensch" his blasphemies and obscenities brought down upon him at Leipzig the talons of the state, and he died in that town during his trial. By one critic Conradi was described as "a better artist than Zola." The gravity of his offence will be seen in the action of the German Government under whose *aegis* still flourishes the most corrupt literature in Europe.

So long ago as in the year 1893 Max Nordau held forth on the immoral tone of German modern literature. "The systematic excitation of lasciviousness," he says in "Degeneration," † "causes grave injury to the mental and physical health of individuals, and a society made up of individuals sexually over-stimulated, without self control, discipline and shame, marches to its certain destruction. . . Here is a great and worthy task, *e.g.*, for the newly formed 'Society for Ethical Culture' of Berlin. Let it become the voluntary guardian of the morality of the people. . . When such a society. . . should after serious investigation, conscious of a grave responsibility say of an author, 'He is a criminal,' and of his work, 'It is a disgrace to our country,' the man and his work would be annihilated. . . and the wholesome fear of such a fate would prevent the appearance of such works, as for instance, Bahr's *Gute Schule*, and would thoroughly dissuade these 'realists' from advertising a condemnation founded on a crime against morality as a *cachet* of distinction."

But matters have gone from bad to worse. The tone of the whole Press in Germany has steadily deteriorated. Half a century ago the newspapers of the Fatherland were more or less respectable productions. To-day they rank the lowest in Europe. The comic papers are not the least offenders. "Simplicissimus" and "Jugend" have been repeatedly warned by the Government of the United States, and other German periodicals have been barred there. Nor is America over-squeamish in literary taste.

The Germans, of course, have for many years claimed to be the only true interpreters of Shakespeare, asserting that the great English poet possessed the true Germanic soul. For Shakespeare's (supposed) inappreciation in England they affect nothing but the loftiest contempt. "How should such an unthinking and un-artistic people as the English understand the greatest of all poets?"

† "Entartung," C. Duncker, Berlin, 1893. "Degeneration," Heinemann London.

wrote a Berlin critic of the theatre the other day. But the fact of the matter is the *Germans* do not understand Shakespeare—simply because the great poet had not a vestige of the Teuton in him. Take the German stage productions of any of Shakespeare's plays and you will find them vulgarized to an extent unapproached by any British theatrical manager of the early nineteenth century. The humour of the poet is invariably coarsened; emphasis only too frequently falls where it should not, and often the atmosphere created is Rabelaisian, particularly in the comedies. Says an American author, Mr. G. S. Viereck: "They (the Germans) even discover in the plays something of the spirit of the mysterious Sonnets. There are moments when Mr. W. H. flits across the stage. The smile of the Shakespeare bust seems less enigmatic than of yore, his personality less inscrutable and less distant, after we have caught glimpses of his face in that playhouse of Reinhardt's."

And what is this much-vaunted playhouse of Reinhardt's? In Berlin it has been styled "a jewel box lined with silk," a "home of the philosophies" and what not. Shakespeare apart it is merely a theatre for the production of questionable plays for unquestioning people. Not for the middle-class Berliners was this shrine erected; its doors are fast-barred against the philistine; only the elect are welcomed, or those who will pay prohibitive prices. No applause is allowed, and there is no music. Here comes fashionable Berlin; modern German art, too, is always well represented, and is recognised by its habiliments. Women artists outrageously gowned flock to the place with men whose long hair, beards and neck-ties provoke the merriment of the *knabenvolk* (street-arabs). Even the actors and actresses engaged to interpret Reinhardt's masterpieces are said to be chosen for their intellectuality. "In this superb drawing-room of dramatic art," says an American critic, "Reinhardt manufactures new, or dresses up old geniuses." All is bizarre; exotic yet not always exoteric. Within the confines of this temple of the drama the intensely "modern" dramatist may safely play with forked lightning and the psychologist "empty his vials of pestilential bacilli," for this select and superior public of Reinhardt's is said to be immune from every mental disease known to science.

Again, there is the nude craze, which is nothing but a professional form of exhibitionism. In the art of the nude the two chief exponents are Fräulein Olga Desmond and Herr Salge, who periodically give performances in Berlin to "admirers of beauty." At

first the police stepped in, and later the matter formed the subject of a debate in the Reichstag; then we have the spectacle of the German Government taking up the cudgels for the New Muse of Nudity, and a little later a performance given by totally undraped actors and actresses was attended by the Reichstag in a body!

But all this is perfectly understandable in a nation who produced and worship Wagner, that apostle of unbridled sensuality. Only a German audience can fully appreciate and "realise" the love scenes in *Tristan und Isolde*, *Parsifal*, and the *Walküre* without experiencing any sense of shame or disgust. *Rheingold*, even the well-known German critic Eduard Hanslick * condemns for its "bestial sensuality" and remarks on the character of Siegfried: "Here in full force are the feverish accents of unsatiable sensuality so greatly beloved by Wagner; here they blaze to the uttermost, this moaning, sighing, whining and sinking to the ground excite us to revulsion. In its wild exuberance the text of these love episodes often relapses into the sheerest nonsense." Of the lovers in Wagner's musical dramas (Wagner detested the term *opera*) Nordau says: "In his pieces lovers behave themselves like tom-cats gone mad, sprawling in convulsions over a root of valerian"; and "Wagner suffered from 'erotic madness' which impels coarse natures (Nordau might have added 'coarse German natures' since the crime is peculiarly and particularly a Teutonic one) to murder for lust, but inspires the intellectual degenerate to create works like *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Tristan und Isolde*. . . Wagner's poems depict the erotic ideas of the degenerate. In turn they reveal mental states of savage sensuality, and of a revolt of moral sentiment against the tyranny of desire, of the ruin of the higher type of man and his consequent despair." Later, he says: "Hysterical women admire Wagner principally for the lascivious eroticism of his music, and not a little for his poetic setting of the relationship between man and woman. Nothing charms the temperamentally 'intense' woman so much as diabolical irresistibility on the part of the woman, and trembling adoration of her supernatural influence on the part of the man. . . Wagnerism," says Nordau, in conclusion, "is the most momentous aberration of the present age."

But where are we to finish in recapitulating the symptoms of degeneracy in the German people? The author I have just quoted was well enough aware of the pathological state of the Germans twenty years ago. Speaking of German hysteria at that time, Nordau said: "it vents itself in anti-Semitism, that most dangerous

* "Musikalische Stationen," Berlin, 1880.

form of the persecution mania, in which the individual imagining himself persecuted is himself transformed into a persecutor, savagely capable of any form of crime. . . . Like the hypochondriac . . . the hysterical German is profoundly concerned regarding the state of his precious health. . . . The exhalations of his epidermis and the functions of his stomach absorb his crazy attention. He becomes a fanatic for Jaeger flannel vests, and for the groats that vegetarians grind for themselves. He works himself into a passion over Kneipp's douches and takes, bare-footed, long perambulations over wet grass. He also intoxicates himself with morbid sentimentality. . . . concerning the agony inflicted on frogs during physiological experiment, and throughout all this anti-Semitic, Kneippish, Jaegerish, vegetarian and anti-vivisection madness there rings out the fundamental note of a megalomaniacal, Teutonomaniacl Chauvinism, against which the noble (*sic*) Emperor Frederick vainly warned us."

As it is in hysteria of the individual, which acquires its special form from the temperament and idiosyncrasies of that individual, so it is with the hysteria of a nation. For many years hysteria in Germany manifested itself in internal religious quarrels, and, as Nordau points out, in anti-Semitism. The German people have ever been innately quarrelsome and given to strife. Such a people under the scorching heel of militarism, it is easy to conceive, may readily develop a blind, unreasoning lust for war. In Germany's modern literature, such as it is, we see the ebullitions of hysteria at every turn; we find the tracings of the hand of the neuropath throughout her fine arts. Nor in accounting for the revolting sexual conditions obtaining in the Fatherland, must we overlook hysteria, for this abnormal condition of the nervous system may largely explain the sexual vices of the Germans, as it may the "lust-murders" recounted in a previous chapter.

Hysteria, then, would seem in no small measure to account for much of Germany's present-day illiterature; sheer insanity as well as bestiality and savagery also make their contributions. The reader will have noticed the word "masochism" in a previous chapter. This term, as the reader may know, owes its introduction to fictional and criminalistic literature by reason of an author named L. von Sacher-Masoch (1835-1895) writing "love" stories in which brutal wounding by flogging or other means is depicted. The "heroes" and "heroines" of Sacher-Masoch generally flog or beat one another till the blood flows; that is their way of making love. Savages in their heart affairs act like gentlemen compared

with some of the lovers of Sacher-Masoch. In Germany this author (an Austrian-Pole) is a "classic," and it follows that he has had many imitators. The "lust-murderer" is only Sacher-Masoch intensified. Masochism, as I have said, is pre-eminently a Teutonic disease, of which this novelist is the exponent in chief. "Sacher-Masoch is one of the most wonderful artists that ever lived" writes a German critic; "he is one of our much-prized literary possessions." "Vermachtnis Kains," "Venus im Pelz," "Galizischen Geschishten," "Messalinen Wiens," "Die schwarze Zarin," and "Wiener Hofgeschichten" are perhaps this author's best known works. To show how popular "masochism" is in Germany I have only to record the fact that there is now a masochistic monthly magazine published, entitled "Geissel und Rute" (Whip and Rod). The editor is Herr C. von Stein.

In the mind of this Sacher-Masoch the spectacle of flogging recurs at regular intervals. When his principal characters are not flogged, nor order others to be flogged, he must perforce drag in a scene of military flagellation. The sight of flowing blood would appear to throw Sacher-Masoch into a kind of ecstasy. On opening *Der neue Hiob* (Stuttgart, 1878) I immediately chance on this passage:

"Early in the morning Theofil was led out. . . The military judge read aloud his sentence. . . each soldier received a rod, then they formed two long rows facing each other, leaving a narrow path between them. . . The word of command was given; Theofil cast a glance aside: there his father stood with bared head; there knelt his mother praying. . . then began the frightful run. The blows fell in rapid succession. Each one left a crimson stripe on his bare back. His blood flowed and be-spattered the ground. . ."

A little further on we meet:

"The old woman, in the meantime, had summoned the *heyduc*, who, whip in hand, approached in a stately manner, stroked his moustache, made his whip whistle in the air, and then asked: 'How many?'

"'Ten, my dear,' replied the old woman in a sweet voice, and placing her hands upon her hips she stood still so as to enjoy the dishishment."

Again:

"He seized the whip, and, with his sultan's manner, gave the rebellious subject a smarting blow. With a cry of pain poor Theofil began dancing, the tears streaming down his face, while Diana rocked to and fro at the piano in merriment, and his master urged him on with his whip. . ."

A little further on is this :

"Theofil, my servant was rude——"

"What do you expect from a peasant?"

"Disobedient——"

"Then whip him." . . .

Further on we discover :

"Once again Theofil ventured into the young widow's room. . . she let her dinner remain on the table by the livan where she reposed. . . she sighed, and prest her handkerchief to her eyes. But as Theofil seemed quite unaffected, she glanced at him reproachfully and began drinking her soup.

When she had finished she whispered, 'Well, do you still refuse the happiness awaiting you, my dear?'

Theofil dropped his eyes and was silent.

The little woman was no longer mistress of herself, but springing up she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him.

'Aren't you happy now, Theofil?'

'I would rather be lashed to the bench.'

'What?'

'I beg of you, have me whipped as many lashes as you like, but kiss me no more.'

'You reject the happiness I proffer you?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. Go!''

A few pages later we have this :

"The enraged sultan ordered the Cossack to take his slave into the yard, and there, with his arms and legs tied together, he was laid with his face to the ground. His men and women servants he placed one behind the other, and gave to each a long, pointed rod. Then began. . . the strangest march and at the same time the most laughable and cruel punishment imaginable. Each servant in turn as he passed by the unfortunate victim gave him a blow with the rod, and then a wide circle was formed and the operation repeated. This afforded them all the greatest amusement. John . . . played his harmonica while the girls danced and laughed, and none seemed to enjoy the sport more than Anna, for whom the poor wretch had to suffer his punishment."

Later on we find this aphorism :

"Kiss the Jew, he'll deceive you ; thrash him, and he'll kiss you."

In another "romance" of this author's the first paragraph to catch my eye is —

"As he rode by her side strange fancies flitted through his brain.

He recalled that Amazonian queen, who dipped the head of her faithless lover, a Persian king, beheaded at her command, into the blood which flowed from the body from which it had just been struck off. He remembered also that grand-duchess Olga, who ordered a hundred knights made captive in a battle to be slain on her marriage morning. Then suddenly it seemed to his excited imagination as if he had been transformed into the horse on which Barbara was mounted. He felt himself urged on and on by the cruel strokes of her whip."

One more (and last) example of Sacher-Masochism :

" 'O! divine Nastka!' cried Arkadi, clasping his arms round her and kissing her vigorously on her full, crimson lips. 'Yes, I forgive you,' she went on after she had wiped her mouth with her apron, 'but on the strict condition that you will meekly submit to a thrashing from me.' 'A thrashing?' 'Yes, I must thrash you,' was her decided answer; 'so make your choice quickly—either a good, sound thrashing or—separation.'

'Whatever am I to do, Maxim?' Arkadi groaned. 'She must always have her own way.'"

Look whichever way we will we find that literature in Germany has long left the broad highway of civilization to tread the spoor of the savage, manacled to the Unclean Spirit.

Authors whose work is totally unfit for publication in the English language, whose books run into very many editions in Germany could be enumerated by the score, nay the hundred. In the modern literature of no other country can be found such a galaxy of obscenity. "Free-love" finds its leading apologists in Laube, Mundt and Dingelstedt, while the "classics" of the "fleshy school" are *Jungen Europa* by Lambe, *Madonna* by Theodor Mundt, *Aesthetische Feldzüge* by Wienbarg, and *Neue Gedichte* by Heine. Others I need not mention.

Every vice appears to have a "literature" of its own in the land of *Kultur*. The "literature" of perversion is multitudinous. The pervert figures in hundreds of novels and plays. The woman of the town—it would be difficult to find play or novel without her. But the most striking feature of Teuton literary output of late years has been the vast number of novels affecting to deal with the sexual life of boys and girls. Most of these are plainly the work of the pornographer; a few, a very few, seem to spring from a true moral motive. Viewed *en masse* this literature concerning prurient childhood would seem to convict the youth of Germany of inherent

vice. Among the best known examples of this form of fictional and dramatic art I may mention "Lothar oder Untergang einer Kindheit" (Lothar or the Ruin of Childhood), by Oscar A. H. Schmitz; "Der krasse Fuchs," by Walter Bloem; "Eckhart von Jeperen," by Max von Münchhausen; "Unterm Rad," by Hermann Hesse; "Freund Hein," by Emil Strauss; "Die Verwirrungen des Zöglings Törless," by Robert Musil; "Was zur Sonne Will," by Hans Hart; and "Eine Gymnasiasten-tragödie," a drama in four acts, by Robert Sandeks. But by far the best and least offensive example of this form of art is Frank Wedekind's "Frühlings Erwachen"* (The Awakening of Spring) which seems to have been inspired by a genuine motive. This so-called tragedy is one of the regular stock plays acted at "Das Neue Theatre" in Berlin, where it always draws an overflowing audience. Of this German dramatist, Wedekind, the "Frankfurter Zeitung" observed in a lengthy article, ". . . he is a power without his like amongst us. He is a poet animal-trainer, who knows and rules his beasts. . . . A Man—if you please. . . . He recalls Shakespeare himself." As this "tragedy of childhood" has found such an immense vogue in Germany; as the German critics of literature and the theatre are unanimous that it is a great work—one critic declares it to be "one of the greatest tragedies ever written"; another "the best play we have had for twenty years," another "a tragedy so simple, so profound, so pregnant of moral meaning that it deserves to take its place, as no doubt it will, besides the plays of Shakespeare and Lessing";—I purpose giving some translated extracts from so important a document. It is said that "The Awakening of Spring" has received the signal *cachet* of the German Kaiser and his Consort, and that performances of the tragedy have been witnessed and approved by "countless ministers of religion."

"The Awakening of Spring," in the writer's opinion, has primarily grave faults in the matter of construction; indeed, there seem to have been little pains taken to weld the play into a coherent whole, but the characterization of the adults is well done; they walk the stage in their habit as they live. The theme apart, the play, because of its fidelity, is of value as a sketch of present-day German life, and for this reason I deem a part of this play worthy of inclusion here.

Frankly a play like "The Awakening of Spring," even if it

* "Frühlings Erwachen," by Frank Wedekind. Albert Langen, München 1907. "The Awakening of Spring," Brown Bros., Philadelphia, Pa, 1909.

passed the censor, would be impossible on the British theatrical stage: our theatre-going public would righteously resent serious propaganda of this type.

The theme is briefly this: the reticence towards children which parents cultivate with regard to sexual matters is wrong, for the child's intellectual development fails to enlighten him. Children should be approached with a closed phalanx of prohibitions and warnings; only in this way can the chastity of youth be safeguarded.

We need not discuss the ethics of this question here. Let us turn to the play itself.

FRÜHLINGS ERWACHEN

("THE AWAKENING OF SPRING").

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Living Room.

WENDLA. Why have you made my dress so long, mother?

FRAU. BERGMANN. Because you are fourteen to-day.

WENDLA. If I'd known you were going to make it so long I'd rather not have been fourteen.

FRAU BERGMANN. The dress isn't too long, Wendla. Whatever do you want? I'm sure it is not my fault that my child grows two inches taller each spring. A grown-up maiden can't go about in short frocks.

WENDLA. Anyway, my short frock suits me better than this night-gown of a thing. Let me wear my short one, mother, only just this summer. This penitential thing will fit me just as well when I'm fifteen. Let's put it away till my next birthday. If I wore it now I'm sure I should tear the flounces.

FRAU BERGMANN. I don't know—what shall I say? Just now, child, I must take special care of you. At your age other girls are hardy and plump. On the contrary you—who knows what you will be when the others have developed?

WENDLA. Who knows? . . . Perhaps I may not be at all.

FRAU BERGMANN. Child, child, how can such things enter your head ?

WENDLA. Don't be sad, mother dear.

FRAU BERGMANN (*kissing her daughter*). My own darling !

WENDLA. They come to me at night when I can't sleep. They don't make me sad, mother. I think I sleep better after them. It isn't sinful, mother, is it, to have such thoughts ?

FRAU BERGMANN. Go along and hang the long dress in the cupboard. Put on your short frock again, in God's name ! . . . I will put a little frill round it.

WENDLA (*hanging dress in cupboard*). I would rather be twenty at once —

FRAU BERGMANN. So long as you are not too cold. The frock was long enough for you once, but now. . .

WENDLA. Now, and summer coming ? Mother, when you're a child you don't catch diphtheria in your knees. . . At my age you don't freeze, least of 'll in your legs. It wouldn't be any better for me to be too warm, would it, mother ? Give thanks to God if one day I don't tear out the sleeves and come to you at twilight without my shoes and stockings. If I wore that long frock I should dress like an elfin queen under it. Don't scold me, mother. Nobody sees it any more.

The foregoing constitutes scene I. In scene II. we are made acquainted with some over-educated German schoolboys.

SCENE II.

Sunday Evening.

MELCHIOR. This is too tiresome, I shan't do any more of it.

OTTO. Then all we others can stop, too ? . . . Have you the work, Melchior ?

MELCHIOR. You keep on playing.

MORITZ. Where are you going ?

MELCHIOR. For a stroll.

GEORGE. But it's getting dark.

ROBERT. Have you the work all ready ?

MELCHIOR. Why shouldn't I go for a stroll in the dark ?

ERNEST. Central America. Louis the Fifteenth. Sixty verses of Homer. Seven equations.

MELCHIOR. Damn the work!

GEORGE. If only Latin composition didn't come to-morrow.

MORITZ. You can't think of anything without a task stepping in between.

OTTO. I'm off home.

GEORGE. I too, to work.

ERNEST. I too.

ROBERT. Good-night, Melchior.

MELCHIOR. Sleep well. (*All depart except Moritz and Melchior*).
I should like to know why we really are on earth.

MORITZ. Rather than go to school I'd be a cab-horse. Why do we go to school?—so that somebody can examine us. Why do they examine us?—in order that we may fail. Seven must fail because the upper class-room holds only sixty. I've felt ill since Christmas. The devil take me, if it weren't for papa I'd pack my traps and go to Altoona this very day!

MELCHIOR. Let's talk of something else. (*They walk along*).

MORITZ. Do you see that black cat there with its tail sticking up?

MELCHIOR. Do you believe in omens?

MORITZ. I don't know. They come down to us. They don't matter.

MELCHIOR. I believe that is the Charybdis on which you run when you steer clear of the Scylla of religious folly. Let's sit down under this beech tree. How I should like to be a young dryad up there in the wood to cradle myself in the topmost branches and be rocked the livelong night.

MORITZ. Unbutton your waistcoat, Melchior.

MELCHIOR. Ha! how clothes puff you up.

MORITZ. God knows it is getting so dark one can't see one's hand before his eyes. Where are you? . . . Do you believe, Melchior, that the feeling of shame in man is but the outcome of his education?

MELCHIOR. Why, I was thinking about that for the first time the day before yesterday. Yes; it seems deeply rooted in human nature. Fancy, you must appear entirely clothed before your most intimate friend. Yet you wouldn't do so if he didn't do the same thing. I suppose it's more or less of a fashion.

MORITZ. I often think that if I have children, boys and girls, I will let them occupy the same room; let them sleep to-

gether in the same bed, if possible ; let them help each other dress and undress night and morning. In hot weather, the boys as well as the girls, should wear nothing all day long but a short white woollen tunic with a girdle. It seems to me that if they grew up in that fashion they would be easier in mind than we are under the present conventions.

MELCHIOR. I believe so, too, Moritz. The question is, suppose the girls have children. What then ?

MORITZ. How could they have children ?

MELCHIOR. In that respect I believe in instinct. For example, I believe that if one brought up together a male and a female cat, and kept both shut off from the outside world—that is, left them entirely to their own devices—that, sooner or later, the she cat would become . . . even if she and the tom cat had nobody to open their eyes by example. I believe the same of human beings. . . . (*The conversation here is too "intimate" for an English translation*).

MORITZ. . . . At the same time, I can hardly talk with a girl to-day without thinking of something indecent, and—I swear to you, Melchior—I don't know what.

MELCHIOR. I will tell you everything. I have got it partly from books, partly from illustrations, partly from observing nature. You may be surprised ; it made me an atheist. I told it to George Zirschnitz. George Zirschnitz wanted to tell it to Hans Rilow, but Hans Rilow had learned it all from his governess when he was a child.

MORITZ. I have gone through Meyer's Little Encyclopedia from A to Z. Nothing but words. Not a single plain explanation. Oh, this feeling of shame. What use is an encyclopedia that doesn't answer the most important question in life ?

I want above all else to shine to-morrow. . . .

MELCHIOR. You are like a girl. . . one question, Moritz.

MORITZ. H'm.

MELCHIOR. Did you ever see a girl ?

MORITZ. Yes.

MELCHIOR. All of her ?

MORITZ. Certainly.

MELCHIOR. So have I . . .

MORITZ. I must work. Good night.

MELCHIOR. Till we meet again.

SCENE III.

Thea, Wendla and Martha come along the street, arm-in-arm.

MARTHA. . . . If I ever have children I shall let them grow up like the weeds in our garden. Nobody troubles about them and they grow so high and thick!—while the roses in the beds grow poorer every summer.

THEA. If I have children I shall dress them all in pink. Pink hats, pink dresses, pink shoes. Only the stockings—the stockings black as night. When I go for a walk they shall march in front of me. And you, Wendla?

WENDLA. How do you know that you will have any?

THEA. Why shouldn't we have any?

MARTHA. Well, Aunt Euphemia hasn't any.

THEA. Goose that you are, that's because she isn't married.

WENDLA. Aunt Bauer was married three times and she didn't have even one.

* * * * *

Melchior passes and greets them).

THEA. He has a wonderful head.

MARTHA. He makes me think of young Alexander going to Aristotle's school.

THEA. O dear, Greek history! I only know how Socrates lay in his barrel when Alexander sold him the ass's shadow.

WENDLA. He is third in his class.

THEA. Professor Knochenbruch says he can be first when he will.

WENDLA. Only think, Melchi Gabor once told me he didn't believe anything—not in God, not in a hereafter—not in anything more in this world.

SCENE IV.

A park in front of the Gymnasium. Melchior, Otto, George, Robert, Hanschen Rilow and Lämmermeier.

The dialogue in this scene is merely schoolboy talk. Moritz after stealing into the Board-room of the Gymnasium gets a glance at the report book wherein he finds that he has been "promoted," as has also another schoolfellow.

SCENE V.

MELCHIOR. You! Wendla! really! What are you doing here all alone? For three hours I've been going from one side of the wood to the other, and—not met a soul. Now in the thickest part of it you come upon me!

WENDLA. Yes, it's I.

MELCHIOR. If I weren't really certain you were Wendla I should take you for a dryad fallen out of your tree.

WENDLA. No, no, I am Wendla Bergmann. How did you come here?

MELCHIOR. I followed my thoughts.

WENDLA. I'm looking for waldmeister*; mama is going to make Maybowl. At first she intended coming herself, but at the last moment Aunt Bauer called, and she doesn't like climbing. So I came along by myself.

MELCHIOR. Have you found your waldmeister?

WENDLA. A whole basketful. . . Will you tell me the time?

MELCHIOR. A little after half-past four. When do they expect you?

WENDLA. I thought it was later. I lay dreaming for a long while on the moss by the brook. . .

WENDLA. I dreamt that I was a poor beggar girl turned out into the street at five o'clock in the morning. I had to beg the whole livelong day in all weathers, from rough, hard-hearted people. When I came home at night, shivering from hunger and cold, and with not enough money to satisfy my father, then I was beaten—beaten—

MELCHIOR. I know, Wendla. You must thank the silly stories of the children for that. There are no such brutal men nowadays.

WENDLA. Oh, yes, Melchior, you're mistaken. Martha Bessel gets beaten night after night, so that you see the marks of it the next day. Oh, but it must hurt. When she tells you, it makes you boiling hot. I'm so awfully sorry for her that I often cry on my pillows at night. For months I've been thinking how I could help her. I'd take her place for eight days gladly.

MELCHIOR. Her father should be complained of at once. Then the child would be taken away from him.

* Sweet woodruff. Used in Germany for making a Spring beverage.

WENDLA. I, Melchior, have never been beaten in my life—not once. I can hardly imagine such a thing. I have beaten myself even, in order to see how one felt then in one's heart. . . . It must be a weird feeling.

MELCHIOR. I believe a child is no better for it.

WENDLA. Better for what?

MELCHIOR. For being beaten.

WENDLA. With this switch for instance! Ha! how tough it is, and thin.

MELCHIOR. That would draw blood.

WENDLA. Would you like to beat me with it once?

MELCHIOR. Who?

WENDLA. Me.

MELCHIOR. What's the matter with you. Wendla?

WENDLA. What might happen?

MELCHIOR. Oh, be quiet. I won't beat you.

WENDLA. Not if I allow you?

MELCHIOR. No, girl.

WENDLA. Not even if I ask you, Melchior?

MELCHIOR. Have your senses left you?

WENDLA. I've never been beaten in my life!

MELCHIOR. If you ask for such a thing—

WENDLA. Please, please.

MELCHIOR. I'll teach you to say "please." (*He strikes her*).

WENDLA. Oh, Lord, I don't notice it a bit.

MELCHIOR. I believe you. . . . through all your skirts. . . .

WENDLA. Then strike me on my legs!

MELCHIOR. Wendla! (*He hits her harder*).

WENDLA. You're stroking me. Yes, you're stroking me.

MELCHIOR. Wait, witch. I'll flog Satan out of you!

(He casts the switch aside and beats her with his fists so hard that she bursts out with a terrible cry. He pays no heed to this but falls upon her as if he were mad, while the tears stream down his cheeks. Presently he springs away, holds both hands to his temples and rushes into the depths of the wood crying out in anguish of soul).

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Evening in Melchior's Study.

In this scene Wedekind attempts principally to show the psychica and physical damage done by the German educational methods. Meritz

tells Melchior, "I conjugated until I saw green. . . One feels it when one imposes upon Nature." Later he says, "If I fail it will wound my father, and mother will be landed in the mad-house. . . Before the examination I asked God to give me consumption that the cup might pass me by untouched. . ." Melchior despairs of life. "It wouldn't have been a bad thing if I'd hanged myself in the cradle," he says. Melchior tells his mother of a schoolmate. "You know, mother, that Max von Trenk has been laid-up with brain fever. To-day at noon Hans Rilow came from von Trenk's death-bed to tell Rector Sonnenstich that von Trenk had just passed away in his presence. 'Indeed,' said Sonnenstich, 'have'nt you two hours from last week to make up?'"

SCENE II.

The dialogue in this scene is between Wendla and her mother. Frau Bergmann returns from a visit to her married daughter, Ina, who has given birth to a child. The girl Wendla is curious and begs her mother to tell her how it is children come into the world. "I have a sister," she says, "who has been married for two years and a half, I myself am an aunt for the third time, and I have'nt a notion how it all comes about. . ." But Frau Bergmann cannot say. She hesitates, stutters, and ends by evading the girl's question.

SCENE III.

Here we have a long soliloquy by Hans Rilow on love, in frank imitation of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Too much learning appears to have turned the student's brain, for he begins, "taking from his bosom a reproduction of the Venus of Palma Vecchio," in this wise: "Hast thou prayed to-night, Desdemona? Thou wilt not appear to me after the Our Father, darling, with thy sweet glance radiating joy as I beheld thee contemplatively expectant of someone's coming, lying in Jonathan Schlesinger's shop-window, just as enticing as thou art now, with these supple limbs, these softly-arched hips, these full, youthful breasts. Oh, how drunk with joy must have been the great master when his glance strayed over the fourteen-year-old original stretched out upon the divan! . . . Brrr! I feel a Heliogabalus within me! "Mortura me salutet!" Maiden, maiden, why dost thou press thy knees together? Why now of all times? In face of the inscrutable eternity? A movement, and I will spare thy life! A womanly emotion, a sign of passion, of sympathy, maiden! I will frame thee in gold, and hang thee over my bed! Does not thou guess that thy chastity only begets my debauchery? . . . Woe, woe, unto the inhuman man!"

DEGENERATE GERMANY

SCENE IV.

A Hayloft. Melchior lies on his back in the fresh hay. Wendla ascends the ladder.

WENDLA. It's here you've hidden yourself. They're all looking for you. The wagon's outside again. You must help. There's a storm coming.

MELCHIOR. Go away from me! Go away from me!

WENDLA. What's the matter with you? Why do you hide your face?

MELCHIOR. Get away. I'll throw you down on the floor below.

WENDLA. I'm certainly not going. *(Kneels down by him).* Why won't you come out with me into the meadow, Melchior? Here it is hot and dark. If we do get wet to the skin what does it matter?

MELCHIOR. The hay smells so fine. Outside the sky must be black as a pall. I see only the brilliant poppy on your breast, and, I hear your heart beating —

WENDLA. Don't kiss me, Melchior! Don't kiss me!

MELCHIOR. Your heart, I hear beating —

WENDLA. People love — when they kiss — Don't, don't!

MELCHIOR. Oh, believe me, there's no such thing as love. All is selfishness, egotism. I love you as little as you love me.

WENDLA. Don't — don't, Melchior! —

MELCHIOR. Wendla!

WENDLA. Oh, Melchior! — no, no! —

SCENE V.

In this scene Frau Gabor sits writing a letter to Moritz Stiefel who had apparently made a request to her for a loan to enable him to leave the Fatherland for America. Frau Gabor, in a homily of about five hundred words, regrets, that owing to circumstances, etc., etc. One bright phrase, like a diamond on a dust-heap, stands out in this epistle. Frau Gabor says: "We have too many examples of brilliant students becoming distinguished men, and on the other hand of brilliant students being quite unremarkable in life."

SCENE VI.

BERGMANN'S GARDEN IN THE MORNING SUNLIGHT.

The girl Wendla appears with a brief speech. In an apostrophe she calls for someone "upon whose neck I could fall and tell."

SCENE VII.

Evening twilight. Light clouds in the sky. The path straggles through low bushes and coarse grass. The flow of the stream is heard in the distance.

This scene is opened by Moritz with a soliloquy of seven hundred words in the worst Hamlet fashion. The speech is greatly admired by the Germans for its "philosophy." He laments his ill-success in "forcing his way." "I have no contract with the dear God," he cries. "Can anyone turn circumstances the way he wants to turn them? I have been forced, yet I do not hold my parents answerable. . . . For the last time I danced at the Cäcilienfest. Snandulla dances only square dances. Her silken robes were cut low in front and at the back. At the back, down to her girdle; at the front down . . . improperly low. She couldn't have worn a chemise. . . . There is something shameful in attaining manhood without having learned the first function of masculinity. You come from Egypt, honourable sir, and have not viewed the pyramids?

I will not cry again to-day. I will not again think of my burial. Melchior will place a wreath on my coffin. Pastor Kahlbauch will console my parents. Rector Sonnenstich will cite examples from history.

When the hour comes I will think with all my strength of whipped cream. Whipped cream doesn't hold up. It falls and leaves a pleasing after taste. . . . The mists close in. Life is bitter on the tongue."

After so philosophic a peroration (of which the fore-going words are but an abridgement) the student's thoughts are suddenly recalled from abstractions to concretions by the appearance of a young woman named Ilse. Her clothing is torn, and she wears a "bright cloth" upon her head. She grabs the student by the shoulder from behind.

ILSE. What have you lost?

MORITZ. Ilse!

ILSE. What are you seeking here?

MORITZ. I don't know what I've lost.

ILSE. For four days I haven't been home.

MORITZ. Restless as a cat!

ILSE. Because I've my dancing slippers on. Mother will make eyes! Come with me to our house!

MORITZ. Where have you been strolling again?

ILSE. With the Priapia.

MORITZ. Priapia?

ILSE. With Nohl, with Fehrendorf, with Padinsky, with Lenz, Rank, Spühler—with all of them possible! Kling, kling—things were lively!

MORITZ. Did they paint you?

ILSE. Fehrendorf painted me as a pillar saint. I am standing on a Corinthian capital. Fehrendorf, I tell you, is a gibbering idiot. The last time I trod on one of his tubes. He wiped his brush on my hair. I hit him on the ear. He threw his palette at my head. I upset the easel. He chased me with his mahlstick all over the studio, over divans, tables and chairs. Behind the stove stood a sketch. "Be good or I'll tear it." He swore amnesty, and then kissed me promptly and fearfully—fearfully, I tell you.

MORITZ. Where do you stay the night when you are in town?

ILSE. Yesterday we were with Nohl; the day before with Bojoke-witsch; on Sunday with Oikonomopulos. With Padinsky we had champagne. Valabregez had sold his "Woman killed by the Pest." Adolar drank out of the ash-tray. Lenz sang the "Child's Murderer," and Adolar punched the guitar out of shape. I was so drunk that they had to put me to bed.—Do you still go to school, Moritz?

MORITZ. No, I leave this quarter.

ILSE. You are right. Ah, how time goes when one earns money. Do you recollect how we used to play robbers?—Wendla Bergmann and you and I and the others, when you used to come out of evenings and drink warm goat's milk at our house? What's Wendla doing? I haven't seen her since the flood. What is Melchi Gabor doing? Does he appear as deep thinking as ever. We used to stand opposite one another during singing.

MORITZ. He philosophizes.

ILSE. Wendla came to see us a while back and brought mother some presents. I sat that day for Isidor Landauer. He wanted me for the Holy Mary, the Mother of God, with the Christ Child. He is a duffer and disagreeable. Hub like a weathercock. . . . Have you a Katzenjammer (bad headache).

MORITZ. From last evening. We soaked like hippopotami reeled home at five o'clock.

ILSE. One need only glance at you. Were any girls there ?

MORITZ. Arabella, the beer nymph, an Andalusian. The landlord allowed us all to spend the night alone with her.

ILSE. One need only glance at you, Moritz ! I don't know what a Katzenjammer's like. During last carnival I went three days and three nights without going to bed, or taking off my clothes. From the ball to the café, noon at Bella-vista ; evenings, Tingle-Tangle ; night, to the ball. Lena was there and the fat Viola. On the third night Heinrich found me.

MORITZ. Had he been looking for you ?

ILSE. He tripped over my arm. I lay senseless in the snow in the street. That's how I went with him. For fourteen days I didn't leave his lodgings—a fearful time. Of a morning I had to throw on his Persian nightgown, and in the evening go about the room in a page's costume of black ; white lace ruffles at my neck, my knees and my wrists. Each day he photographed me in some new arrangement : once upon the sofa as Ariadne, once as Leda, once as Ganymede, once on all fours as a feminine Nebuchadnezzar. Then he yearned for murder, for shooting, suicide and coal-gas. In the early morning he brought a pistol into bed, loaded it fully, and put it against my breast. " A twitch and I'll pull !—Oh, he would have fired, Moritz, he would have fired. Then he put the thing in his mouth like a blow-pipe. That woke the feeling of self-preservation. And then—brrrr !—the shot might have gone through my spine.

MORITZ. Is Heinrich living yet ?

ILSE. How do I know ? Over the bed was a large mirror fixed in the ceiling. The room appeared as high as a tower, and as bright as an opera-house. One saw one's self hanging down bodily from heaven. I had terrible dreams at night. " O God, O God, if it were but day ! " " Good-night, Ilse, when you are asleep you will be beautiful to murder ! "

MORITZ. Is this Heinrich living yet ?

ILSE. Please God, no ! One day when he'd gone for absinthe I threw on the mantle and ran out into the street. The carnival was over ; the police arrested me—what was I doing in a man's clothes ? They took me to the Central Station. Nohl, Fehrendorf, Padinsky, Spühler, Oikop-

omopulos, the whole Priapia came there and bailed me out. In a cab they transported me to Adolar's studio. Since then I've been true to the herd. Fehrendorf is an ape, Nohl is a swine, Bojokewitsch an owl, Loison a hyena, Oikonomopulos a camel—therefore I love one and all of them the same, and wouldn't attach myself to anybody else, even if the world were full of archangels and millionaires!

MORITZ. I must go back, Ilse.

ILSE. Come with me as far as our house.

MORITZ. What for—?

ILSE. To drink warm goat's milk. I will singe your hair and hang a little bell about your neck. Then we have another kid which you can play with.

MORITZ. I must go back. I have the Sassanides, the Sermon on the Mount and the parallelepipedon in my thoughts. Good-night, Ilse!

ILSE. Sleep well! Do you ever visit the wigwam where Melchi Gabor buried my tomahawk.—Brrr! until you are married I'll lie on the straw. (runs off).

MORITZ. (*alone*). It would have cost only a word. (*He calls*) Ilse! Ilse! Thank God, she doesn't hear me any more. I am not in the humour. One needs a clear head and a happy heart for it. Lost an opportunity. I might have said that I had many crystal mirrors above my bed—that I had trained an unbroken filly—that I had her march in front of me on the carpet in long black stockings and black patent-leather shoes, long black gloves, black velvet about her neck—I had strangled her in a moment of madness with my cushions. . . . I would cry out! cry out! cry out! It is you, Ilse! Priapia! Loss of memory! . . . This child of fortune this sunny child—this joyful maiden on my doleful path! O! O!—

(*Among the bushes by the bank.*)

How the sparks fly, here and there, downward and upward—souls!—shooting stars!
Before I struck a light one could see the grass and a streak on the horizon. Now it is becoming dark. Now I shall never return home again.

We now come to Act III. In the first scene we are shewn the conference-room where the members of a gymnasium faculty have met to consider the regulation of their pupils' morals. These German pedagogues are represented as sitting beneath the portraits of Pestalozzi and J. J. Rousseau! I intend to quote a little of the author's sardonic humour in this act as illustrative of the German Professor's callousness, selfishness, bad-temper, and bad manners.

SCENE I.

The Board Room—On the walls pictures of Pestalozzi and Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Professors Affenschmalz, Knüppeldick, Hungergurt, Knochenbruch, Zungenschlag and Fliegentod are seated round a green-covered table, over which burn several gas jets. At the upper end, on a raised seat, is Rector Sonnenstich. Beadle Habebald squats (kauert) near the door.

SONNENSTICH. Has any gentleman anything further to remark? Gentlemen! We cannot help moving the expulsion of our guilty pupil before the National Board of Education: there are the strongest reasons why we cannot . . . we cannot, because we must chastise our guilty pupil for the demoralizing influence he exercised upon his classmates. . . . We cannot ignore the charge—and this, gentlemen, is possibly the weightiest of all—on any pretext concerning a ruined career, because it is our duty to protect ourselves against an epidemic of suicide analogous to that which has broken out recently in various grammar schools, and which until to-day has ridiculed all attempts of the teachers to fetter it by any means known to advanced education.—Has any gentleman anything further to remark?

KNÜPPELDICK. I can no longer rid myself of the conception that it is at last about time to open a window here.

ZUNGENSCHLAG. Th-th-th-there is an a-a-a-at-at-atmosphere here li-li-li th-th-th-th-that of the cat-catacombs, like that in the document room of the former Cha-Cha-Cha-Chamber of Justice at Wetzlar.

SONNENSTICH. Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Open a window. There's fresh air enough, thank God, outside. Has any other gentleman anything to say?

FLIEGENTOD. If my colleague desires to have a window opened, I haven't the smallest objection to it. But I should like to request that the window opened is not the one immediately behind my back.

SONNENSTICH. Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Open the other window. Has any other gentleman anything to remark.

HUNGERGURT. Without desiring to increase the controversy, I should like to recall the important fact that the other window has been walled up since vacation.

SONNENSTICH. Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Leave the other window closed. I find it necessary gentlemen, to bring this matter to the vote. I ask those in favour of having the only window which can enter into the discussion opened to rise from their seats. (*He counts*) One, two, three—one, two, three—Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Leave that window shut likewise. I, for myself, am of opinion that the atmosphere leaves nothing to be desired.—Has any gentleman anything further to remark?—Gentlemen! Let us suppose that we omitted to move the expulsion of our guilty pupil before the National Board of Education (*Kultusministerium*), then the National Board of Education would hold us responsible for the misfortune which has overwhelmed us. Of the different *gymnasien* (grammar schools) visited by the epidemic of suicide, those in which the devastation of suicide has reached 25 per cent. have been closed by the National Board of Education. As guardians and protectors of our institute it is our duty to protect our institute from this tremendous blow. It grieves us deeply, colleagues, that we are not in a position to consider the other qualifications of our guilt-laden pupil as mitigating circumstances. An indulgent treatment, which would allow our guilty pupil to be vindicated would in no way imaginable vindicate the present imperiled existence of our institute. We see ourselves under the necessity of judging the guilt-laden, so we ourselves may not be judged guilty.—Habebald.

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Bring him up! (*Exit Habebald*)

ZUNGENSCHLAG. If the pre-present a-a-atmosphere leaves little or nothing to be desired I should like to su-su-suggest that, during the su-su-su-summer vacation the other window be wa-wa-wa-wa-wa-walled up.

FLIEGENTOD. If our dear colleague, Zungenschlag, does not find this place ventilated enough I should like to suggest that our dear colleague Zungenschlag have a ventilator fixed in his forehead.

ZUNGENSCHLAG. I'm n-n-n-n-n-not going to stand that! I'm n-n-n-not going to st-st-st-stand rudeness! I have my fi-fi-fi-fi-five senses!

SONNENSTICH. I must request our colleagues Fliegentod and Zungenschlag to maintain propriety. Our guilt-laden pupil, it appears to me, is already on the stairs.
(*Habebald opens the door. Melchior appears*).

SONNENSTICH. Draw nearer to the table. After Herr Rentier Stiefel learned of the profligate deed of his son the distracted father searched the remaining effects of his son, Moritz, desiring, if possible, to find the cause of the abominable deed, and found among those effects, in an unexpected place, a manuscript, which, though it did not make us understand the atrocious deed, cast an unfortunate yet sufficient light upon the moral disorder of the criminal. This manuscript, in the form of a dialogue called "The Bedfellow," illustrated with pictures of shameless obscenity, has twenty pages of long explanations seeking to satisfy every demand an immoral imagination can make upon a lascivious book.

MELCHIOR. I have——

SONNENSTICH. You have to keep silent! After Herr Rentier Stiefel had questioningly handed in this manuscript, and we had promised the distraught father to discover the author at any price, we compared the handwriting before us with the collected handwriting of the fellow-students of the deceased profligate, and in the unanimous judgment of the teaching staff, as well as with the full concurrence of a respected colleague, our master of calligraphy, that the resemblance to yours——

MELCHIOR—I have——

SONNENSTICH. You have to keep silent! In spite of this likeness . . . we believe we should . . . take the widest

latitude in examining the culprit at first hand, in order to render him answerable to this charge of moral offence, and to discover its relationship to the resultant suicide——

MELCHIOR. I have——

SONNENSTICH. You have to answer the precise questions which I shall put to you, one after the other, with a plain and modest "yes" or "no." Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector!

SONNENSTICH. The minutes! I request our writing master, our colleague, Herr Fliegentod, from now on to take down the proceedings as nearly verbatim as possible. (*To Melchior*). Do you know this writing?

MELCHIOR. Yes.

SONNENSTICH. Do you know whose writing it is?

MELCHIOR. Yes.

SONNENSTICH. Is the writing in the manuscript yours?

MELCHIOR. Yes.

SONNENSTICH. Are you the author of this obscene manuscript?

MELCHIOR. Yes. I request you, Herr Rector, to shew me anything obscene in it.

SONNENSTICH. You have to answer with a modest "yes" or "no" the precise questions which I put to you.

MELCHIOR. I have written no more and no less than what are well-known facts to you.

SONNENSTICH. You shameless fellow!

MELCHIOR. I ask you to show me in this manuscript an offence against morality.

SONNENSTICH. Are you counting on my desire to act the buffoon for you? Habebald!

MELCHIOR. I have——

SONNENSTICH. You have as little regard for the dignity of your assembled teachers as you have of the innate sense of shame in man of the moral world.—Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. It is past the time for the three hours' exercise in agglutinative Volapük.

MELCHIOR. I have——

SONNENSTICH. I request our Secretary and colleague, Herr Fliegentod, to close the minutes.

MELCHIOR. I have——

SONNENSTICH. You have to keep quiet!! Habebald!

HABEBALD. At your service, Herr Rector.

SONNENSTICH. Conduct him down.

In Scene II. of this act, which represents the burial of Moritz Stiefel we are shown the utter callousness and vulgarity displayed at a German graveside. After the brief "oration" of Pastor Kahlbauch ("Who, however, wickedly throws away the cross which the All Merciful has laid upon him for his sins, verily, I say unto you that he shall die the everlasting death!") we have the boy's own father, Renter Stiefel, denying that the boy was his. "The boy was not mine, the boy did not please me from infancy," he declares. Then we have the hypocrite Rector Sonnenstich, although, as everyone knows, suicide is not condemned either by the people or the state in Germany, nor is it an offence against the law, uttering "Suicide being the greatest conceivable fault against the moral order of the world" and so on. But it may be worth while to quote a little of the dialogue in this unholy scene in a German graveyard.

PROFESSOR KNOCHENBRUCH. (*Throwing a shovelful of earth into the grave*): Wasted, soiled, debauched, tattered and squandered!

UNCLE PROBST. (*Throwing a shovelful of earth into the grave*): Had my mother told me I would not have believed that a child could act so iniquitously towards its parents.

FRIEND ZIEGENMELKER. (*Throwing a shovelful of earth into the grave*): To treat a father so, a father who for twenty years had no other thought, from early to late, save the well-being of his child.

PASTOR KAHLBAUCH. (*Pressing Renter Stiefel's hand*): We know that those who love God serve all things best. I. Corinthians, 12, 15.—Think of the afflicted mother and endeavour, by double love, to console her for her loss.

RECTOR SONNENSTICH. (*Pressing Stiefel's hand*): Really, we could not possibly have promoted him.

PROFESSOR KNOCHENBRUCH. (*Pressing Stiefel's hand*): And had we promoted him he would certainly have failed to pass next spring.

UNCLE PROBST. (*Pressing Stiefel's hand*): It is now your duty, first of all, to think of yourself. You are the father of a family —

FRIEND ZIEGENMELKER. (*Pressing Stiefel's hand*): Intrust yourself to my guidance. This damnable weather rattles one's guts. The man who doesn't fortify himself with grog will have his heart diseased.

RENTER STIEFEL. (*Blowing his nose*): The boy did not belong to me! The boy did not belong to me!

(*Stiefel departs accompanied by Pastor Kahlbauch, Rector Sonnenstich, Professor Knochenbruch, Uncle Probst and Friend Ziegenmelker. The rain stops.*)

HANS RILOW. (*Throwing a shovelful of earth into the grave*): Rest in peace, you honest strip of skin. . . They will stick a scarecrow atop of your grave for your angelic simplicity.

GEORGE. Did they find the pistol?

ROBERT. It's no use looking for the pistol.

ERNEST. Did you see him, Robert?

ROBERT. It's a damned, cursed swindle! Who did see him?

OTTO. He was hidden. They threw a cloth over him.

GEORGE. Was his tongue hanging out?

ROBERT. The eyes! That's why they threw the covering over him.

OTTO. Horrible!

HANS RILOW. Do you know for sure that he hanged himself?

ERNEST. They say he had no head left.

OTTO. Nonsense! Rubbish!

GEORGE. He couldn't have taken his leave in a more vulgar fashion.

HANS RILOW. The devil! A hanged man must be a handsome sight.

OTTO. He owes me five marks. We had a bet. He swore he would pay up.

HANS RILOW. You are to blame for his lying there. You called him a braggart.

OTTO. Bosh! I also must grind at it all night. Had he learned his history of Greek literature he would have had no need to hang himself.

ERNEST. Have you your composition, Otto?

OTTO. First comes the preface.

HANS RILOW. I'll fake up some stuff out of Democritus.

(*The schoolboys depart. Martha and Ilse approach the graveside.*)

ILSE. Look lively! The grave-diggers are coming.

MARTHA. Hadn't we better wait, Ilse?

ILSE. What for? We'll bring fresh ones. . .

MARTHA. You are right, Ilse! (*She casts a wreath of ivy into the grave. Ilse lowers her apron and allows a shower of fresh anemones to fall on the coffin.*) I'll dig up our roses. I'll be beaten for it. . .

ILSE. I'll water them every time I pass here. . .

I was just across the brook when I heard the shot.

MARTHA. Poor heart.

ILSE. And I know the reason, too, Martha.

MARTHA. Did he tell you anything?

ILSE. Parallelepipedon! But say nothing to anyone.

MARTHA. My hand upon it.

ILSE. Here is the pistol.

MARTHA. That's why they didn't find it.

ILSE. I took it out of his hand when I came along in the morning.

MARTHA. Give it to me as a present, Ilse. Please give it to me!

ILSE. No, I'm keeping it as a souvenir.

MARTHA. Is it true, Ilse, that he lay without his head being there?

ILSE. He must have loaded it with water. The weeds were spat-tered all over with blood. His brains were scattered over the field.

Scene III. Frau Gabor and her husband have learned of their son Melchior's offence to Wendla.

HERR GABOR. (to his wife) He has gone wrong. To be able to spare your infinite love I would have given all. A distraught woman came to me this morning . . . with this letter in her hand—a letter to her fifteen-year-old daughter. She opened it out of mere curiosity. . . . In the letter Melchior explains to the fifteen-year old girl that his action left him no peace, that he had sinned against her, etc., etc., and that naturally he would answer for it. She must not fret herself, even if she felt results. He was already on the road to help . . . and more of such extravagant nonsense.

The woman wringing her hands asked me what she should do. I said she should not leave her fifteen-year-old daughter lying about in a hay loft. . . . If we send Melchior to another grammar school where he is not under parental superintendence, in three weeks we shall have a similar result. A further expulsion—his joyous heart will

get used to it after a time. Tell me, Fanny, where shall I send the boy?

FRAU GABOR. To the House of Correction—

HERR GABOR. He will find there in the first place that which has been wrongfully withheld from him at home, parental discipline, principles, and a moral constraint to which he must yield in all circumstances. Moreover, the House of Correction is not, as you deem it, a place of terror. The greater stress is laid in the institution upon the development of Christian thought and feeling. The boy will learn to follow good instead of desire, and not to pursue his natural instincts, but to observe the letter of the law.

In Scene IV. we find Melchior an inmate of the House of Correction. In a corridor some boys are playing: their conversation denotes their depravity. Melchior declines to join in their sport: bad as he thinks himself he is convinced that the other inmates of the House of Correction are worse. He decides to escape.

In Scene V. the girl Wendla is in bed. Questioned by the doctor she tells him that she is fourteen-and-a-half. He tells her she is suffering with chlorosis and palpitation of the heart, and prescribes Blaud's pills. Doctor, mother and Wendla's married sister all deceive the girl as to her condition in this most extraordinary stage scene. The girl protests that she has dropsy, and that she is dying. At length the mother speaks.

FRAU BERGMANN. You must not die, child! You haven't the dropsy . . . you have a child, girl. You have a child.

WENDLA. But it isn't possible, mother. I'm not married yet.

FRAU BERGMANN. Great God—that's just it, that you are not married! That is the dreadful part of it all! Wendla, Wendla, Wendla, what have you done!

WENDLA. O mother, why didn't you tell me everything?

FRAU BERGMANN. . . . Don't drive me into desperation, child. To tell that to a fourteen-year-old girl! I expected that about as much as I did the sun going out. I haven't acted any differently to you than my dear, good mother did to me. Oh, let us trust in the dear God, Wendla; let us hope for compassion, and have compassion for ourselves! See, nothing has happened yet, child.

Be cheerful, Wendla, be cheerful! One sits so at the window with one's hands in one's lap while everything changes to good, and then one realizes that one almost wanted to break one's heart .

SCENE VI

Men and women vine-dressers in the vineyard. The sun is setting behind the peaks of the mountains in the west. From the valley below arises the clear sound of bells. Hans Rilow and Ernest Röbel roll about in the dry grass.

(The dialogue between the two boys in this scene contributes little to the "philosophy" or action of the play.)

HANS. Thirty years hence, on some evening like to-day, if we recall this one, perhaps it will appear too beautiful for expression.

ERNEST. And how everything springs from itself.

HANS. And why not?

ERNEST. If by chance one were alone—one might like to weep.

HANS. Don't let us be sorrowful! *(He kisses him on the mouth).*

ERNEST. *(returning the kiss)* I left the house with the idea of just speaking to you and turning back again.

HANS. I waited for you. Virtue is not a bad garment, but it demands an imposing figure.

ERNEST. It fits us loosely as yet. If I had not met you I should not have been contented. I love you, Hans, as I have never loved a soul—

HANS. Let us not be sad . . . Everything is so beautiful. The mountains glow; the grapes hang in our mouths and the evening wind caresses the rocks like a playful flatterer.

SCENE VII.—AND LAST

A churchyard on a clear November night. Melchior clambers over the wall.

MELCHIOR. *(jumping down)* The pack won't follow me here. While they are scouring the brothels I can get my breath. . . . Coat in tatters, pockets empty. . . . In the domain of the dead. . . . Why she on my account. . . . I would have broken stones and gone hungry. . . . A praying angel—a tablet. . . . *(he sees the gravestone of Wendla Bergmann).*



Here Rests in God

Wendla Bergmann,
born May 5th, 1878,
died from Chlorosis,
October 28, 1892.

Blessed Are the Pure in Heart.

. . . And I am her murderer. . . .

MORITZ STIEFEL. (*His head under his arm, comes trampling over the graves.*) One moment, Melchior. . . . The opportunity will not arise so easily again.

MELCHIOR. Where do you come from?

MORITZ. From over there—over the wall. You knocked down my cross. I lie near the wall. Give me your hand, Melchior.

MELCHIOR. You are not Moritz Stiefel!

MORITZ. . . . We smile! At my funeral I was among the mourners. I had a right good time. . . . I yelled louder than anybody and slipt over the wall to hold my belly from bursting with laughter.

We can do everything. . . . We see the Kaiser quake at a scurrilous ballad. . . . We can witness the

innocent girl in the throes of her first love, and the five-groschen harlot reading Schiller.

(*A masked man appears*).

MELCHIOR. Who are you?

THE MASKED MAN. I Refuse to say (*To Moritz*) Disappear! What are you doing here? Why haven't you your head on?

MORITZ. I shot myself.

THE MASKED MAN. . . . You are done with. Don't annoy us here with your grave-stink. . . . Look at your fingers. Pfui! . . . They will crumble soon.

MELCHIOR. (*To himself*). It can only be the devil.

THE MASKED MAN. . . . I can tell you this: the girl had better have given birth. She was built perfectly. She was killed by the abortives given by Mother Schmidt. I will take you among men. . . . I will thoroughly acquaint you with everything interesting that the world can offer.

(*After a discussion on morality the Masked Man places his arm upon that of Melchior and disappears with him over the graves. Moritz, alone, sits with his head under his arm*).

"I will go back to my place," he says, "put right my cross which that madcap trampled down so recklessly, and when all is in order I will lie down on my back again, warm myself in the corruption and smile."

If the dictum of the Swedish dramatist, August Strindberg, that the playwright should be a lay-priest preaching on the vital topics of the hour in a manner to render them intelligible and significant to mediocre intellects—if this dictum be a sound one, Wedekind's "tragedy of childhood" may perhaps have some value as to the moral lesson directed to that section of the German people who attend the theatre and claim to regard that institution as an educational factor. It is claimed for Wedekind's tragedy that this play had a share in causing the physiology of sex to be taught in many of the German schools.

From the foregoing lengthy excerpts the reader will have discerned the quality of "one of the greatest tragedies ever written!" Admitted that the main theme is a much debatable one there remains the author's indictment of German educational methods. Not only does Wedekind realize that the juvenile German mind is continually being stuffed with useless and burdensome matter, but

he sees the result of so much persistently forced learning. The hyper-education of youth tends only to create hysteria and destroy character. The schoolboys in this popular German play occasionally talk with the erudition of Hamlet, and are tortured by thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls. Why so many German boys and girls develop brain-fever or commit suicide we can quite understand. The prurient boy Moritz kills himself because he has failed in his examinations. The boy Melchior, partly from too much "philosophic" curiosity, eventually finds himself in prison in the company of gaol-birds born. That this youth should be imprisoned and treated as a moral degenerate—Wedekind here condemns the stupidity of German parents and teachers. And what parents! The Briton who does not know these German folks at home may take the grown-ups in this tragedy as caricatures. Nothing at all of the sort. Says Mr. Ziegler in his preface to the American edition of the play: ". . . most of us will have to admit that the majority of his (Wedekind's) scenes and characters seem very true to life." That the Germans are the most flagrant of hypocrites we have had plenty of evidence these last twelve months—witness the hypocrisy in the German home in this play; in the birth-chamber, in the board-room of the Gymnasium, at the grave-side! Wendla Bergmann, her tombstone will tell to eternity, died of "chlorosis." And her mother, a typical German mother by the way, full of sickly sentimentalism, and also a coward and a liar.—"That's just it, that you are not married! That is the most fearful thing of all!" she tells her fourteen-and-a-half-year old daughter when she at last forces herself to acquaint her child with her real condition. Respectability is more important than physical and psychical ruin to Frau Bergmann. What nice persons, too, are the German professors portrayed in this tragedy. What pettiness, what puerile pedantry; and what ill-mannered boors! Nor are they overdrawn. I know something of the breed. And what men, what character, and what a sense of fair-play, and live-and-let-live have these Teutonic dummy-men. The boy Melchior charged by these pedagogues with an offence against "morals" is refused a hearing even, the faculty having marked the lad for expulsion prior to the formal farce of his trial! On the whole a most unpleasant production. The scene in the churchyard is gruesome, if not loathsome. In the words of Mr. Ziegler "a scene with such peculiar symbolism could spring only from a Teutonic imagination." Wedekind is to be thanked for this "tragedy of childhood." At least it may, in some measure, describe to the stay-at-home Briton the coarse moral

sacking which covers the Teutonic super-man's (and woman's) yet more hideous nakedness of soul. In dismissing Wedekind the significant remark of a Berlin critic may be quoted: "Wedekind," says the critic I refer to, "in all his plays portrays in the leading parts some real and well-known person." *Ab uno disce omnes.*

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"RELIGION."

STRANGE as it may sound the Irish were the first preachers of the Gospel in Germany. In the 6th and 7th centuries the monks of Ireland had a passion for missionary work. In their waking dreams these worthy men fancied they heard the barbarous Germans appealing to them from the dark confines of their pine woods to come over and bring the bright lantern of religion with them. So in wicker-work boats, covered with tanned hides, a few of them managed, after many days of danger, to paddle their way to England, doubtless with some help from a sail. After traversing England for a while, where belike they deemed the religious condition of the people more or less satisfactory, they took to boats again and made their way heathen-wards up the Rhine, the Scheldt, and other rivers, until at last they came to vast territories where the people were all pagans. There the Irish monks established themselves and taught. One, S. Columbanus, in 590, or thereabouts, old manuscripts in Germany tell us, preached at Bregenz at the head of the Lake of Constance, and there finding the people worshipping idols he flung the idols into the lake, to the great consternation of the populace.

Another Irishman, named Fridolin, established himself at Seckingen, an island in the Rhine, beneath the slopes of the Black Forest. Another we hear of, one Beatus, made himself a home in a cave cut deep, like the wound from a mighty arrow, in the face of a precipice above the Lake of Thun. Then there was Fintan; he was captured at sea by pirates, from whom he managed to escape, eventually making Rheinau, near Schaffhausen his home, where for many years he taught the heathen there the wickedness of their ways. Nor must we forget those three brave and good Irishmen, Kilian, Colman, and Totnan, who selected Würzburg as their centre for teaching the godless; and in that town it was poor Kilian was martyred. Thus was Christianity introduced among the German tribes by Irish monks. Later, a great Englishman, Saint Boniface, or as he was known in his Devonshire home, Winifred, embarked with a band of devout followers at Portsmouth, and from there set sail for Ger-

many. And in Germany St. Boniface was grievously disappointed, for he found what little Christianity there was among the Germans was of very poor quality indeed. To Rome therefore he journeyed to beg the Pope's authority to take the cross among the German heathen on the right bank of the Rhine. Furnished with the Pope's mandate and consecrated and appointed Archbishop of Mainz, Boniface returned to Germany, and sent home to England for earnest helpers. Many there were who responded to his call, and the Archbishop took care to place them in centres which he thought called for first attention. It was the Pope, it should be told, bestowed upon Winifred, Archbishop of Mainz, the name of Boniface, which Englished is, of course, "Good-doer."

Now in Geismar, in Hesse, there had stood for centuries a giant oak dedicated to the God Donnar. Many pilgrimages to this oak did the German heathens make, and so great was the superstition about the tree that Christians regarded it with awe, and oft times visited it to listen to the oracles whispered from its mysterious branches. Then came a festival of Donnar, at which thousands of the heathen gathered. On this day, unattended, and in view of all the pagan crowd, S. Boniface began hacking the tree with mighty blows. The crowd drew back in the greatest fear expecting the lightning to strike the iconoclast dead. But it did not, and Boniface continued to hack the great oak until it fell with the sound of a clap of thunder. Upon seeing the sacred oak fall, and also the serene look upon the face of the Archbishop the assembled heathen recognized the powerlessness and futility of their gods; and their faith in them perished with the oak.

But Boniface could see that the Germans could not be made good Christians by preaching merely. He would civilize them; accordingly he established schools and monasteries so far as lay in his power. The monks of Boniface did not only teach; they ploughed the soil, sowed corn, planted fruit trees and drained the morasses. Those whom they converted they settled in comfortable cottages around their monasteries, and some of these settlements grew into towns which are in existence to this day. Therefore is it strange and not uninteresting to reflect that it was a good and great Englishman who first essayed to teach the barbarous Germans the peaceful arts of civilization.

"The Germans," says a French author, "are and have always been infidels at heart. . . The Teutonic crusade against the heathenish Slav tribes whom the Germans called Wends was certainly not

followed by a period of piety, and whatever religious faith survived the wars of the Reformation yielded easily enough to the influx of the free-thinking doctrines born of the speculative philosophy of the eighteenth century. We then have the spectacle of Tübingen theologians waging a contest of dialectics with the Dillinger Jesuits as to whether the Catholic or Reformed religions offered the liveliest earthly and heavenly attractions, and demonstrating, beyond a doubt, that no faith permitted such licence as the Lutheran. In those immoral times it was quite a common thing for the indigent Lutheran ministers to be called upon to marry their patron's ex-mistress before presentation to some lean and obscure living."

Of course to the study of Hebrew the Germans have always given the widest and most diligent attention; but the effect of this has been chiefly to vulgarize the criticism of the sacred writings. In Germany the Scriptures have come to be regarded in the light of historic annals merely, devoid both of supernatural authority and divine inspiration. German Protestantism attacked on the one side by philosophic speculation, and on the other by scientific rationalism, gradually collapsed into pure Pantheism, and latterly into Atheism. These are the dominant creeds of Berlin and all the large towns of Germany to-day.

"In the sphere of religion," says a Berlin publication, "liberal Protestantism has long since destroyed all respect for the commandments of God, and Christianity seems absolutely dead among us. In Berlin there are very many thousands who from their youth have remained total strangers to Christ's Church, and who if they still belong to it, do so only in name."

Burials, taking the entire Protestant community of Berlin, averaged, for years, 90 per cent. where no clergyman officiated. In the parish of St. Thomas, which had a population of over 60,000 souls, whose spiritual needs were administered to by only three clergymen, there were in the year 1870 only 63 burials at which a minister of religion officiated, while at 1,897 funerals religious aid was altogether dispensed with. Among the persons dying in the state hospital of La Charité was found the smallest proportion of religious burials, namely 1.7 per cent. Recently we have this statement from Dr. Williams: "It has been ascertained," he says, "by persons who have made the most careful and minute examination that only one-third of those who die in Berlin in any given year are buried with religious services."

The *Kreuz Zeitung* some years ago came to the conclusion that the proper remedy for this woeful condition of religious matters

was to increase the number of Protestant churches, which including chapels, then amounted to 58. "Where," it demanded, "are the temples of adoration in this capital of the world? One observes in the midst of a sea of houses the roofs and turrets of magnificent palaces, and numerous factory chimneys like so many minarets, but exceedingly few houses of God, and, alas, no ancient cathedral with its towers dominating all, even although the gilded cupola of the chapel of an old royal castle announces that a pious dynasty reigns over our city. Berlin of all Christian towns is the one which has proportionately the least number of churches." To this lament a "free-thinking" organ rejoined curtly: "The pious *Zeitung* should have added that even the few churches of which it speaks are always empty."

In 1860, when Berlin had a population of 440,000 only, we find Pastor Kuntze complaining before the Ecclesiastical Assembly of Berlin that less than 4,000 of that number attended a place of worship, "and to the majority of these," added the court preacher Krumacher, "it is merely an affair of parade, a sort of theatrical piety at best."

Since that epoch the number of adult church-goers steadily decreased until it had fallen according to the *Volks Zeitung* to about a half per cent. of the population. Frequently it has happened within recent years that the preacher, organist and choir (if there were a choir) had to depart without performing the service, because not even a single listener had put in an appearance. This is stated to have occurred not long ago in a parish numbering some 8,000 souls.

"Visit the churches of Protestant Germany, and what will you see?" asks an anonymous woman writer. "Vast and gloomy edifices, empty—the huge, cold shells of what once perhaps held life. It is Sunday. A sprinkling of women few and far between is spread about the gloomy building. Perhaps two or three men will be there. They look infinitely bored and wearied. There is no poetry, no passion, no grace, no attraction, about the services. The church is bare with an almost indecent bareness, and formless with a depressing want of form. It seems as if the gifts of nature and art were thought to be too good to be used for its adornment; or rather, perhaps, as though no hearts loving or simple enough could be found to beautify the holy places or make God's temple, like the King's daughter, 'all glorious within.' The shabby paper flowers on the altar are faded and dirty; the altar cloth is ragged and threadbare; the crucifix (crucifixes stand on every Lutheran

altar) is chipped and dusty; no fine linen or delicate lace adorns the sacred mysteries of chalice or paten; no knee is bent in worship (the German Protestant never kneels to pray); no sound of universal prayer and thanksgiving is heard. Some hymns are sung (chiefly by persons hidden in the organ loft), a sermon is preached, and the dreary function is over.

As a rule in Germany no one goes to church unless there be some special attraction. The court chaplain is going to preach, and "royalties" are expected. Everyone will present himself *en grande tenue*; there will be hardly standing room, the suites in brilliant uniforms scattered broadcast, the women in their best gowns, these form quite a gay and festive scene, tempered, of course, by a devout *figure de circonstance*, appropriate to the pleasant solemnity of the occasion: Royalties always see full theatres, and churches.

For the rest, there are a thousand and one plausible excuses for not going to church, if excuses be needed. The organ is out of tune; the preacher is provincial; it is too cold; it is too hot; it is raining; the services begin too early. . . . A man whom you rarely see, a man you never meet in private social intercourse remains a stranger to you. In the hour of domestic trouble, of family perplexities, in the hours of bereavement and affliction, in those of doubt and remorse, you will not turn to such an one. To do so you must feel some personal sympathy with him, some sort of "oneness." You must have confidence in his discretion and wisdom; you must rely on his affection and judgment; above all things (so artificial are we grown even in spiritual matters) you must not be shocked by his manners. To see a man in the pulpit once a week, his ordinary dress covered with a Geneva gown, and a frill round his neck, is not sufficient to inspire you with confidence, or to encourage you with feelings of attachment and respect. Once a week! Perhaps thrice a year would be nearer the mark, if we take into account the long winter, when no one goes to church if he can possibly avoid it."

Germany has always been looked upon by the mass of English people as a Protestant country. Its church has been called in a general way the Lutheran Church, and its Protestantism has been regarded as pre-eminently strong and sincere because its reformation arose, not, as with us, out of personal intrigues and political combinations, but out of the individual fervour and inborn convictions of a poor, rude German monk.

It was at the close of the 19th century that a Primate of All England made an oration about "the grand old church of Luther."

Yet the church of Luther is not to be found in Germany. Let any man search the land of Luther through and through like a Christian Diogenes, with more lanterns than one, and he will fail to discover any trace of "the grand old Church of Luther"; for that church has long since dropped Luther's characteristic tenets, and now no longer (except in a few topographical publications, perhaps) bears his name.

"There is nothing in Germany which surprises an Englishman more than the state of religion," wrote William Howitt. "The first things which strike us on the Sabbath are the open shops, the mechanics at work, and the crowded theatres, public-houses, and dancing rooms. . . But besides in shops, a good deal of work goes on. Painters and joiners you find very soberly at work in the houses. A great number of tradesmen seem to choose this day for sending out all sorts of things for your approbation, particularly parcels of books; and in company, ladies are as busy with their knitting as ever. Theatres on Sundays give their best plays, and dancing saloons and public-houses are crowded to excess."

Menzel in the 18th century called Berlin the Elysium of free thinkers; in the twentieth it has been described as the limbo of rampant atheism.

To-day in Germany religion appears to the few church-goers there to be a matter of attending certain services, filling out periodical reports and discharging certain prescribed duties. To the candidate for the ministry the committal to memory of certain formulæ of faith and the passing of an examination which satisfies the examiners of the candidate's fitness for the office in the way of general intellectual ability. There is no examination whatever into the motives which lead to the choice of the ministry as a profession, and the examiners are not at all concerned about the spiritual life of those who essay to become preachers of the gospel. £40-£60 is the average stipend of a minister. £100 is considered a large salary, and for a position with this remuneration a minister must have striking and exceptional ability, and be a brilliant preacher into the bargain.

Countess Schimmellmann* (once a Lady of Honour at the German Court), who labored among the unemployed and starving poor in Berlin for a time, and created workshops for their benefit, declares that the working men took a pride in denying the existence of God and their possession of a soul. "First let me see the fellow,

* Adeline Countess Schimmellmann "Glimpses of my Life at the German Court," etc. Hodder and Stoughton, 1896.

and then I will believe in him" is a commonplace blasphemy among the Berlin workmen, she affirms.

She hired rooms to shelter these workmen, she relates, and all went well until she taught them to sing hymns. The landlord permitted all the noise and hubbub which they made during the breakfast hour, but the first attempt "to hymn the praise of God was too much for him." He told them to "clear out." The next morning the Countess found the place locked up, and she had the greatest difficulty in obtaining her furniture, which was made by her own workmen.

She speaks of her position in Germany as a lady-pioneer of mission work which, she says, exposed her to great persecution. Mission work effected by German ladies is done by proxy, and in connection with institutions in which they take only a patronizing interest. For any German lady to engage in public work personally is considered an unpardonable violation of the social proprieties. She accordingly made enemies, and many of them were extremely hostile. Several times, the Countess declares, attempts were made to destroy her wooden residence at Göhren and all her attempts to mitigate the lot of the very poor in Germany were thwarted in one way or another at every turn.

The Germans appear to have treated Countess Schimmelmänn abominably. A Committee of "Christian friends" (without her consent) issued circulars asking for contributions in her name, and obtained in this way a large sum, though the Countess never received a penny of it, nor learned how it was applied. To the same Committee she advanced over £900, which they promised to refund. Afterwards the Committee informed her that if she did not give up her "Homes" to them (the Countess had erected and supported these "Homes" out of her own private purse) they would not return her a shilling. As the Committee were desirous of turning the "Homes" into more profitable beer-houses she point-blank refused. The Countess, however, still continued her mission work, and towards the end of her book she speaks of her labours among the proletariat in Hamburg. "They are very much the same sort of men as those among whom I had laboured in Berlin," she says. "They are atheists to a man, and not a little rough. So much so, indeed, that some Christian gentlemen who accompanied me were alarmed. I did not leave the city before I had lifted up my voice against the rationalism of its clergy" (she says) "which fifty years ago, the late famous Dr. John Cairns said 'is here in all its putrescence, or rather skeleton nakedness,' and which is still so largely accountable for the evils which prevail."

"Religion of any kind is wholly incompatible with healthy intelligence and *(the speaker turns to different parts of the house)* none of you who are possessed of any understanding really believe the least bit in such nonsense. . . It is, however, a convenient method for perpetuating oppression (as is an enormous standing army), therefore you support both with your whole energy, although your intellect informs you that they are equally immoral and intensely silly. To educate the people is to rid them of superstition and servility, hence you remunerate your schoolmasters worse than your swineherds, and load bishops and generals with wealth and honours. Where education prevails religion perishes; but so long as you of different so-called creeds persist in persecuting one another . . . I need not aid you, for you are rapidly cutting your own throats."

This speech, it is unnecessary to state, was not delivered in either of the British Houses of Parliament, but in the German Reichstag, during the debate on the bill for banishing the Jesuits; and the speaker was Germany's great Socialist leader, Herr August Bebel, whom I have frequently quoted on other matters.

"The plain fact of the matter is that the Germans have to an amazing extent philosophized themselves out of whatever religion they had," says Laing, (the elder).

"The Illuminati of Germany boasted of having systemized infidelity, and of being the real preparers of the French Revolution. Till Mirabeau had imported the Illuminatismus from Germany, where he had fallen in with the Illuminati of Berlin, the celebrated book-seller Nicolai at their head, and with Mauvillon in Brunswick, the French had no organized corporation for the propagation of infidelity. Their wits and philosophers maintained a sort of random and disconnected fire—a sort of guerilla war of ridicule and mockery on Christianity. But the Germans had, in their usual methodical and "thorough" manner, gone more unitedly to work. Already in 1776 the Society of the Illuminati had been founded by Professor Weishaupt at Ingoldstadt, and this body was now actively and widely in steady operation when Mirabeau was introduced to it. He conveyed the grand machinery to France, and Jacobinism had its birth. What a retribution did Germany receive for this fatal gift. What a monster that Jacobinism soon grew into. The volcano of the revolution, into whose inner heart the infernal fire had been first thrust by German hands, kindled, heaved, thundered, burst forth, and with its fiery ruin covered not only all France, but Germany and all Europe. No people, however, suffered more

humiliation and devastation than the Germans. They were slaughtered like sheep ; their ancient military renown laid in the dust ; their ancient independence annihilated ; a haughty conquerer stood over them, and turned their dishonoured swords one against another."

Yet in spite of this terrible chastisement, Laing goes on to say, the Germans have still clung with a fatal fondness to this passion for Paganism. From the moment that Kant promulgated his doctrines of Experience * and Pure Reason, they have pushed those doctrines legitimately or illegitimately to the utter extinction of Christianity, have endeavoured to platonize it. Those sects which have ceased to be discernible in the outward form of the church, have flourished nevertheless amongst the philosophers and the theologians. Rationalists, or those who renounced all belief in the miraculous portions of the Scriptures, have been arrayed against the Super-naturalists, or those who retained more or less of this belief, and fierce war has raged from pulpits, philosophical chairs, and the Press. But the Rationalists gradually gained ground. Paulus, who published a "Life of Christ," in which it was endeavoured to reconcile the Christian faith with the explanation of the Scriptural miracles on natural principles, has been cast into the shade by Strauss, whose *Leben Jesu* has collected and arranged all the most celebrated arguments of the sceptics against the miracles, and has according to his disciples for ever levelled the whole fabric of Scriptural revelation to the dust.

These doctrines have had fatal effect with the rising and student generation of the Fatherland, who form their opinions of the Christian religion not from the Bible nor the pulpit, but from the philosophical chair. Those who know the German's reverence for anything in the form of philosophy and how sensitive he is to public and private opinion, will not be surprised at the ravages Rationalism, Pantheism, and Naturalism have made amongst the educated classes of Germany. Never has Christianity been tried and sifted so severely as by the Germans. When they set to work all their strongest intellects to root out every belief in revelation by the

* Kant's doctrines that we should proceed in philosophical and especially metaphysical inquiries on the firm basis of our experience, is in itself, and so applied, a sound axiom ; but as pushed by others, and applied to the historical proofs of a religion, amounts to the gross absurdity of denying the existence of everything which moves or lives beyond our own narrow circle. On this principle a toad in the heart of a rock or of an oak tree, where, as it has often been found, it must have lived for many years, probably for ages, must be pronounced a great philosopher if it concluded that there was no world at all.

most subtle philosophical methods ; when they gather together from half a dozen nations the most tried weapons of scepticism ; when the Encyclopedists of France, and Hobbs and Hume of England are enlisted in the unsacred cause ; when all, in fact, which has been urged with most effect against Scriptural revelation is laboriously and thoroughly built up into a system and solemnly honoured with the name of Philosophy—we can understand the mischief caused among the German student body. When the supposedly greatest minds of his nation have declared miracles to be but fables of ages fraught with superstition, what German student, with his backboneless mentality, dreading as he does public opinion and philosophic ridicule, would dare to believe in Christianity ?

All students of German poetry and German literature in general must have noted the absence of that religious tone we find in the best British authors. In Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and Uhland, for instance, it is almost entirely missing, as it is in the works of hosts of other well-known German writers.

"If we look through the history of German philosophy, what a succession of bursting bubbles it is," says Laing. Every few years into the field of philosophy a new great gun is dragged, a new man with a new system which is to explode all before it, as perchance in another few years that system will be exploded again. Every decade in Germany seems to find a new system of metaphysics, and yet when we have ploughed through them all we somehow find ourselves standing in the same old spot. As to the theological "philosophers" of the Fatherland, "men who darken counsel with many words without knowledge"—in their legions of systems, where is one to be compared with the grand philosophic system of Christ ? For He is still the great Philosopher. In His system you find all so sublime, so lucid, so simple, so exquisitely adapted to all our wants, to the very constitution of human nature, so coinciding with our finest feelings, so inviting to the pursuit of all that is noble in life, so consolatory in death, that no other philosopher were fit to fasten the latchets of His shoes.

CHAPTER TWELVE

CONCLUSION

ALL things considered, it is not to be marvelled at that the Teuton with his indifferent social, political and historical record should claim kindred and identity of race with a superior people. As we saw in the Foreword to this book the Teuton element in the British race can no longer be said to exist: there are no more two distinct and diverse types among mankind than the Briton and the Teuton. As well may the American negro claim cousinship with us.

All this Teutonic cant about the great peoples of the world being all of Teutonic lineage, Herr Chamberlain, suggests very much the pretentious individual with a shady past and obscure forbears claiming descent from an illustrious family so ancient and remote that no genealogist shall determine his pedigree. For example, when the Germans claim kindred and identity of race, language, social institutions and character in remote times with the inhabitants of that strip of land called Angeln, situate between the North Sea and the Baltic between the muddy inlet called the Schley and Flensburg Fjord, it is merely a form of national vanity seeking to associate itself with a character and social condition not known within historical knowledge to have existed among any part of the German-speaking race—as Laing pointed out half a century ago. It is in the nature of the German temperament that the native historian and professor, finding little but inglorious serfdom in their own past should attempt to connect themselves with the ancient people of Angeln, upon whose soil first flourished those elements of liberty, constitutional government, free institutions, law, order, character and spirit, which in large measure distinguish the inhabitants of Britain to-day, and are now, after a growth of fifteen centuries, gradually overspreading the globe and diffusing civilization, enlightenment and freedom throughout the human race. If the Germans be (as they maintain they are) of the same race as the British, *how is it, in the name of history and ethnology, that they have nothing to show in this wise—that the Kultur and civilization of which they boast bear no resemblance to British*

culture and civilization, and are so hated and despised that in neither hemisphere has there been the slightest attempt to imitate them? That is the one question which must for ever dismiss the Teuton claim of relationship with the people they affect to regard as "Teutonic."

As I enunciated in the foreword of this work, mental characteristics are as distinctly and as organically a part of a race as its physical characteristics, and for the same reason:—both depend ultimately upon anatomical structure. Racial mental-set, racial ways of thinking, racial reactions to the influence of ideas are as characteristic and as recognizable as racial skin-colour and racial skull formation. That the Teutonic mental set, Teutonic way of thinking, Teutonic reactions to the influence of ideas—that these are utterly alien to the British must be at once perceived and acknowledged by all thinkers. That the Germanic skull formation is radically dissimilar from the British must immediately be seen and appreciated by any observer of the Germans at home or here in London. The German city-clerk, waiter, barber and baker in our midst during the last generation were at once recognized—by the shape of their skulls. No sooner had Thomas Atkins been privileged in Flanders to view the close-cropped sconces of his Teuton enemies than he at once noticed the curious skull-formation of his adversaries. "Square heads" he nick-named them—quite accurately, taken as a piece of general observation. Thomas had perceived that the German skull lacks the British protuberance in the region of the cerebellum. And Thomas Atkins has always been a keen observer: I know German professors who have not half his faculty of observation for the things that matter in life.

Let us hear no more, then, of race relationship from the criminal and degenerate peoples of Central Europe. Rather let us hear the great French psychologist Gustave le Bon, who says "the British are a race apart from other peoples"—"a fixed race"; or Emerson who said of the English, "Neither do this people appear to be of one stem; but collectively a better race than any from which they are derived." And if it comes to ancestry we may set it down (ay, without national pride, for national pride spells ruin—it ruined Greece, Judæa and Rome) from whom we are descended: the noblest tribes the world ever saw. For are not we descended from the old Keltic stock, the oldest blood of the world, from which the Briton inherits his fine imaginative qualities; from the ancient Romans, who left him a legacy of bravery; from the Jarls, Sea-kings and Vikings, from whom he inherits his hardihood and sea-roving instincts; from the early Normans, who bequeathed to him their

chivalry ; and from the Angles and Saxons, from whom he derives his love of purity and freedom. And who of living peoples shall tell of better forbears ? Well may the humblest Briton born, coming of such lineage, justly call himself an aristocrat—and the German prince a common boor.

The Briton and the Teuton compared—why I will take the most rude and uncouth Englishman, the most ignorant, wanting reading, writing and religious knowledge, and yet he shall be found as a human being far above the educated and better-class German. The Briton, for instance, will have a finer moral discrimination of what is right and what is wrong ; he will be far more acutely aware of his civil rights, as a member of society, and he will have a nice perception of what we term fair-play. In short he will have a keener sense of brotherhood and humanity ; he will know what is due to himself and what is due from himself, and he will have that keen moral sense and self-reliance which is the Briton's peculiar heritage these fifteen hundred years. The Germans would dismiss this man as uneducated : true he may not be able to read and write as well as even the poorest German, but (race apart) as a man and a citizen the social conditions of his country have given him a practical education no mere German can lay claim to ; nay, compared to the German he has what we call, for want of a better term, " personality." He is a more conscious and reasonable being.

There are German professors who recognize these things. They are not quite all fools. Professor Myer thus estimates the national psychology of his countrymen.

"The Englishman," he says, "particularly in his social and political life stands on firmer feet than the German, whose will is influenced by emotion, and whose individuality in social and political affairs frequently fails to assert itself unless it is supported by others at the same time." (*Deutsches Volkstum*).

It is unnecessary at this time of day to discuss that chimera *Kultur*, but a recent pronouncement of the German Kaiser should be recorded here. To Ludwig Ganghofer, of the Munich *Neueste Nachrichten* Wilhelm II. thus described the fetish. "*To possess Kultur means to have the deepest conscientiousness and the highest morality.*" With that definition of Culture, so far as it goes, few will disagree ; but as to the German monarch's next sentence, "*My Germans possess these*"—well, the reader has already formed a very different opinion, and I trust on sufficient evidence. *Kultur*, of course, is a recent discovery of the Germans. Treitschke had no idea of the meaning of the word, for we find him inquiring of a

certain Bruno Bauer, a student of Nietzsche, for a "notion" of "Culture," of which the Anglophobe had "completely lost sight." Nietzsche ignored *Kultur* altogether. "I believe only in French Culture," he wrote " . . . I do not take the German kind even into consideration." "Kultur," said an Austrian professor to the writer, "means to the Germans nothing else than refinement in their mode of living. Comfort in the house, in the street, on the railways, and in ocean travel. Nice dinners and nice clothes." A German General, Loringboren, explodes the *Kultur* fallacy in a phrase. In "*Krieg und Politik in der Neuzeit*" (Berlin, 1911) he observes :—"The progress of civilization in general (in Germany) is unmistakeable, but whether we are improved in inward culture remains more doubtful: modes of life have changed, but men are the same."

The land of *Kultur* has naturally no equivalent for the word "gentleman," always having failed to produce the article. The late Prince Hohenlohe bewailed this fact on several occasions. In his *Memoirs* he wrote: "It is of all things most to be regretted that in our political life we do not have gentlemen to deal with. But this is a conception of which we are totally deficient." A German colonial official speaking in the Reichstag of some grave scandals in the German colonies, said: "A reprehensible caste feeling has grown up in our colonies . . . the conception of a gentleman in England is widely different from that in Germany." Bismarck had no delusions about the Germans. "They are still a race of non-commissioned officers," he observed on one occasion, "every one of them eager to get his stripes. On an average every man in public life has only that degree of self-reliance which corresponds to his official hall-mark, to the conditions of his official rank, and to his orders."

After all, the future belongs to the nations of commonsense—an attribute which has never been charged to the Germans. There is no future for a race of scatter-brained militarized egotists. It was Montesquieu, surveying the peoples of the world, who lamented the lack of national commonsense. "No people have true commonsense but those who are born in England," he wrote. "Even the dogs and horses in England are more intelligent than elsewhere," said another Frenchman. Nor is the statement to be lightly dismissed, since dogs and horses shall not live centuries with a people without acquiring some of that people's habit of mind. There is evidently something in the old saying "Like master, like dog." The British bull-dog besides tenacity has sagacity, but our true

and ancient national dog is the mastiff, who of old would suffer his head to be cut off before he would let go his hold.

"Show me a people with ill-favoured faces and I shall find that there is something evil in their souls," said an old philosopher. Your German has never been commended for his good looks, let alone for his handsomeness. The Englishman and Englishwoman have been admired in all countries, in all ages, from Saint Gregory (A.D. 600) and the Norman chroniclers (A.D. 1100) down to Emerson, who vowed the English a handsome race.

It would be idle and unjust to deny that the Germans have produced many clever and useful men; but they are men easily to be measured, for they are of the earth, earthy. With yard measure, compass, and book of rule, the German can sometimes achieve wonders; therefore, in chemistry, archæology, philology, and exegesis, as Mr. Price Collier sees, he has forged ahead. German cleverness seems to be of the simian or negroid variety, a cleverness which can achieve anything except the really important. The most laborious and prolonged operations of the human intellect are of small account if they be not employed towards the betterment of humanity. Let us readily grant that for sheer laboriousness German intellect has often achieved results bordering on the titanic; but has it ever sent a ray of hope, of gladness, or of comfort to the souls of men? Intellects of the first-class have ever been more than an extreme rarity in Central Europe. Goethe, perhaps—and who else, except brilliant mediocrity? But was Goethe a Teuton, with that fine old Hebrew face of his? Perhaps one day we shall discover that he was the second great Jew. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton—who shall inscribe the name of Schiller upon the same entablature with these? Whenever did Germany produce men to be mentioned in the same week with Alfred, Roger Bacon, William of Wykeham, Raleigh, Philip Sydney, Newton, Francis Bacon, George Herbert or Lister? In Germany, with her syphilis-ridden population, we are not surprised to find the discoverer of salvarsan, but Erlich was not a Teuton but a humanitarian Jew. In the German mind the humanist motive has always been lacking. In German literature the sense of humanity cannot be said even to exist.

On July 5, 1915, the unaccountable Lord Haldane in a speech at the National Liberal Club referred to our principal enemy as "the great German nation." Lord Haldane's idea of greatness in a nation must be a peculiar one. Germany, as we have seen, lacks all the true essentials of greatness; she is great, however, in the

production of engines of death. She lacks all the virtues of greatness; she is neither wise, temperate, generous nor just. In soul she is an infidel, in body she is a leper. "The conditions of the great body of the people in a country is the condition of the country itself," said Carlyle. We have seen in statistics reproduced in these pages somewhat of the condition of the German people, for statistics is history standing still, as history is statistics in motion.

* * * * *

In a former chapter I suggested a comparison between the Teuton and the negro, whose skull, I pointed out, is of the same shape as a characteristic German skull. (Bismarck had a negroid-shaped skull and a quasi-negro face). To make such a comparison is not merely fanciful, for the Negroid race from Africa first came to the European continent *via* the Roman Empire, and Central Europe would receive her quantum.† Probably she received a great number of the "sons of Ham," very likely more than any other non-Roman European territory. Anyhow, the Germans show more than any other white people the negroid peculiarities. Insensibility to pain, for example, stupidity and servility—these ineradicable negro traits we find among the German people to-day, and in no other white people. The Mongolian capacities for discipline and commerce are also evident, but Caucasian characteristics, such as high moral courage and the hunting instinct, are almost wholly lacking in the Germans. The Caucasian element generally would seem to have disappeared, leaving the Negroid and Mongolian peculiarities dominant. We have seen that the German people as a race are an immoral race in the worst sense of the term. So are the negroid race immediately they come into contact with civilization. Witness the American negro, who is the most immoral and depraved of living negroes—a fact sufficiently demonstrated by all authorities on the negroid question. The American negro is also cowardly. Of the truth of this there is abundant corroboration in American police records, and in the works of many American authors who have dealt with the negro problem. Among the Germans, individually, bravery is the rarest of possessions; collectively their "bravery" is of the blind, hysterical kind—which is not bravery at all, but frenzy.

†The European continent has undoubtedly at different periods in history undergone more or less negrification, particularly the countries round the Mediterranean basin in the days of Carthage. It is also to be remembered that later, of course, Teuton hordes occupied the western provinces of Rome, including Italy, Gaul, and Spain. Even at the present day negrification is at work in Europe; for example, in some portions of Central and Southern Portugal—mainly by way of Brazil.

Again the negro is declared to be conscienceless and to have no regard for, nor sense of, the truth—both Teuton characteristics.^{*} Even Carlyle said: "Of all nations the German lies with the most scrupulosity and detail." "The negro," says an American author, "is an incurable liar. He lies to please, to evade, to conceal, to excuse, to assert, and to command."

"The negro," says an authority on the negro, Mr. W. H. Thomas ("The American Negro," The Macmillan Co., N.Y., 1901), "has neither manly courage nor veracity, and his life and living, founded on fallacious settings, is as artificial and stilted as one's knowledge of social functions would be if derived from a book of etiquette." These words are equally applicable to the German, for the German's life and living are founded not merely on fallacious settings but on fixed hallucinations, the principal hallucination being the absurd idea of his "superiority." Other opinions by this author on the negro at once suggest the Teuton. Mr. Thomas says: "That his (the negro's) nature is surcharged with latent ferocity is shown by abundant evidence of atrocities committed on weak and defenceless objects. Indeed, there is good ground for believing that, were the negro more convincingly assured of personal security, all the malignity of his slumbering savagery would immediately find expression in the most revolting acts of physical lawlessness." The atrocities committed by the Teuton on weak and defenceless objects in Belgium can never hope to be excelled by any race of negroes; his "personal security" was certainly assured, since the massacres of the civil population in Belgium were systematically organized and undoubtedly sanctioned by the Higher Command.* In the case of the cowardly sinking of the *Falaba* by a German submarine, here we have an exhibition of pure savagery. It is vouched for by reliable witnesses that the crew of the submarine laughed and jeered at the death-struggles of drowning non-combatants. That savages are convulsed with laughter at the struggles of a drowning man is a fact that has been vouched for by observers who have lived amongst them.

The same authority, Mr. Thomas, affirms that the negro is incapable of discerning what is right and what is wrong; that there is always unceasing petty strife among the negro fraternity, and that the domineering spirit of the negro must vent itself either on his wife, child, horse, cow or dog, upon whom he will mercilessly inflict brute force. Further, he says, that the negro is cunningly astute, and an adept in deception; that innate modesty is no char-

* *Vide* Viscount Bryce's Report on German Atrocities.

acteristic of American negro women, and "soberly speaking, negro nature is so craven and sensuous in every fibre of its being that a negro manhood with decent respect for chaste womanhood does not exist." All of which may equally well have been written of the Teuton.

The Teuton and the negro, then, have many similar characteristics. Whether these characteristics in the Teuton are the outcome of negro blood, or whether they must be considered sheerly barbarous—it matters little. The fact remains that the Germans, like the negroes, have the attributes of a barbarous people. By some it may be urged that the Teuton outbarbars the negro. It may be so, but we have to bear in mind that the American negro is the subject of a civilized race, and moreover, he is kept in strict surveillance. Even the Teutonomanic H. S. Chamberlain * admits that the Teuton and the negro have one trait in common—loyalty. He refrains, however, from carrying his comparison further. . .

Although civilization tends to milden the character of a race, its effect is not seen until the lapse of many centuries. Ancient racial instincts, it is to be remembered, are never thoroughly eradicated. So late as in the seventeenth century we saw the barbarous nature of the German people, or, rather tribes. The Thirty Years' War was undiluted barbarism. Early in the twentieth century, then, we cannot expect to find the Germans a civilized race, even had not the yoke of a brutal militarism always hung about their neck.

The persistence from a remote antiquity of similar types of character among certain peoples, and especially the persistence of great differences of character between peoples, who although living on the same isotherm or even in the same locality are of different origin, are facts always to be borne in mind by the historian. Effectually to get rid of a barbaric trait may take a race a chiliad of years, very likely more, even under the best civilizing influences. Cæsar in describing the Gauls gives a picture of the ancestors of the French which would appear to be pretty accurate, since allowing for the differences attributable to civilization, his description of the Gauls tallies with the French of to-day. Ammianus Marcellinus palpably portrayed the Huns with fidelity, for any impartial observer of present-day Germany will recognize that the Huns of that historian and the Germans of the twentieth century must be of one race. The words of Tacitus, too, might have been uttered any time during the present century, excepting the passage re-

* "The Foundations of the 19th Century," pp. 546-7.

lating to the chastity of German women, which chastity no longer exists—if it ever existed; for the Roman historian and moralist must have uttered his panegyric only to “point a moral” to his countrywomen, inasmuch as the chastity of women was one of the virtues he vowed ever to perpetuate. Support, certainly, is to be found for this view. In this connexion it is to be remembered also that Tacitus had little knowledge of the more remote German tribes; his experience of the Germans was confined to those of them dwelling near the Rhine.

As an example of the persistence of racial disposition fraught with malignity and barbaric instinct, take Corsica. There for centuries, unto this day, the endemic criminality of the islanders has to be put down with iron hand. “In Corsica so soon as repression shows the least sign of relaxing, criminality at once threatens to break out afresh with renewed violence.”* In Canada the French, isolated from the parent people, still preserve their national traits. The Jew, after two milleniums, scattered wide across the surface of the earth, still maintains the Hebrew character, talent and idiosyncrasies. In gallant Belgium impulsiveness and irascibility are still well-defined characteristics of the Flemish provinces, as they were many centuries ago. In Wales these traits remain in Glamorgan, Montgomery and Brecon, where the people are almost all of Celtic origin. In the Baltic, near the Åland group, lie the Aspö Islands. The inhabitants of these islands, both physically and morally present a marked contrast to their fair-haired and phlegmatic Scandinavian neighbours. With blue-black, curly hair, aquiline noses, black eyes and powerful frames, these sea-faring folk are of a decidedly southern type, most probably Spanish. Temperamentally excitable, in their quarrels they constantly use the knife, and betray other traits found in the Spaniards ancient and modern. Their forebears, it is told, the survivors of a shipwreck, settled on the islands upwards of five centuries ago, and from the adjoining shores took to themselves blonde Scandinavian women as wives; and from these unions arose an isolated community which has not further intermingled with the surrounding peoples. The Scandinavian blonde has become lost in the Spanish *brun*. And thus we see from all the foregoing that the real character of a people is but little affected by the passing of the centuries. The *ethos* of a people a thousand years ago is the *ethos* of that people to-day. Civilization may affect the mode of life, but men remain the same. The “character” of

* Bournet, *La Criminalité en Corse*. (Lyons, 1887).

Germany is unchanged. You may say that Prussia is not Germany, and that Prussia is really to blame, but throughout the German Empire vice, crime, and irreligion are pretty evenly distributed, and the character of the people is very much the same. And that character at best is no better than the negroid character. The Germans are the white niggers of Europe. They are to be considered Europeans no longer.

Burke said: "I know of no method by which you can indict a nation"; but Burke omitted to say that a nation may indict itself, as in this volume I maintain Germany has done. What are the principal counts of the indictment?

In Germany vice in the shape of prostitution has assumed colossal proportions, Professor Moll, of the University of Berlin, estimating the number of prostitutes in the empire at no less than 1,500,000. Bebel states that Germany supplies half the prostitutes of the world, and his statement still remains unrefuted.

Unnatural vice also has assumed the gravest dimensions. In Berlin alone it has been estimated by an authority that there are 30,000 persons afflicted with the disease, and that 2,000 male perverts are known to the Berlin police, who tolerate forty resorts frequented by these individuals. The vice is known to exist in all the large towns of Germany, where there are clubs and other resorts frequented solely by perverts. This state of affairs is so well known to French scientists and physicians that the term "le vice allemand" is now used to designate the aberration.

Venereal disease in Germany has risen to colossal figures. In 1913 it was publicly announced that in Prussia alone, for a period of five years, there had been an annual average of 773,000 cases. It has also been publicly announced in Berlin that 90% of the male Berliners have at one time or another been afflicted with sexual disease.

In various parts of Germany parents of the working and peasant class rear their daughters for the specific purpose of prostitution, sending them on the streets when they are no more than children that they may support their parents in idleness.

Germany has a huge number of males who live on the immoral earnings of women. These males, it is vouched for by German authorities on the subject of prostitution, have their own clubs, their gymnastic and athletic associations, and their own "bars." In Berlin pandering is a profession for male and female, and the German capital is the centre for the White Slave Traffic of the world.

Pornographic literature of the worst kind is suffered to be on sale in all the booksellers' windows, and is purchasable by girls and boys. Apart from pornographic literature, Germany has a literature of patho-

logical import. A few of these degenerate productions have been briefly reviewed in this book. Bleibtreu, Tovote, Bahr, Conradi, and Sacher-Masoch are, perhaps, the most striking examples of degenerate authorship.

Criminality in Germany has reached unheard of figures. In the year 1909 there were dealt with by the courts 797,112 criminal acts and offences. In 1906 the number of juvenile offenders was 55,000. Germany is the land of the "lust-murder," a particularly Teutonic and bestial form of human butchery. Sadism, Masochism, Fetichism and Necrophilism—significantly these are diseases on which German physicians are the leading and recognized authorities.

Intermarriage, from mercenary motives, is so common and widespread that it has seriously affected the mental and physical health of a not inconsiderable part of the population. Also the question of the effect of rampant syphilis upon the mentality of the race is to be remembered.

In all the foregoing we see that Germany is anything but a healthy nation. As to her "greatness"—what nation could be great with a national life so poisoned by vice, crime, disease and barbarous outrages.

In so unhealthy a people it is not surprising to find that the average length of human life falls short of the years attained by the French and English peoples, as will be seen from Professor Irving Fisher's table, which I append—

Country.	Average Years of life	
	Males.	Females.
France 1898-1903	45.7	49.1
England and Wales (1891-1900)	44.1	47.7
United States (Massachusetts, 1893-1897)	44.1	46.6
Prussia (1891-1900)	41.0	44.5

Germany is also faced with a falling birth-rate, which according to recent statistics shews a decrease of more than 25 per cent. In hitherto prolific Saxony it is more than 40 per cent. The fall is greatest in the towns and centres of industry, but it is also evident in the country districts, particularly in the neighbourhood of large towns. As a rule the decrease is greater and more rapid among Protestants than among Catholics, and it is greatest in communities which elect Social Democratic representatives.

Concerning juvenile degeneracy there is a significant psychiatric study made by Mönkenmoller, who examined 200 children in a home

for deserted and neglected Berlin children, situate in Lichtenberg. Of these he found 134 had been guilty of some offence, and that no less than 68 of the 200 were feeble-minded; and even the others showed such inferior mentality that the institution could do little for them in the way of education. Besides imbecility, Mönkenmoller found epilepsy, hysteria, mental disease: in short, after subtracting all those with mental defects there remained in this home for deserted and neglected German children, only 73, including ten epileptics, who were fairly intelligent, and 83 normal children.

"The cause of this alarmingly large number of mentally defective children," says Aschaffenburg, reviewing Mönkenmoller's report. "has little to do with the neglect of their training and instruction, for it is clear that those classed as imbeciles are judged, not by the knowledge they possess, but by their ability to learn. We must, therefore, regard this deficient or defective mentality as an inheritance from the parents."

Another examination of children in similar schools was undertaken by Toppel,* who found 66.87% mentally deficient. Yet this authority says that an official inquiry addressed to fourteen institutions charged with the care of 544 children elicited the reply that there was not a single psychically defective child among them!

The number of blind and deaf and dumb persons in Germany is estimated at nearly 100,000. In Great Britain, in 1901, we had 54,678 similarly afflicted. German statistics for 1900 give the number of idiots and epileptics in the empire as 57,000, but, as in the case of lunacy statistics, these figures are to be distrusted; they are most certainly much underestimated.

We are not here particularly concerned with the depraved and degenerate nature of the Austrians since only twenty-five per cent. of them are German, but a recent Vienna statistic is worth noting. In this it is pointed out that in 10,057 cases of venereal infection more than one-half were minors, and 67% were under 25 years of age! Another statistic on my desk says that in 1894 80% of all German children born with healthy eyes, but who became blind, did so as the result of transmitted gonorrhoea; further that 30,000 cases of blindness in Germany are due solely to the same disorder. Interesting also is a statement in another statistic concerning a degenerate German woman, "whose descendants numbered 834 persons, the majority of whom were prostitutes, tramps, paupers, and criminals, several of them being murderers." The care and keep of this brood of malefactors cost the Prussian state a quarter

* "Furorgorgezlehung und Psychiatrie."

of a million pounds sterling. The same document records the fact that there are more than 5,000 tramps in the Fatherland. "A country with a vast criminal population, as Germany has, can but be degenerate," says a Russian writer, who, however, does not give any figures. Germany in 1913 had over 4,000,000 criminals in her midst, or about one to every 16 inhabitants! †

As regards illegitimate children in Germany the figures have remained about the same for many years (1881-1890, 9.3%; 1891-1900, 9.1%). In 1900 Berlin showed the highest figures—14.9%. Bavaria, on the right of the Rhine, comes close up to the capital with 14.3%. In Prussia, from 1875 to 1894, in each hundred illegitimate children 35.34% died in their first year among legitimate children the percentage was 19.24.

London has about 30% less deaths of individuals of from 15 to 25 years of age than Berlin; and in the German capital the percentage of deaths from tuberculosis is 50% greater than in London.

I have already called attention to the huge number of suicides in the Fatherland. From a statistic in front of me it appears that between the years 1881-1890 the number of suicides per 1,000,000 of the German population was 209. For England and Wales for the same period it was 77 per 1,000,000. In 1901 the number of suicides in Germany increased from 11,836 in that year to 14,181 in 1911. The average annual number of suicides for these eleven years works out at 12,356 as I have previously stated. Morselli's investigations show that from 1896 to 1900 in Coburg-Gotha, 420 persons per 1,000,000 inhabitants killed themselves; in Schleswig-Holstein, 1891 to 1900, 319; and in Saxony, 307. Of the large cities of Germany Dresden stands at the head with 500 suicides per million.

In another document the statement is made that on the 1st October, 1894, all penitentiary prisoners who had served at least three sentences (penitentiary, prison, or house of correction), of which sentences one or more amounted to six months or over, were counted, and to these were added those offenders who were committed between that date and March 31, 1897. A conference of officials had to report what, in their judgment, was to be expected from each of these 15,539 males and 2,510 females in the future.

The result, according to Professor Aschaffenburg, who reviewed the official report, was "truly horrifying." Utter social uselessness

† According to Legoyt's table, from 1850 to 1860 in Prussia there was one convict to every 22.9 of the inhabitants, while in Hanover there was one to every 12.8.

was in the highest degree probable in 92.4% of the females, 94.8% of the males, in the first period; in 98% of the females, and 96.4% of the males, in the second period. The predominant cause the Professor assigns to "incurrigibility." "But wherein can this incurrigibility consist if we do not include those with physical and mental defects (in this case probably identical with invalidism and insanity) unless it be in the individual natural disposition?" he trenchantly enquires.

I have elsewhere called attention to the general depravity prevailing among that large section of the German population—the peasantry. In Viscount Bryce's Report on the German atrocities committed in Belgium there occurs regarding the German peasantry a statement which appears greatly to err on the side of magnanimity. On page 44 of that Report, referring to the murder of innocent civilians, we read: "The question then arose how they could have happened. Not from mere military licence, for the discipline of the German army is proverbially stringent, and its obedience implicit. Not from any special ferocity of the troops, *for whoever has travelled among the German peasantry knows that they are as kindly and good-natured as any people in Europe*, and those who can recall the war of 1870 will remember that no charges resembling these proved by these depositions were then established. . . ." Now, in the first place, as a general statement the words I have italicized do not convey the truth. Moreover, a person having only "travelled among the German peasantry" has not had the opportunity for observation necessary for pronouncing a final judgment. Criminal statistics, apart from sexual offences, show the German peasant in a very unfavourable light. He is ever ready with the knife, and free fights with this implement are common, especially at holiday times, when he considers it a good joke to bash his neighbour's head in with a beer-mug. There is no peasantry in Europe half so quarrelsome and vindictive as the German, and the wholesale feuds among them are provocative of much damage to property, particularly the setting fire to barns, ricks, etc.* Besides, the German peasant, with all other sections of the German population, has long been indoctrinated in a kind of race religion wherein hatred of England has been sedulously fostered. The German peasant, these last twenty years, has looked upon England as Germany's enemy, and those Britons who

* In recent years there have been about 140 murderous assaults in Germany to every one in England; and there are 75 recorded cases of malicious damaging of property to every one in this country. In both crimes the German peasant figures conspicuously.

have lived among the German tillers of the soil (not merely travelled among them) well know the hostile feelings entertained against this country. Concerning the implied unimportant outrages perpetrated by the German soldiery in 1870, outrages undoubtedly did occur, if not carried out on so large a scale as in the present war. Wounded Frenchmen were bayoneted at Le Mans, and many women and girls were outraged at Châteaudun, where the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meiningen and Prince Adalbert of Prussia, after disgracing themselves in a drunken orgy, helped to set fire to the town. In the Copenhagen campaign (1805-1808) the German peasant soldiery exhibited atrocious cruelty and mercilessly butchered unarmed country people. Captain Napier (43rd Regiment) declared that "every British soldier shuddered at the (German) cruelty." Writing* to his mother, he said :

"I can assure you that from the General of the Germans down to the smallest drummer-boy in the legion, the earth never groaned with such a set of infamous murdering villians." *

To-day the methods of German warfare from the Higher Command downwards to the common soldier are incontestably as barbaric as anything recited in history. So much is already upon record.

The lust of war is, and must always be, provocative of some amount of military lawlessness : that is, in every war there must occur a number of outrages which are not in accordance with the usages of war as between civilized nations. Here and there an inoffensive civilian may be killed, a woman assaulted, or property plundered. It is inevitable. But in the case of the wholesale shooting of non-combatant citizens (more than one thousand five hundred of these cases figure in Viscount Bryce's Report alone), the wholesale and public raping of girls and women, the throat-cutting of British wounded soldiers, the killing and mutilation of mothers and daughters, the bayonetting of little children and babies at the breast, the destruction and defiling of cathedrals and churches—for these there must be no excuses made for any individual, any class, or military authority in the German armed forces. For all these multitudinous savageries the peasant is as much to blame as the prince ; the prince is as much to blame as his master Wilhelm II. And the German people are to blame, for (whether the command were given or not) it was the hand of the German people that butchered the babies of Belgium, outraged their mothers, and then

* "The Life of Wellington," by the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt. Sampson Low & Co.

cut off their breasts or legs or arms ; used school children and old men and women as screens, and burned whole families alive. I repeat, the whole German people are to blame, not only the German male element of that people, but the female element who bore this loathsome brood of cowardly devils incarnate.

The twentieth century has no room for a people such as this, a criminal people of sixty-odd million persons indoctrinated with a desire for wholesale murder and plunder. It cannot be urged that Prussia and Prussia alone is to blame ; the rest of the petty states of Germany desired and willed this iniquitous war. The "soul" of Germany is an evil soul—the "soul" of a criminal. The criminal is the avowed enemy of civilization, therefore civilization must see to it that the criminal be either killed or caged. With vicious and degenerate Germany we are not further concerned ; that is her own affair. But what we are further concerned with is this : *There must be no inconclusive peace.* Already Germany is putting forth her "feelers" ; she is trying to pave the way with her professed abandonment of piracy. The true meaning of the book *J'Accuse*† will be divined by every sensible Briton. Its object is plain enough. The writer of *J'Accuse*, whoever he may be, seeks only to promote an inconclusive peace. He quotes Johann von Bloch, "the gifted Russian statesman," and asserts *inter alia* that a decision under the conditions of modern warfare is impossible. "In such a war (so prophesied Bloch) there would no longer be a conqueror and a conquered. . . And now we are experiencing what he foresaw—a swaying backwards and forwards of these armies of twenty million men, without end, without result, without even the possibility of a final decision, notwithstanding all the inspiring appeals of kings and the leaders of armies." The writer of *J'Accuse* points out the horrors and the costliness of war, and seeks to excuse the "pacific" millions deceived by a handful of criminals. But if the German rulers lied to the people about the immediate antecedents of the war, that people threw themselves into the struggle without hesitancy and without question. They knew well enough that the war was a war of aggrandizement ; that Germany had been preparing for that war for many years, and that Germany was to emerge from the conflict a greater and mightier Germany.

And supposing that we exonerate the German people from all responsibility for the war, there still remains their conduct on the battlefield. The writer of *J'Accuse* may contend that "*The nations have never been enemies.*" From all letters written at the front it

† Hodder and Stoughton.

is clear that the feelings of hatred and revenge are unknown in the trenches. These are the dragon's eggs which are hatched at home at the writing-tables in the coziness of editors' rooms. From trench to trench friendship and brotherhood are concluded. They visit each other, make each other small presents, and shake hands in friendship. . . and Mr. Brown of Clapham may read the touching message with great commiseration, forgetful of the many evidences we have *inter alia* of the friendly Germans' conduct to the British, French, and Belgian wounded. Now there is no sane person who can accuse of seeking to overstate their case the Committee appointed by the British Government to report on the alleged German outrages. On the contrary, the gentlemen in question betray on every page of that report a manifest desire to make every reasonably possible allowance for the abominations practised by the German soldiery. Notwithstanding, the evidence of Viscount Bryce's Report alone (although it is not intended so to do) does indict a notable fraction of the German people. In the wholesale outrages committed by the German soldiery there are whole categories of crime which the orders of superiors cannot possibly palliate nor excuse, particularly the countless cases of mutilation of mothers, girls, and little children to which I have already referred. As an example of the German soldiery's treatment of the helpless wounded, take the following (Viscount Bryce's Report, p. 57): "Outside Ypres we were in the trenches and were attacked, and had to retire until reinforced by other companies of the Royal Fusiliers. Then we took the trenches and found the wounded, between 20 and 30, lying in the trenches with bayonet wounds, and some shot. *Most of them, say three-quarters, had their throats cut.*" The italics are the writer's.

Or take this from the *Jauer'sche Tageblatt*, of October 18th, 1914, written by a non-commissioned officer named Klemt, of the First Company of the 154th Regiment.

"The first Frenchmen were already discovered. We brought them down like squirrels and gave them a warm reception with the butt and bayonet. They no longer required doctors. . . *And we will give them no quarter.* Every one shoots standing, a few, a very few, fire kneeling. . . We reach a little depression in the ground. Here the red trousers, dead or wounded, lie in a heap on the ground. *We knock down or bayonet the wounded,* for we know that those scoundrels fire at our backs when we have gone by. There was a Frenchman stretched out full length, face down, pretending to be dead. A strong fusilier's kick soon told him we were there.

Turning round, he asked for quarter, but we answered: 'Is that the way your tools work, you ——,' and he was nailed to the ground. Close to me I heard odd cracking sounds. They were blows from a gun on the bald head of a Frenchman, which a private of the 154th was dealing out vigorously. He was wisely using a French gun so as not to break his own. Tender-hearted souls are so kind to the French wounded that they finish them with a bullet, but others give them as many thrusts and blows as they can. . . . At the entry into the screen of branches they lay groaning and crying for quarter, but whether wounded slightly or severely the brave fusiliers spare their country the cost of caring for many enemies."

It is unnecessary to instance further examples of the kindly and good-natured German people in military uniform, people who have no feelings of "hatred and revenge." The official reports of newspapers and periodicals of all countries concerned in the war abound with evidence of the German people's military savagery. The plea that the German common soldier must obey his commands will not hold good in the devilish and negroid abominations he has perpetrated. If his commands are to mutilate, crucify, or torture his enemy wounded; if his superiors command him to butcher the mother and the baby at her breast, outrage daughters, and mutilate school-children—if he does these things on command then he is equally to blame as if he had perpetrated these outrages on his own initiative.

Let us have no more talk of the "kindly and good-natured" German people, whether in official documents or not. It is a pernicious and proven falsity.

To the last man, to the last shilling, Britain has to see that the depraved, diseased and barbarous German people can never again jeopardize the peace of Europe, and in this undertaking Europe is confronted with the mightiest problem she has ever known. But she will solve it. We are very far from the end of this war; it may last until the spring of 1917, perhaps longer. There must be no compromise. The power of Germany must be destroyed for ever. Anything else would be almost as shameful and ruinous as defeat. Everything yet remains to be done; therefore it is nothing but the strenuous devotion of every British man and woman doing all they can in whatever capacity in them lies that can bring us decisive victory. Slackness, quarrelling and partisanship must go by the board, else there is ruin ahead. "The dangers we have to face," as Mr. Frederic Harrison graphically puts it, "are greater than any since the Normans landed at Hastings." British in-

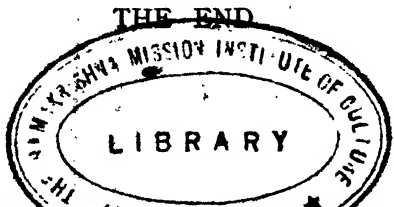
dustry must at least rise to the level of Germany and France. Anything less spells disaster. The time is now. Every man and woman must do their best, their utmost, using their every ounce of energy. Nothing but this will win this war of life and death for us and our children to come. We owe all this to ourselves, to the great and mighty Britons before us, and to the generations of Britons to come.

We shall win this war. Sunrise to-morrow morning is not more sure. We shall win because as the night is lightened by stars so is the soul of Britain by ideals no earthly power shall destroy. We shall win because we believe that Life means more than mere materialism. We shall win because our God is not the God of Brute Force, but the God of Humanity. We shall win because we believe that not Hate but Love shall make this world a habitable place for men. We shall win because in this mighty struggle we have drawn the bright and holy sword of Christianity against the Powers of Evil. Our eyes fixed upon that shining horizon which promises mankind there is a glorious future for the human race, we shall advance, ay, every man of us, until the path be cleared of that monstrous brood who would forever plunge the world into chaos and disorder.

"We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure all, and more than all she has sacrificed; until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

These are the words of our Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, and they are the words of every Briton worthy the name. Whoever demands less is a traitor to his country.

We must never have to face this THING again.



From "The Times," 12th April, 1916.

CRIME IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND COMPARED.

In a leaflet published in the United States, Mr. George L. Fox, Principal of the University School, New Haven, Connecticut, makes the following comparison of crime in Germany and England :

The population of Germany is to that of England as 5 to 3. As to crime, the proportion of bigamy is 1 to 2 nearly ; in incest, about 13 to 1 ; in procuring it is 264 to 1 ; in procuring abortions it is 29 to 1 ; in unnatural offences it is 7 to 1 ; in rape and other sexual crimes it is about 9 to 1 ; in murder, manslaughter, and other death-causing crimes it is 5 to 1 ; in arson it is about 4 to 1. With regard to divorces it is 22 to 1. As to illegitimate births it is 5 to 1. The number of suicides is four times as great as in England.

Crown 8vo. Cloth **2/6** net & Picture wrapper **1/-** net.

THE SECRETS OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE

By ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES

Late Spy to the German Government.

Unprecedented and astounding revelations of the inner workings of the German Secret Service Department. Dr. Graves, who recently was imprisoned by us for Spying at Rosyth, tells his tale without concealment or hesitation from the day when he entered the "spy school" at Berlin to the day when he finally left the service in disgust. From the first page—a scene at question-time in the English Parliament—to the end of the story the interest and excitement never flags, the most extravagant inventions of fiction are put to shame by some of the actual events of which the author writes. At any time it would have attracted universal attention; now its interest is immense. The disclosures of the hidden forces of German politics and secret diplomacy reveal the sleepless eye of their war machine and show the subterranean information by which Wilhelmstrasse endeavoured to remake the political map of Europe.

T. WERNER LAURIE'S SERIES AT ONE SHILLING NET

WITH PICTURE COVERS IN COLOURS

**A LIST OF DELIGHTFUL BOOKS
TO READ, BY**

Victoria Cross	Gertie de S. Wentworth-James
Maud Churton Braby	Mary Gaunt
James Blyth	Barry Pain
Fergus Hume	Stanley Portal Hyatt
Guy Thorne	Hubert Bland
Frank Richardson	Eden Phillpotts
Arnold Bennett and others	



ON ALL BOOKSTALLS AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS
Published at 8 ESSEX STREET, STRAND, LONDON, by
T. WERNER LAURIE, LIMITED

A COMPLETE LIST OF Laurie's Shilling Reprints

- The Secrets of the German War Office.** By Dr Graves.
The Outrage. By "Banco."
Edwards: The Story of a Jobbing Gardener. By Barry Pain.
Something Like. By Sir Francis Vincent, Bt.
The Light Side of London. By E. B. d'Avargne.
Love and Lovers. By Orme Balfour.
Tantalus. By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns."
Love Letters to a Soldier. By May Aldington.
Thou Art The Man. By Sidney Dark.
The Siege of Liege. By Paul Hamelius.
A.B.O Guide to the Great War. By E. B. d'Avargne.
Nietzsche. By J. M. Kennedy.
Futurist Fifteen: A Comic Calendar. By Barry Pain.
The Boy Who Didn't. By "Banco."
Chance in Chains. By Guy Thomas.
In a Cottage Hospital. By George Trilawney.
Pink Purity. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.
Mrs Murphy. By Barry Pain.
How to Become Efficient. By T. Sharper Knowles.
Life's Shop Window. By Victoria Cross.
Black Sheep. By Stanley Portal Hyatt.
Love Intrigues of Royal Courts. By Thornton Hall.
Fallen Among Thieves. By Stanley Portal Hyatt.
Six Women. By Victoria Cross.
Downward. By Maud Churton Braby. (30th thousand.)
Scarlet Kiss. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.
Red Love. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. [Braby.
Modern Marriage and How to Bear It. By Maud Churton
Biography for Beginners. By G. K. Chesterton.
The Salving of a Derelict. By Maurice Drake.
The Night Side of London. By Robert M'achray.
Lady Jim of Ourzen Street. By Fergus Muma.
2835 Mayfair. By Frank Richardson.
The Wild Widow. By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James.
The Game of Bridge. By "Cut Cavendish."
The Night Side of Paris. By E. B. d'Avargne.
The Weaning. By James Blyth.
The Methods of Mr Ames. By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns."
The Happy Moralist. By Hubert Bland.
The King and Isabel. By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns."
The Unaccounted Cost. By Mary Gaunt.
The Sinews of War. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett.
Modern Woman and How to Manage Her. By Walter Gallichan.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THOU ART THE MAN

By SIDNEY DARK

**An able exposé of the German Emperor's methods
(published in conjunction with *The Daily Express*)**

A simple and careful summary of the many official Blue-books and White-papers demonstrates Germany's path of lies and her deliberate plotting against peace and civilisation, and the ruthless wickedness with which Germany has waged war is shown to be the natural result of the nation's lost soul. The last chapters answer German apologists and forecast the only peace that can be a sufficient return for all the sacrifices and the suffering.

THE SIEGE OF LIEGE

A Chapter in the History of the European War

By PAUL HAMELIUS, Dr.Phil.

With a Plan of the Forts

A Belgian author, Dr Paul Hamelius, Professor of English Literature at the University of Liege, was an eye-witness of the siege of his city. He has written a circumstantial account of the storming of the city and forts, of the events which led up to it, and of the subsequent German occupation. He gives vivid pictures of the mobilisations, the attack, the two bombardments, the surrender, and the occupation.

Incidentally he gives all the credit for the efficiency of the forts and army to that much-abused monarch the late King Leopold.

THE A.B.C. GUIDE TO THE GREAT WAR

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

The work includes a detailed coloured map of the seat of war in Europe.

The essential point about Mr d'Auvergne's book is that it is concise and to the point. If you want to know the war strength of a nation or the career of a general you find it compressed and ready to hand. Such a guide should prove of immense interest and value for a clearer understanding of the international issues which are at present at stake. The book is invaluable as an aid to the understanding of every daily paper, and has the additional advantage of being compiled by a literary man who at the same time understands the science of war.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THE SECRETS OF THE GERMAN WAR OFFICE

**By ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES, *Late Spy to the
German Government***

Unprecedented and astounding revelations of the inner workings of the German Secret Service Department. Dr Graves, who was imprisoned by us for Spying at Rosyth, tells his tale without concealment or hesitation from the day when he entered the "spy school" at Berlin to the day when he finally left the service in disgust. From the first page—a scene at question-time in the English Parliament—to the end of the story the interest and excitement never flag.

FALLEN AMONG THIEVES

By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

A detective story concerning a gang of German Jews connected with the "White Slave" traffic in London.

2838 MAYFAIR

By FRANK RICHARDSON

A tale of London, and all that therein is ; it starts with a murder, and it is not till long after the corpse comes to life that the mystery of the murder is solved.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

LOVE INTRIGUES OF ROYAL COURTS

By THORNTON HALL

Mr Hall describes many of the secret dramas of Royal Courts, and reveals some of their most remarkable scenes. In his pages, Catherine the Great plays her rôle ; the pretty madcap, Frances Jennings, coquettes with her lovers ; and Christina, Queen of Sweden, dazzles the world by the splendours of her royal gifts. The author also describes, among others, King Ludwig, the Chevalier D'Eon playing his dual rôle, now man, now woman, Sophie Dorothea losing a crown for Königsmarck's love ; Countess Castiglione, the mysterious Lady of Versailles ; Alexander and Draga in the last tragic scene of their love-drama ; Mazarin's niece, who enslaved Kings ; and Louis Philippe, the Royal Changeling.

THE GAME OF BRIDGE

By GUT CAVENDISH

**With the New Rules of Bridge and Auction Bridge, and
a Chapter on Bridge Parties**

This book by the well-known expert is a guide to the beginner, and yet it contains many valuable suggestions which are helpful to the experienced player. The latest rules are included, and a very helpful chapter on Bridge Parties and how to conduct them, by Mrs. Lang.

MODERN WOMAN AND HOW TO MANAGE HER

By WALTER M. GALLICHAH

"This most entertaining and brightly-written book essentially sensible and far-seeing."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"A thoughtful and thought-provoking little book. . . . Refreshingly outspoken."—*Sunday Chronicle* (Leading Article by HENRY BLAND).

"A brutally frank book."—*Morning Leader*.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THE METHODS OF VICTOR AMES

By the Author of

"THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS"

Imbued with some of the principles of Machiavelli, possessed of enormous wealth, distrustful of all passions that limit the pursuit of power, courted by many women for his affluence and beauty, but courting rarely, a legislator and controller of opinion through the organs in the Press, ingenious, forceful, esoteric, humorous and shrewd, deserving the venality of his contemporaries, developing a morality out of his distaste for current conduct, helpful to those whom his *mestria* defeats; Ames is a figure which is probably unique in fiction.

THE KING AND ISABEL

By the Author of

"THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS"

Upon the stage of this modern satirical romance move four main characters—Charles, the *débonnaire* King, soldierly, light-hearted, susceptible and impecunious, who regards the kingly office with an amusing scepticism; Robert, his cousin, the Pretender, punctilious, ceremonious, comically serious, and extravagantly monarchical; Vincent, the wealthy Socialist, a relative of both; and finally, Isabel, a beautiful philosopher, shrewd, sarcastic, humorous, for whose affections the trio are rivals, and whose manner of dealing with her suitors constitutes the salient feature of the story.

THE WEANING

By JAMES BLYTH

An exciting motor story, in which Mr Blyth presents a careful study of the birth, development, and termination of one of those attacks of Calf Love, or Sentimental Fever, to which every large-hearted boy of education is subject.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

LIFE'S SHOP WINDOW

By VICTORIA CROSS

The book is a vivid and brilliant presentment of the varying phases of a woman's life, and displays all that keen analysis of motive and character, that acute understanding of the emotions, that joy in life and vigorous vitality which make Victoria Cross so remarkable a writer, and secured for her book, "Six Women," such a noteworthy success in all parts of the world.

SIX WOMEN

By VICTORIA CROSS

"What is so marked in these stories is the beauty of the writing. Her atmosphere is delightful. The Eastern stories are full of the colour and the atmosphere of the East. No one can do anything but envy the author's touch in the description of Eastern buildings and gardens."—*The Queen*.

THE UNCOUNTED COST

By MARY GAUNT

In this amazing novel, the doctrine that a woman can "live her own life" is set forth, together with all the penalties and consequences of this theory. A story of intense interest. Grips your attention at the very start, and leads you, fascinated and spellbound, to the final page.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THE WILD WIDOW

By GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES

"There are many genuine surprises in this fresh and well-written novel, and altogether it is an ingenious and fascinating piece of work."—*Morning Leader*.

"The story is packed full of life and mirth and humour. . . . A bright and breezy novel thoroughly up-to-date and clever. . . ."—*Bystander*.

"Shows powers and qualities far beyond the standard of the ordinary output of fiction."—*Dublin Express*.

"Proves the author to be capable of inventing and unfolding a complicated plot with considerable skill."—*Daily Telegraph*.

RED LOVE

By GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES

"A novel that is, above all, lively. . . . Cleverly satirical. . . . The writing is smart . . . and the dialogue amusing. There is a somewhat violently emotional atmosphere about the tale, but tested by the criterion of entertainment pure and simple, it may be said to pass with flying colours."—*Glasgow Herald*.

" . . . Clear perceptions are marked creative gifts. Mrs Wentworth-James writes bitterly concerning the jealousy and malice of the male reviewer in respect of women writers; but we assure her we are not actuated by feelings of sex-antagonism when we state that she has within her the seeds of greatness. . . . A writer who so clearly possesses the gift of seeing that which is in front of her."—*Clarion*.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF LONDON

By ROBERT MACHRAY

With 95 Pictures by TOM BROWNE, R.I., R.B.A.

Pleasidilly Circus (11 P.M. to 1 A.M.); In the Streets (Ratcliff Highway); "In Society"; Not "In Society"; An East End Music Hall; Earl's Court; The Masked Ball; The Shilling Hop; Club Life; A Saturday Night with the "Savages"; With the "Eccentrics" (3 A.M.); "La Vie de Bohème"; Sunday Night at the New Lyric; A "Night Club"; The National Sporting Club; A School for Neophytes; "Wonderland"; New Year's Eve at St Paul's; The Hoppers' Saturday Night.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

CHANCE IN CHAINS. A Story of Monte Carlo

By GUY THORNE

"Mr Thorne's heroes hit upon an important electrical invention, but lack means to introduce their discovery to commerce. Chance leads them to the factory of twin brothers who manufacture the official roulette boards used in the Casino at Monte Carlo. An arresting plot is evolved after it has been decided that the Administration of the Société de Bains de Mer is a common enemy, and leads to a dramatic scene in the Casino when the two heroes are enabled by their inventive genius to hold 'chance in chains.'"—*The Times*.

IN A COTTAGE HOSPITAL. A Novel

By GEORGE TRELAWNEY

This is not a novel for little people nor for fools.

"'In a Cottage Hospital,' by George Trelawney, is a terrible picture of the conditions which are possible in a hospital where the discipline is lax and the welfare of the sick a secondary consideration. It is not a book for the young person, but it is a book to read."—*British Journal of Nursing*.

PINK PURITY

By GERTIE DE'S. WENTWORTH-JAMES

In this book the young girl—"The Flapper"—is represented with almost uncomfortably realistic accuracy. "Lil Carlingford" is far more true to life than those who wish to believe in the ignorance of the *jeune fille* will care to admit. But although her purity is "pink-touched" she steers her way safely to calm waters, and the surprise with which the book concludes is more than a little startling.

The portion of the book laid at Le Touquet will interest all lovers of Picardy's resinous pine woods, in the heart of which Lil Carlingford meets with her first important adventure.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THE OUTRAGE

By "BANCO"

A tragic subject treated with the utmost delicacy, yet with no vital point hidden or withheld.

The bitter story of an English girl—of Florence Everest—whom Morice Mandrake desired for his wife because in her he had found a woman who was his ideal in beauty, mind and purity.

His wife must be perfect and pure—unsmirched from even the taints of modern go-ahead life.

And this promised wife it was who went to Belgium just before the War broke out, and who was staying in a village farmhouse when a patrol of drunken Uhlans invaded the place.

And when at last she escaped to England with the other refugees only her white mind and soul remained of the purity which her future husband prized.

How the appalling situation adjusted itself, how Morice Mandrake forced himself to see matters in a right light, how the grim months dragged by and how, finally, light shone out through the darkness are all set forth with real vivid realism.

An intensely strong book, but an essentially clean book and one which must tend to advance necessary realisation of the hideous vengeance which all civilised nations owe to the enemy.

EDWARDS

By BARRY PAIN

Illustrated

This author is admitted to be the premier humorist of the day, and the publishers are to be congratulated in securing this volume from his pen.

Edwards, a jobbing gardener and genial blackguard, is worthy to rank with Mrs Murphy. Barry Pain has created more famous characters than any writers since Dickens, and Edwards is the best of them all.

THE HAPPY MORALIST

By HUBERT BLAND

A delightfully fresh and charming volume by the author of "Letters to a Daughter."

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

LOVE AND LOVERS

By ORME BALFOUR

This is a racy book on a subject of perennial interest. It deals with the grand passion in all its aspects and manifestations, discussing the nature and various kinds of love, how men love, how women love, what attracts men towards women, what attracts women towards men. The author has much to say of the breakdown of love in marriage and of the causes of inconstancy.

TANTALUS

By the Author of

"THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN JOHNS"

In this thrilling novel the chief character is the study of a married wealthy banker who becomes a victim to neurasthenia. He marries a woman younger than himself, and this marriage goes far to accelerate the progress of his disease.

The Author calls his novel "Tantalus," because his hero wants to enjoy life and has every means of doing so but no longer can.

LOVE LETTERS TO A SOLDIER

By MAY ALDINGTON

This little book is deeply interesting not only from the literary standpoint but as a human document. It is the happiest book on the terrible war and will appeal to every British heart, to lovers especially and even to politicians. The author is a soldier's daughter with two soldier brothers.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

"The Mind that caused the Great War"

NIETZSCHE

By J. M. KENNEDY

"The aim of my philosophy is, Who is to be master of the world? My philosophy reveals the triumphant thought through which all other systems of thought must ultimately go under. It is the great disciplinary thought: those races that cannot bear it are doomed; those that regard it as the greatest blessing are destined to rule. The refrain of my practical philosophy is, Who is to be master of the world?"—NIETZSCHE

FUTURIST FIFTEEN

Illustrated

By BARRY PAIN

An Old Moore or Less Accurate Forecast of Certain Events for the Year

This pleasant Belloc-ian rhyme is one of Mr Barry Pain's suggestions for substituting information of practical value for sentimental verse in crackers in December next year.

What useful fishes sturgeons are!
Their roes provide us caviare,
Their flesh is quite a different food,
But also, Russians tell us, good.
Their sounds too, furnish isinglass—
Salute the sturgeon as you pass.

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T

By "BANCO"

J. Rose Tredcott was the boy—the boy who just idled his way into the feminine heart without making the slightest effort at getting there.

Stella Glenn was the girl—an impressionable and lovely young girl.

There are many genuine surprises in this fresh and well-written story, which is packed full of life and mirth and humour, and it is just the book to while away a railway journey.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

LADY JIM OF CURZON STREET

By FERGUS HUME

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab"

While this is a smart Society novel in place of his more familiar detective work, Mr Hume gives his readers plenty of mystery and excitement from his first page to his last, and they will find in the book just those qualities which have made his work so popular.

"A witty, sparkling Society novel."—Ladies' Field.

THE SALVING OF A DERELICT

By MAURICE DRAKE

The *Daily Mail* offered a prize of £100 for the best novel, and over 600 competitors sent in manuscripts.

The prize was awarded to this thrilling and romantic adventure story.

THE SINEWS OF WAR

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT

An astonishing murder opens the way to the story, and the coroner's inquest introduces to the reader one of the most original characters in modern sensational fiction. From the lodging-houses, clubs, and theatres of the metropolis, the scene changes to London Docks, thence to mid-ocean, and finally to the West Indies. There the mystery of "The Sinews of War" becomes at last unravell'd, and a title that will puzzle the reader until the end is explained.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

DOWNWARD: A "Slice of Life"

By MAUD CHURTON BRABY

The extraordinary vivid presentment of Dolly, the brilliant and undisciplined hospital nurse who is the heroine of this story, will not easily be forgotten. Her temptations and adventures in the Wimpole Street nursing home, her tragic love affair and the depths to which it brings her, together make up a most unconventional and life-like study of modern life.

"It is a brave, true book by a fearless woman, who, having seen clearly, dares to speak faithfully, and by so doing has made us all her debtors."—W. T. STEAD in his *Review of Reviews*.

MODERN MARRIAGE AND HOW TO BEAR IT

By MAUD CHURTON BRABY

CONTENTS.—Part I.—*Signs of Unrest*.—The Mutual Dissatisfaction of the Sexes—Why Men Don't Marry—Why Women Don't Marry—The Tragedy of the Undesired.

Part II.—*Causes of Failure*.—The Various Kinds of Marriage.—Why We Fall Out: Divers Discords—The Age to Marry—Wild Oats for Wives—A Plea for the Wiser Training of Girls—"Keeping Only to Her": the Crux of Matrimony.

Part III.—*Suggested Alternatives*.—Leasehold Marriage à la Meredith—Leasehold Marriage in Practice: a Dialogue in 1909—The Fiasco of Free Love—Polygamy at the Polite Dinner Table—Is Legalised Polyandry the Solution?—A Word for "Duogamy"—The Advantages of the Preliminary Canter.

Part IV.—*Children—the Cul-de-sac of all Reforms*.—To Beget or Not to Beget: the Question of the Day—The Pros and Cons of the Limited Family—Parenthood: the Highest Destiny.

Part V.—*How to Bear it*.—A Few Suggestions. Reform—Some Practical Advice to Husbands and Wives.

BLACK SHEEP

By STANLEY PORTAL HYATT

A vividly-drawn picture of a wandering journalist who falls in love, and his experiences when introducing the girl to his stodgy mid-Victorian family.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

HOW TO BECOME EFFICIENT

By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON

Right and wrong ways of doing things form the theme of Mr Sharper Knowlson's latest book. Personal Efficiency is the basis of all other efficiencies, and in a single chapter the whole issue of individual advancement is made plain, one might almost say attractive in its simplicity. A section on the future of efficiency in its relation to art, to Socialism, to wealth, and to the trend of human evolution closes a book that will be welcomed by all who look at life with thoughtful eyes.

Mrs MURPHY

Illustrated

By BARRY PAIN

Here are a few thoughts of Mrs Murphy on Love :—

"Love will make a man what lost half his face on a railway go and get his picture took."

"You never know which way it's going to break out with love. It's like a sort of force as may blow the kitchen boiler through your drawing-room windows and lift the roof off, or it may turn into the electric light and brighten your home for years."

"Love's a thing where experience don't help you, and the best advice is no more good than a sick headache."

"When a girl's in love with a man, nothing he does is wrong. If he stole a penny from a blind man and bought poison for his mother with it, she'd say it was only his high spirits."

THE LIGHT SIDE OF LONDON

Illustrated

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

Every lover of London will like this book. M. d'Auvergne has a facile and witty pen, and in this volume has hit off the characteristics and weaknesses of the Londoner with a sure touch. A good word must be said for the many clever and amusing illustrations which aptly support the text. The following are some of the subjects which come under the author's observant eyes :—
Supper after the Theatre—Tea at the Hotels—The Sunday Theatre—Freak Dinners—The Piccadilly Circus as a Popular Resort on Sunday Nights—Soho Restaurants—"Bohemian" Clubs—Earl's Court—The White City—The New Goody-goody "Two Houses Nightly"—The Lunch Hour in the City—The Fascinating Typist—The Disappearing Barmaid—The Gentle Art of Picking-up—The Sunday Night Tram—The Last "Tube" on Saturday Night—The Last Bus.

T. Werner Laurie's 1s. net Series

THE NIGHT SIDE OF PARIS

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE

With 24 Full-page Drawings

A companion volume to the ever-popular "Night Side of London." The author knows the Paris of to-day in its every aspect, and with him we ramble in all directions over the Gay City, now mingling with the fashionable crowd on the Grande Boulevard, now peeping into Maxim's and the haunts of the *haute voce*, then plunging into the darkest and most dangerous slums, the lair of the *Apache* and the *voyou*. All the way, the author entertains us with his keen and humorous appreciations of Parisian life and character, and incisive comparisons between the two great European capitals.

SCARLET KISS. The Story of a Degenerate Woman

By GERTIE DE S. WENTWORTH-JAMES

This novel hits off all kinds of feminine artifices and intrigues in a very bright, amusing, merciless and up-to-date manner.

BIOGRAPHY FOR BEGINNERS

By J. CLERIHEW

With 40 Illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON

An entirely new kind of Nonsense Book is not a thing of every day, or even every year; but "Biography for Beginners" may fairly claim to stand on its own feet. Mr Clerihew's four-line stanzas (one devoted to each of the forty great men treated in the volume) are unlike anything of the kind hitherto evolved by professors of the art of Nonsense; and Mr Chesterton's drawings, masterpieces of extravagance as they are, more than do justice to their subjects.



943/HAL



24965

